A. H. H. Ross.

J. T. C. Ross.

Pitman's

Popular Lecturer & Reader.

A Monthly Publication.

Edited by

Henry Pitman,

of Manchester.

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Lectures.

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SLAVERY AND FREEDOM.

BY

MR. COUNCILLOR REDFERN.

[Delivered to the Adult Scholars of the Middle Ward Relief School, at the Oddfellows' Hall, Stockport, Oct. 3, 1863.]

THE COMMITTEE decided, some time since, to relieve the routine of school-work by one of them delivering a weekly reading or interesting lecture on plain subjects. This has no pretence to being a learned discourse; but if other relief committees, or bodies of working men, should be stimulated to try either to amuse or instruct the large numbers of workmen who are now forced to be idle, the object of the writer will be amply repaid.

From the time our first parents disobeyed their Maker, to the present moment, men through all ages and every nation of the world have been struggling to regain their lost Freedom. That freedom was once enjoyed, and is lost, every one present is a living witness, every day, and in every action when he aims at and fails to arrive at perfection. From the earliest historical record to the present moment, we find men, bad as well as good, struggling to be free—sometimes to redress real, sometimes supposed grievances. How thoroughly freedom was lost, and with what variety of means men in every age have tried to regain it, proves the greatness of that loss to man. You and I, when we think, or say, or do wrong in our daily actions, feel we are not free. When we strive to atone the wrong, we strive to be free. How often, alas! does the wrong prevail!

Perfect freedom I understand to mean man unfettered both in body and mind—free from bad passions, such as

hatred, jealousy, revenge, and the multitude of evils, doubts, and fears, suggested by the father of evil, and too readily listened to by man. In the present discourse I shall quote much from the Bible, not only because it is the Word of God to man—which I hope no one present doubts—but also because it is the oldest and best historical record of man, spiritual and natural, social and political. Also because it is the poor man's book, in which, in all circumstances and trials of life, he may find advice for health or sickness, for ease or poverty, for joy or sorrow, for life or death; also because it contains warnings and examples of good men rewarded and evil men punished, naturally as well as spiritually; also because it contains reproof and correction for the child and the parent, for the young and the old, for the widow and the fatherless. And because it is the cheapest book in the world.

The first example we have on record of man struggling to be free, is related of Cain and Abel,—the first brothers born in the world. This was a supposed grievance. A bad man was ashamed to face the good man's obedience; an idle man was ashamed to compare with the industrious. Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. This only means he was more industrious, more attentive to his duties, and therefore more prosperous. This prosperity was a constant reproach to Cain's laziness. He must either reform to his brother's standard, or be constantly degraded. An easy remedy is suggested to his mind: hearken, young men, to his decision; what is it? "What so easy as to remove my brother? then I can have it all my own way—no reproach, or shame, or constant accusation against me then. No, then I shall be free! I can kill him, and nobody will be the wiser." So Cain determines to be free. Free of what? his brother. Here, young men, we have the first illustration in the world of a tyrant, and a striking example to all time of the foundation of all tyrannies the world has since produced—brute force!

Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice, and Cain was jealous of his brother's reputation. Bad men to this day imitate Cain. They kill their brothers in envious thoughts, in slanderous words and deeds.

We all, more or less, frequently find ourselves the slaves of evil thoughts, and often, even before we are aware, of slanderous words; and frequently we are only

brought to see and know truly what we are doing by the better principle within us—the love of freedom, which is justice. Here we have an example not to be surpassed of the slavery of the wrong-doer. His conscience will not allow him to look his associates in the face, and if accused of wrong-doing he invents a lie. Mark the consequence: Cain did evil to be free (and, strange as it may appear, thousands are copying his example every day): what did he purchase?—perpetual slavery! That liberty of conscience, stifled until then, burst forth with unextinguishable power, and rivetted his own chains of slavery a thousand times more firmly, because they had their seat in his breast. Cain wandered about the earth, a conscience-stricken wretch—a murderer and a liar.

"Thy sin will find thee out" is as true now with me and with you as it was with Cain. In our everyday life, and in every class of society, the liar and habitual wrong-doer are detested even by their own friends. Which of you would think for a moment of recommending a man in whom you have no confidence? Look at it as we will, or call it by whatever name we please, the wrong-doer is a slave. We read also in the Bible—"The truth shall make you free."

Yes, my poor brethren, however much despised or cast down you may be, a strict adherence to truth shall make you free. It has made millions in all ages of the world free, and is still as mighty for every one of us. As wrong-doing is the foundation of all slavery, so are truth and justice the foundation of all freedom. This is no religious cant, as some thoughtless men call it, but the everyday experience of every man in the world.

The poorest among you would never make a companion of one he knew would deceive him: but with what pleasure do you confide your inmost secrets to your friend, who will not betray you! If so with your common everyday affairs, how much more if you had larger and more beneficial trust at your disposal! This is the secret of the success of honourable men in every situation in life. They are selected to fill every situation worth having: yet the bad man, like Cain, ascribes the cause to everything else. Being full of malice and envy themselves, they judge every other man's actions by their own standard. The Scripture saith—by a man's acts shall ye know him.

Here is the essence of freedom:—a man just in all his dealings, looking with charity on the faults of his neighbour; a man strictly honest, not because he is compelled, but from principle; this is the man who enjoys real freedom. How much less are the cares of the world to such a man! This is the slave:—a man jealous, envious, slanderous, untruthful; a tyrant who, like Cain, would kill his brother, if his envious thoughts told him he would be benefited thereby. The enjoyments of life to him are made sour at every step, and all things worth living for are sources of dissatisfaction. He proclaims to the world what he is—a slave!

It is pleasant, after reviewing the career of a bad man, to dwell on the character of the good and noble. Nearly 2,000 years had passed away from the days of Cain to the birth of Abraham, known by readers of the Bible as the Father of the Faithful, and founder of the Jewish kingdom, which for the next 2,000 years was the most remarkable nation in the world; for though a small nation, they could never be entirely deprived of their freedom by all or any of the powerful nations by whom they were surrounded. To the historian of antiquity, the Jewish nation is the silver thread running through the corrupt mass of idolatry and Pagan darkness by which they were surrounded on every side. They were a nation struggling to retain their freedom, through all this long period, against the most powerful nations; the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, and others, being unable to conquer permanently this handful of remarkable people. By their means we are furnished with a continuous history, through this long period, quite as remarkable for its exposition of social life, of genealogy, its teachings of men and manners, and its political institutions, as it is for its teachings of natural and religious truths.

The writings and teachings of the famous men of the Jewish nation, are household and personal property in every Christian country in the world. The Commandments by Moses are self-evident truths, that for all time will guide men in their social as well as spiritual duties. It is as true now as then, that he who steals shall be punished by his fellow-man as well as by his Maker; it is just as true now as then, that nature, as well as spirit, needs a Sabbath, or day of rest. Every hard-working man in the world

knows this, as he goes forth refreshed to his labour after the enjoyment of the Sabbath. If there be one greater enemy than another to the poor man, it is he who would rob him of his day of rest. It is just as true now as then, that the sins of the father shall descend to the children, morally as well as spiritually. Philanthropists and teachers in every country, who try to raise the morals and better the condition of the people, know this. Every man who battles to remove prejudice in all its variety of forms, knows this.

The lives and teachings of the prophets, as related in the Bible, in every department of social life are models to-day as they were the day they were written, and they guide the law-maker, the historian, the naturalist, and the scientific man, as much as the religious man, by the duties they teach. The patience of Job is as much needed to-day, as when that remarkable man lived. Have we, my friends, no trials to endure? The fact of our being here to-day says we have.

The Psalms of David will live, and be as true teachings of nature as they are of religion, so long as man is an imperfect being. The Proverbs of Solomon, and the teachings of the vanity and deceits of worldly pleasure, are as true as they were in the days of old. Oh! for more of his wisdom, to teach us how to be—what we wish to be—freemen!

Having wandered so far away, let us return to the father and founder of all these remarkable men. We read in the history of Abraham, that he had been promised to be the founder of a great nation, and he believed it. He was old; his wife was old; he had an only son, through whom alone he could, naturally and legally, have descendants. He was called upon to offer this only son as a sacrifice: not for one moment doubting, he obeyed the call. Here, my friends, is an example!—a man willing to give up everything he held dear—the only tie by which the promise he so earnestly wished and believed could be fulfilled. Not doubting, at the call of duty he is ready to offer up even his only son. Worthy ancestor of such an illustrious race of descendants! Oh! that I and you were prepared to make greater sacrifice to our duty! how much less selfish, how much less avaricious, how much less over-reaching, in our dealings; how much less jealous of our neighbours' prosperity, should

we be; and how much more charitable one to another. How much more ready to assist our neighbour in distress; how much more lenient to one another's failings; how much more anxious to be engaged in good work, should we be. Oh! that we had more of the spirit of Abraham! how much more would freedom, both of body and mind, be advanced in the world. Then would all slavery be wounded, even unto the death.

Having given at length the first example of the departure from the path of freedom, and initiated the long list of noble men who counted not even their lives dear if they only might partly restore that lost freedom, in the earlier ages of the world's history—the time fails me to notice the vast host of men who have done noble deeds in the cause of freedom, both in ancient and modern times, and in every nation of the world. The various records and histories handed down from generation to generation, will amply repay any one who wishes to become acquainted with them.

From the earliest history, we will come down to notice briefly the love of freedom in our own age and country. At the commencement of the present century, even in our own country, while we were singing "Britons never shall be slaves," we were allowing British subjects to buy and sell men in our colonies: but noble men came forward, and proclaimed freedom to the slave; and their names are now recorded brightly in our country's history. During the same period, we have had larger freedom of thought and speech granted in every section of the Christian church, in every department of the law, and in every branch of our social and political government. In the same period, too, we have not only had the Gospel preached to the poor, but we have had a noble band of men and women (and their names are legion), who have spent their time, their talent, and their money, to teach the poor man not only to read that he may understand, but to think and act as becomes a freeman.

In conclusion, let us notice very briefly the privileges to enjoy freedom even the poorest among us has or may have, if he wishes; also a few of the snares by which he is beset to enslave him. First, our educational institutions, our churches, chapels, Sunday schools, mechanics' institutes, public libraries, and other charities—all dictated and sup-

ported by lovers of freedom. Second, our slavery institutions, our drinking and smoking systems, theatres, singing and gaming houses—all established for the love of gain.

Our churches and chapels—what is the cost to attend? In all there are free seats for those who cannot pay, while for twopence to threepence per week you may enjoy the luxury of a cushioned seat; and what do you hear? The week's experience of the preacher, whose business it is and whose reputation depends on making known something from which you will be a dull hearer, or he will be a dull preacher, if you do not learn something unknown to you before. In addition, you meet with company the most respectable in society. Besides Sunday meetings, nearly all have week-day meetings, more or less useful for a variety of information, which are attended without extra cost.

Compare our drinking and smoking systems with these. The most illiterate among you know how much you get at those places for twopence or threepence. Just as much as you can consume in a few minutes, and very often tempted to repeat the dose again and again; frequently purchasing a head-ache for yourself, a heart-ache for your wife, and very often stomach-ache for your children. In one case you purchase present gratification for the body; in the other, lasting food for the mind. In one case, you purchase poverty, by being tempted to spend what you cannot afford; in the other, a useful store of a rich and cultivated intellect. In a word, you purchase slavish propensities on the one hand, and elevated ideas of freedom on the other.

Our Sunday schools.—We have nothing to match these, and I pity the parent who is so blind to his child's future prospects as not to embrace their advantages. Our mechanics' institutes and libraries.—Here, in Stockport, you may be a member, and have the choice to read as many books as you can, with the privilege of seeing and reading the leading newspapers and best periodicals of the day, all for the amazing sum of two shillings per quarter, or less than twopence per week, with the benefit of the society, and advice, on various subjects, of respectable friends, into the bargain. With this, compare our theatres, singing rooms, and gambling tables. I need not ask any of you how far twopence will go there. It is a very low-class place if it is less than that amount for admission, and that for only a couple of hours. Who do you meet there? people who are bent

on what they call pleasure, to say the least; but the great majority are there to gratify a vicious disposition free from restraint. Good people you may meet there, but they are the exception. At the singing rooms it is even worse, for you pay very high for what is called talent—very often the talent to sing a frivolous or debauched song, that you would not care to repeat in the hearing of your children; at the same time learning all kinds of bad habits, not the least of which is wasting the time for your natural rest. I will leave to your own judgment which course is the slave's, and which the freeman's.

I will conclude with an illustration on each side, to show how a young man follows on in the course he adopts when young. Thirty years since, the speaker had two play-fellows, whom nearly all present would know, were he at liberty to name. One had very much superior advantages over the other, so far as worldly affairs were concerned; he was put to a good trade, and had every advantage and facility to become a useful and respectable townsman. But, alas! he became a slave to bad habits; little by little they accumulated; one companion after another he had, but all in the downward road. He finished his life not long since, by laying violent hands upon himself—a sad example of the slavishness of wrong-doing!

The other was the son of poorer parents, and he was brought up, like the speaker, to work in one of the cotton mills of this town. While young, he chose for himself the better and cheaper path of education. For years the speaker was a fellow-worker with him by day, and a scholar with him at night, improving his mind after the twelve hours' labour which the mills then worked per day. That same young man is now among us, an honoured and respected townsman, an employer of labour, and esteemed by all who know him.

Like him, young men, choose the better way; like him, choose companions from whom you can learn something; like him, buy cheap that priceless ornament—a cultivated mind. Then, though poor, you will learn that honest poverty is no disgrace; then you will be able to hold converse, through reading, with the illustrious both of the dead and living; then, in a word, you will be a lover—and an enjoyer, too—of freedom, both of body and mind.

THE LIFE AND WIT OF THOMAS FULLER.

BY

JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY.

In bringing before you some remarks on the life and wit of that "reverend divine and learned historian," as his anonymous biographer terms the subject of my address, I labour under the disadvantage of having to speak of a man whose writings, once famous, are now but very little read and sparingly referred to; whose life, spent in the service of his country, is unhonoured; and whose name is vaguely and trivially spoken of, as that of one who has no special claim on our attention. I want to show you, this evening, that THOMAS FULLER was a man who *has* some claim on our gratitude; that he was no mean author, and belonged to no mean age; that at one time he occupied a very conspicuous position in English literature, and (if not a conspicuous) an important post at a critical time in English history; and that though in respect to his writings, the opinion of the world has changed, and but little attention is bestowed upon them, yet there may there be found a vast amount of shrewd common sense and old English wit, expressed in pithy and forcible language; and from his life there may be gathered lessons pregnant of good.

Like the quaint age in which he lived, Fuller's mind was most eccentric, and this has made him "the very strangest writer in our language. Perhaps no man ever excelled him in fulness and readiness of wit;" and this—added to the plain and practical sense which pervades his writings, and which is so characteristic of this nation—makes it "passing strange" that his works should be permitted to die out, and be so scarce and difficult to obtain as some of them are. But ingratitude is ever to be met with, both in contemporaries and posterity. Fuller's works were well abused, as well during his life as since; but he has occasionally met with a generous reception from some of his critics, whose references to him have helped, in some degree, to preserve his works. Coleridge said of him, after reading his "Church History"—"Next to Shakspeare, I am not

certain whether Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous;" and "Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man, of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." And the genial essayist, Charles Lamb, has commended Fuller's writings, and added a few specimens of his composition; which notice is sufficient to incite any lover of our English literature to take this quaint and witty author into closer companionship.

The authentic sources from which the particulars of his life are to be gathered, are very few, and those few are very dull and dreary compositions for so lively a subject. Aided, however, by these, and the references to himself contained in his works, I have (to use one of his own modest expressions) "endeavoured" his life, my remarks being taken from more voluminous notes which I have collected for a biographical memoir.

His name may be said to be both a fortunate and an unfortunate one—fortunate, as giving us the idea of substance and solidity, very appropriate to an author whose works, compared with others, are "not only *fuller* in useful matter and varied interest, but (as a punster of his own day would have said) *fuller* in spirit, *fuller* in wit, in fact, *Fuller* throughout—'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, *full*:'" unfortunate, as when he good-humouredly but unwittingly is said to have asked one Mr. Sparrowhawk, "What is the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" received for reply, "An owl is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the face, and *Fuller* all over!"

His lot was cast in eventful and perilous times, when England was, on a small scale, in the same state in which America is now on a great one,—devastated and cursed by the most dreadful form of war. He was born in the year 1608, and was the elder of two sons of the Rev. Thomas Fuller, rector of St. Peter's, Aldwincle,—a place also famous in giving birth to the poet Dryden. This village is situated on the river Nene, in Northamptonshire; and, says Fuller, "if that worthy county esteem me no disgrace to it, I esteem it an honour to me." At his day it was a most populous and fruitful county—"Sixteen several towns, with their churches, have at one time been discovered by my eyes, which are none of the best; and God grant," he piously and quaintly adds, "that those who are sharper-

sighted may never see fewer!" On opposite sides of Aldwincle were situated the dwelling of Mr. Brown, the founder of the sect known as the Brownists, and the demesne of Francis Tresham, one of the activities in the Gunpowder Plot. Ever on the look-out for what he calls "observables" and "remarkables," Fuller learnt from this circumstance the wisdom of being moderate; he would ever try to hit the golden mean, avoiding the fanaticism of the Anabaptist on the one hand, and the fiery zeal of the Jesuit on the other. Fuller conformed his life to this decision.

He speaks of his father as a "painful [*i.e.* painsful or painstaking] preacher;" and it appears he was also a learned man. He was one who obeyed the apostolic injunction, "Live peaceably with all men," for he was careful to avoid every occasion of strife. It was under his superintendence that the education of his son was conducted—so successfully that at the age of thirteen, becoming a scholar before he was a man, young Thomas was ready for college, and to Cambridge he was accordingly sent. He was admitted into Queen's College, of which his maternal uncle, Bishop Davenant, was president. This worthy doctor took a great interest in the welfare of the boy, and it is probable that his nephew refers largely to him when he "charactered" the "Good Bishop," in his "Holy State." Dr. Davenant was an excellent instructor of youth.

Thomas's intellect seems early to have manifested itself. If we may believe an anecdote which Aubrey has left of him, he was a very precocious and strange lad. "He was a boy of pregnant wit, and when the bishop (Davenant) and his father were discoursing, he would be by and hearken, and now and then put in, and sometimes beyond expectation or his years. He was of a middle stature, strong set, curled hair, a very working head, insomuch that walking and meditating before dinner, he would eat up a penny loaf, not knowing that he did it."

In 1629, he removed to Sidney Sussex College, and as the fruit of his studies during the past years, he received the degrees of B.A. and M.A. His success must, however, partly be attributed to the teachers who trained his mind, being very fortunate in that respect. Dr. Ward was the president of this college; and in the place accorded to him among the "Worthies of Durham," Fuller says of this divine—"He turned with the times, as a rock riseth with the tide"—a fine and expressive simile.

Fuller was appointed, in 1630, to the curacy of St. Benet, Cambridge; and it was while here that his abilities as a preacher first shone forth, his lectures being well attended. Here he delivered his "Lectures on the Book of Ruth," which, however, were not printed till many years afterwards.

In his twenty-third year, he was presented by his uncle with a prebendal stall in the county of Dorset: in the same year, also, appeared his first publication. His first attempt, like that of all young authors, was poetical; and in this poem appear many of the peculiarities which afterwards made him so famous. Its characteristic title was "David's Hainous Sinne; Heartie Repentance; Heavie Punishment;" and was dedicated—(dedications were both necessary and fashionable then)—to the three sons of Lord Montague, a hospitable old English baron of worshipful estate, whose family were personal and highly-valued friends of the author. This work was never re-published, and is therefore very scarce. Mr. Fuller wrote very little poetry after this. Poetry, like music, he used to say, was excellent sauce, "but they have lived and died poor who made them their meat."

Rapidly advancing in church preferment, Fuller, in 1634, collated to the rectory of Broad-Winsor, a neat and picturesque little village, near Bridport, in Dorsetshire. Here he spent some happy moments among a flock that became endeared to him, and he to them. He was an earnest pastor, and bears some resemblance to the character of "The Faithful Minister," whom he has sketched in his "Holy State." Like "Holy George Herbert," his whole soul appears to have been in his work; and his "dear and loving charge" highly esteemed him.

In 1635, Fuller revisited Cambridge, and attained the degree of Bachelor of Divinity; but on returning home, he got rid of another kind of bachelorship in his marriage. His happiness was, however, short-lived, for, after giving birth to a son, his wife died; and though this severe affliction was rendered less acute in the active discharge of his ministry, it must have preyed upon his mind, and may, ultimately, have led him to seek change of scene and forgetfulness in the stormy times which characterised London life before the breaking out of the Civil War.

At Broad-Winsor, in his leisure moments, he had diligently been occupying himself in planning for publication some of those books on which his fame chiefly rests, though

the distractions of the times delayed their publication for several years. "In the amenity and retirement of this rural life," says his biographer, "some perfection was given to those pieces which, soon after, blest this age. From this pleasant prospect he drew that excellent piece of 'The Holy Land,' 'Pisgah-sight,' and other tracts relating thereto; so that what was said bitterly of some tyrants, that they made whole countries vast solitudes and deserts, may be inverted to the eulogy of this doctor, that he, in these recesses, made deserts—the solitudes of Israel—the frequented path and track of all ingenious and studious persons."

One of the results of his researches appeared in 1639, being a History of the Crusades, entitled "History of the Holy War." This strange and witty history at once attracted attention, and brought fame to the author. The droll way in which the history is written, and the lively figures which his rich imagination suggested, render this work extremely amusing. Every page of it sparkles with wit, and yet it is a work of considerable research, and shows that the writer had the necessary requirements of an historian.

While residing at Broad-Winsor, Fuller published many sermons, with odd titles, as might be expected. His discourses are characterised by their practical piety, earnestness, out-spokenness, benevolence, and moderation. They are not witty productions, though even here his wit occasionally breaks out, as if it could not be confined. All his works are aptly termed "quaint," in the modern acceptation of the word; but in Fuller it also had its original meaning —"scrupulously elegant or exact"—a style of composition which, with him, was not artificial (as was the case with many authors of this quaint age), but natural. "Such was his natural bias to conceits, that I doubt not," says Lamb, "upon such occasions, it would have been going out of his way to have expressed himself out of them."

In 1640, we find Fuller in London, in the midst of the strife which ushered in the Civil War. He was appointed a member of the celebrated Convocation at which the Observances were discussed, and the passing of which was followed by such opposition on the part of the Puritans and Parliamentarians. Fuller is, perhaps, the only historian who has left a minute and impartial account of this assembly. He took no active part in it, and his opinion was, that the measures adopted were far too stringent.

As soon as the position of affairs grew more serious and determined, Fuller began to use his influence to avoid the appeal to arms. Though by conviction he was a royalist, he was not a partisan, but had respect to the rights of the people. He used his influence, as befitting his profession, in favour of peace, endeavouring to calm the angry feelings which were fomented. The pulpit was then a powerful agency, and Fuller had great influence. On arriving in London, whither his fame as a preacher and author had preceded him, his discourses were attended by crowds, and he became at once "a popular preacher." He does not appear, however, to have been so weak-minded as to have been led away by popular applause: a sermon preached about this time, shows that he was alive to its dangers. Speaking of pastors whose churches are crowded by the thickest audiences, he says—"Let them not pride themselves with the bubble of popular applause, often as carelessly gotten, as undeservedly lost. Have we not seen those who have preferred the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt before heavenly manna?—lungs before brains, and the sounding of a voice before soundness of matter?" He usually preached at the Inns of Court, but his pulpit acquirements procured for him the lectureship at the Savoy, and the duties of this post he faithfully discharged for two years. "He had, in his narrow chapel, two audiences, one without the pale, the other within; the windows of that little church, and the sextonry, so crowded as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse." No wonder that amidst the chaos into which the then prevalent conflicting opinions had plunged the nation, the voice of such a preacher was welcomed—welcomed as one who might prove the messenger of peace, to avert the war which all good men dreaded. Fuller's sermons form a striking contrast to those of his time, which were bigoted, intolerant, and narrow-minded, their tendency being to hasten the war. "Our English pulpits for these eighteen years," says Fuller, in one of his "Thoughts," "have had in them too much cardinal anger, vented by snapping and snarling spirits on both sides. But if you bite and devour one another, saith the apostle (Gal. v. 15), take heed that ye be not devoured one of another."

At last the war broke out, and the king fled to Oxford with many of the nobility. On a fast-day being ordered by the parliament, Fuller preached at his chapel of the Savoy,

taking as his text, "Blessed are the peacemakers." In his discourse, he exposed the unchristian character of war. The sword, he argued, was no discerner between truth and falsehood; "it may have two edges, but hath never an eye." He advised peaceable measures, the petitioning of the king and parliament to make mutual concessions, the putting aside of the party names which had sprung up, and a general repentance.

About this time (1642), Fuller published his "Holy State and Profane State," which he had long had in hand. It was once very popular, but is now seldom read. The plan of the book has been adopted by many celebrated writers; it professes to describe the characters of various persons, such as "The Good Husband," "The Good Schoolmaster," "The Good Prince," &c. The work commences with a delineation of "The Good Wife," giving in the opening sentence one of his characteristic, droll, and ridiculous reasons for so doing:—"St. Paul to the Colossians, chap. iii. verse 18, first adviseth women to submit to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And, sure, it was fitting that women should first have their lesson given them, because it is hardest to be learned, and therefore they need have the more time to con it. For the same reason, we begin with the character of the good wife." These delineations of character, which Fuller, an acute student of human nature, dealt with very subtilly, are each followed by examples, taken from history or the Bible. Among the characters in the "Holy State," are some essays on memory, on building, and other unlooked-for subjects; but this diversion is quite in character with the author's manner. The second part of the book—"The Profane State"—is a short one, and contains sketches of the harlot, liar, and kindred subjects. The book abounds in keen observations, and shows him to have been as well read in men as books. So multiform are the forms that his sparkling wit here takes, that he is, perhaps, the only author in whose pages may be found *all* the definitions of the "unaccountable and inexplicable ways" of wit, which Barrow has enumerated in his explanation of the word. But it is a poor commendation of an author to be simply witty; and were Fuller's writings only witty, they would be almost worthless. His wit not only answers to its present meaning, but its original and better one—that of wisdom, or under-

standing. Fuller was not only a jester, but a shrewd writer of common-sense; not only a punster, but a searching investigator and historian.

On the anniversary of the king's inauguration, March 27th, 1643, Fuller (still holding the lectureship at the Savoy) preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey, taking the unpalatable text—"Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my Lord the king is come again in peace to his own house." I need not remind you that those were the days in which the divine right of kings, church and state, &c., were seriously believed in. The character of the "Good King," in his "Holy State," Fuller commences to describe with the bald statement "The king is a mortal god;" in which light he seems to have regarded King Charles, for he concluded the same chapter with the most fulsome praise of that monarch. It need not, therefore, be surprising, that the sermon referred to, with its courtly sentiments, and the allusions to public affairs, should have given great umbrage to the parliamentary party, involving him in much odium, and making his position among them rather anomalous. At the taking of Bristol, all hopes of peace, which he had laboured to promote, were dispelled; but on the 27th July, another fast-day, Fuller made one more useless exhortation in favour of peace. This sermon, on publication, was attacked by a Yorkshire clergyman, whom Fuller, when on the march, found time to reply to, challenging him to an answer. This, however, the clergyman did not give, alleging that he had heard of Fuller's death at Exeter. "I have no cause," said he, in his "Worthies," "to be angry with fame for so good a lie. May I make this true use of that false report—to die daily. See how Providence hath willed it: the dead man is still (1661) living; the then living man dead. And seeing that I survive to go over his grave, I will tread the more gently on the mould thereof, using that civility on him which I received from him."

When the Solemn League and Covenant was drawn up and subscribed to by the House of Commons and assembly of divines, Fuller was pressed to swear to it also; but he refused to do so, except with certain reservations. Whereupon he was compelled to leave London, and joined the standard of the king, at Oxford. Here he was well received, but on preaching at the court, he made the faithful mistake of preaching *to* royalty, instead of *before* it, as is usual; and

his honest, plain-spoken nature pleased the royalists no better than the "roundheads." Here is a proof of his sterling honesty to principle: Mr. Worldly Wisdom would have acted somewhat differently. As at London, so at Oxford, he was called by hard names, and not liking the sentiments or company he here met with, he shortly afterwards left, having sought and obtained a chaplaincy in part of the king's army commanded by Sir Ralph Hopton—this step being, perhaps, precipitated by taunts of suspicion as to his fidelity to the king's cause.

His property met with the same fate that attended very many in that period—it was sequestered by the parliament. Though by this act he was reduced to poverty, he bore the loss with Christian resignation, cheerfully acquiescing in the decrees of Providence, who had, he considered, justly afflicted the nation for its sins. He thus alludes to his losses in his "Mixt Contemplations:"—"I have observed that towns which have been casually burnt, have been built more beautiful than before; mud walls afterwards made of stone; and roofs, formerly but thatched, afterwards advanced to be tiled. The apostle tells me that I must not think strange concerning the fiery trial which is to happen to me. May I likewise prove improved by it. Let my renewed soul, which grows out of the ashes of the old man, be a more firm fabric and stronger structure: so shall my affliction be my advantage."

Among other things, he felt very keenly the loss of his valuable library and MSS., which, Vandal-like, had been destroyed. This want, however, was partly made good, through the noble generosity of one of his patrons, Lord Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, who gave him his father's library.

England was then scourged and wasted by the Civil War, and there are many melancholy evidences, in his writings, of its baneful effect on the nation and on individuals. One or two extracts from his "Thoughts" are here given, which will show, at the same time, his own sentiments in those hard times, and the style of the composition of his "Thoughts," published during its progress.

"We read (Luke xiii. 11) of a woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself. This woman may pass for the lively emblem of the English nation: from the year of

our Lord 1642 (when our wars first began) unto this present one, eighteen years in my arithmetic; all which time our land has been bowed together, beyond possibility of standing upright. . . . A pitiful posture, wherein the face is made to touch the feet, and the back is set above the head! God, in due time, set us right, and keep us right, that the head may be in its proper place! Next the neck of the nobility, then the breast of the gentry, the loins of the merchants and citizens, the thighs of the yeomanry, the legs and feet of artificers and day labourers. As for the clergy (here by me purposely omitted), what place soever be assigned them—if low, God grant patience; if high, give humility unto them."

"This nation is scourged by a wasting war: God could no longer be just if we were prosperous. Blessed be His name, that I have suffered my share in the calamities of my country. Had I poised myself so politically betwixt both parties, that I had suffered from neither—yet could I have taken no contentment in my safe escaping. For why should I, equally engaged with others in sinning, be exempted above them from the punishment? It is, therefore, some comfort that I draw in the same yoke with my neighbours, and with them jointly bear the burden which our sins have jointly brought upon us."

While engaged in active service in the army as chaplain, preaching regularly on the Lord's-day, Fuller manifested that diligence which is ever to be met with in his life. For when now wandering up and down England, following the fortunes of the Royal army, he was busily employing his time in collecting materials for his most famous and greatest work—"The Worthies of England"—a work which contains, principally, short biographies of celebrated Englishmen, but also embraces a great variety of other topics. It is said, that in searching for matter for this book, he would patiently listen for hours to the prattle of old women, that he might gather, from their gossip, snatches of local history, recollections of great men, scraps of traditionary wisdom or folk-lore; and that he would reproduce the same by the aid of his wonderful memory. Like Scott's "Old Mortality," this itinerant chaplain would, on coming into a new district, at once seek out and take notes of anything of antiquarian interest; visiting old church yards and tombstones, and poring over musty records of

the past, for anything which would be useful towards the accomplishment of his task. By this and other means, he collected a vast amount of varied information, and particulars of great men, which might otherwise have been lost. The men whose names he has endeavoured to perpetuate, are ranged under the respective counties of their birth; and he mentions also the productions, manufactures, local history, proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles, leaving each county with an appropriate farewell. It is a work which every Englishman should be proud to own. His object in compiling it is thus candidly stated by himself:—"Know then, I propound five ends to myself in this book: first, to gain some glory to God; secondly, to preserve the memory of the dead; thirdly, to present examples to the living; fourthly, to entertain the reader with delight; and lastly (which I am not ashamed publicly to profess), to procure some honest profit to myself."

In the discharge of his duties as chaplain, he was at Basing-house during one of its sieges; where, with all the vigour of a Crusader, or Norman bishop, he incited and animated the garrison to so vigorous a defence, that the attacked became the attackers—the leader of the Parliamentary forces being compelled to retire.

When the Royal forces were driven into Cornwall, Fuller, having obtained leave of absence from Lord Hopton, took up his residence in Exeter—"one of the sweetest and neatest towns in England," says Fuller; but these adjectives do not apply now. On the queen resorting hither for refuge, Fuller was appointed tutor and chaplain, by King Charles, to her infant, Princess Henrietta, lately born here, to testify his great worth; and the king shortly afterwards gave him a patent for his presentation to the town of Dorchester, worth £400 per annum. While in this city, Fuller's society was much sought after, and he remained here till its surrender in 1646; during which time, besides continuing his literary labours, he preached regularly to the citizens. Here he put forth his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times"—a patriotic and seasonable little book, well adapted for the condition in which his country was placed. Fuller was present at the siege of Exeter, of which he relates a strange episode, which must be told in his own words:—"When the city of Exeter was besieged by the Parliamentary forces, so that only the south side thereof, towards the

sea, was open unto it, incredible numbers of larks were found in that quarter, for multitude like quails in the wilderness, though (blessed be God!) unlike them both in cause and effect—as not desired with man's destruction, nor sent with God's anger—as appeared by their digestion into wholesome nourishment: hereof I was an eye and mouth witness. I will save my credit, in not conjecturing any number, knowing that herein, though I should stop beneath the truth, I should mount above belief. They were as fat as plentiful; so that, being sold for twopence a dozen and under, the poor—who could have no cheaper, as the rich no better, meat—used to make pottage of them, boiling them down therein. Several natural causes were assigned hereof. However, the cause of causes was Divine Providence."

Fuller is next met with in London, being gladly welcomed back again at the Savoy. But the troubles he had passed through, added to the distracted state of his country, had affected his mind; and, "weak in health and dejected in spirits," he repaired to the residence of his constant patron, Lord Montague, at Boughton, near Northampton. Under his hospitable roof, he wrote "The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience," and he was all the better for it. This book is distinguished by its deep thought, tinged all the way through by melancholy, shewing the reality of his affliction. It is dedicated to the Countess of Rutland; and the "Christian Reader" is told in the preface that, as it was not suitable to wear wedding clothes at a funeral, he had, in that sad subject, declined all light and luxurious expressions. This, consequently, does not read like one of Fuller's works. The last dialogue—"Whether it be lawful to pray for, or to pray against, or to praise God for, a wounded conscience"—concludes with the following beautiful and much-admired sentiment:—"Music is sweetest near or over rivers, where the echo thereof is best rebounded by the water. Praise for pensiveness, thanks for tears, and blessing God over the floods of affliction, makes the most melodious music in the ears of heaven."

He again went to London, and preached wherever he was allowed; occupying, among other pulpits, that of St. Clement's, Lombard-street, and St. Bride's, Fleet-street. He also published another volume of meditations, entitled "Good Thoughts in Worse Times." These little manuals were very popular, and their contents show them to be the

production of an ardent patriot. They consist of short paragraphs, containing personal, scriptural, and historical incidents, &c., followed by a suitable moral or reflectio — much after the manner of Quarles' Euchiridion, or Æs^nos Fables. Though many of the similes used by him are extremely fanciful, they are often beautiful, and contain solid and suggestive teachings. He justifies the ways of God towards his country, and urges his readers to trust in Omnipotence, who alone could restore the country to order. To reflecting minds, these little books of practical divinity, published during the war, must have come like oil on troubled waters. Truly, "meditations are like the minstrel the prophet called for (2 Kings iii. 15) to pacify his mind discomposed with passion;" while "controversial writings (sounding somewhat of drums and trumpets) do but make the wound the wider."

The next year, the "powers that be" prohibited Fuller from preaching "till further orders;" "wherefore," says Fuller, "I am fain to employ my fingers in writing, to make the best signs I can!" We nevertheless find him preaching soon afterwards at Chelsea Church, under the protection of Sir John Danvers. And on the execution of Charles I., he manifested his loyalty to that unfortunate monarch, by a very hazardous but honest act—the preaching and publication of a sermon, entitled "The Just Man's Funeral."

The attempt made to silence his voice, did not cause his church preferment to cease, for the Earl of Carlisle obtained for him the perpetual curacy of Waltham Abbey; and this was one of the means by which many eminent churchmen in those days were kept in England. Before, however, he could obtain his curacy, he had to undergo the customary ordeal before the Court of Triers, who dispossessed such as they deemed unfit for preaching—generally those who had been political offenders. There is a droll anecdote told about him, in reference to this examination. It appears he was extremely apprehensive of the result (as well he might be), and in this emergency he sought assistance of John Howe, the celebrated divine, and one of Cromwell's chaplains. Fuller said to him, "You may observe, sir, that I am somewhat a corpulent man, and I am to go through a very strait passage. I beg you would be so good as to give me a shove, and help me through." Howe, whose catholicity of spirit allowed him to overlook his party in the man, gave him

the necessary advice, and he got off more frightened than hurt.

Among other things, the Triers had asked him to give them some proof of his well-known powers of memory; upon which, Fuller promised that if they would restore a certain poor sequestered minister, he would never forget that kindness as long as he lived! Fuller was charged with pretending to the art of memory, but he said it was a fancy or trick—no art. The secret of his extraordinary power lay in order and method. He says—"Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping about the shoulders. Things orderly fardled up and hanging under both heads are most portable." His writings have been charged with displaying a want of method; but this is not the case, for discursive though some of them be, they are well arranged. There is method in his madness. His numerous digressions are always so pleasant that it is easy to put up with them, and indeed the reader would not at first think they are digressions. He may be likened to a man travelling along a road, stopping to admire or examine objects on each side of him, often leaving the path, but returning to it again; and thus he goes merrily along, and ultimately arrives at the end of his journey.

Waltham, where Fuller was now quietly residing, is a place of some literary celebrity: it was here that Fox's famous Book of Martyrs, and Bishop Hall's works, were written. Fuller here spent some peaceful years, being "wedded to the embraces of a private life, the fittest wife and meetest helper that can be provided for a student in troublesome times." He completed some of his books here. His "Pisgah-sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof, with the History of the Old and New Testaments acted thereon," appeared in 1650. In others' hands this might have been a geography as dull as a school-book, but Fuller's rich, lively, and exuberant imagination has scattered throughout it a lavish display of every kind of wit and facetiousness, joined to much learning and instruction, rendering even details amusing. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and was well acquainted with, and fond of commenting on, the most obscure passages in it.

He next appeared as a contributor to a series of religious biographies, which came out in 1651; and in the fol-

lowing years, besides publishing many sermons, he wrote a work on Baptism, a Register of the proceedings in Parliament of the fourth and fifth years of the reign of Charles I., and other works. In 1654 he married the daughter of Viscount Baltinglass.

One of the results of his literary toil, extending over many years, was published in 1655, in "The Church History of Britain, from the birth of Jesus Christ till the year 1648; endeavoured by Thomas Fuller." It contains twelve books (including the "History of the University of Cambridge"), and is cut up into subdivisions and sections in a most original manner. There are upwards of fifty dedications—quaint but often beautiful compositions, but far too fulsome and complimentary for these times. It was compiled from scarce sources, and is a work of some historical value, not only on this account, but also because of its honourable impartiality and freedom from party spirit, then too common with all classes of writers. Here, as in kindred works, the gravity of the subject does not deaden his cheerful humour: all the way along the reader comes across his fantastic conceits and puns, and quips, and cranks, and quirks, and odd digressions, and quaint allusions. This mode of writing on such a subject is of course objectionable, but in Fuller's History the reader never meets with anything improper or undevout. In his "Holy State," he has spoken very solemnly on this matter:—"Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling."

On the first appearance of this work it was severely censured; Dr. Peter Heylin, an ill-tempered high-church divine, and a writer of some celebrity, being its chief opponent. He went to the trouble of writing a large book against it, which Fuller replied to as fully in his manly, witty, and learned "Appeal of Injured Innocence." It is a comment on the Church History. Many of the animadversions on his work—some of them certainly uncalled for—grieved Fuller, who had been so long and "painful" in compiling it, and he very earnestly pleaded for the exercise of their charity, especially in condemning the witticisms and levities therein. "Some men," he said, "were of ver

cheerful dispositions, and God forbid that all such should be condemned for lightness. O! let not any envious eye disinherit men of that which is 'their portion in this life comfortably to enjoy the blessings thereof.'" And in another place he says—"Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit: wherefore it is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season." Which limits, however, Fuller did not always confine himself to. In the discussion which took place, Fuller's candour and conciliatory spirit reconciled his opponent to him.

Fuller now prepared for publication his yet greater work—"The Worthies of England"—of which I have already spoken. He did not live to print the whole of it, but it was completed by his son, in the year after his death. Nicholson, a spiteful old bishop, charged it with being huddled up in a hurry, and of consisting of nothing but old women's tales; but posterity has passed a different verdict to this upon it.

In 1658 his patron, Lord Berkeley, made him his chaplain, and presented him to the rectory of Cranford, in Middlesex; and after this time, with the course of events, his prospects became brighter. Shortly before the Restoration, he was called upon to resume his old places as Lecturer at the Savoy, and Prebend of Salisbury; and on the king's return he was made one of his chaplains, and by royal mandate created D.D. He again preached at the court, and the wit-loving king is said to have resolved upon his translation to a bishopric; but it was to no *earthly* dignity that Fuller was destined.

His living at Broad-Winsor became rightfully his own again; but he was so pleased with the preaching of the then incumbent, that he voluntarily promised not to be the cause of his removal. He wrote a joyful poetical panegyric on his Majesty's return; and in 1660 put forth his "Mixt Contemplations in Better Times," dedicated to Lady Monck, and bearing the appropriate motto—"Let your moderation be known unto all men: the Lord is at hand."

He appears to have contracted a malignant fever—known as the "new disease"—after a journey from Salisbury to London. On his arrival, he had promised to preach a marriage sermon for a friend at his chapel of the Savoy;

but while at dinner on the 12th August, he was seized with illness, which, however, he would not allow to interfere with the approaching service. "He had got up often in the pulpit sick," he said, "and always came down well again; and he hoped he should do as well now, through God's strengthening grace." During the delivery of the sermon, it was manifest to his congregation that he was seriously ill, and he had to confess as much to them; adding—"But I am resolved, by the grace of God, to preach this sermon, though it be my last!" He managed to get through it, and it *was* his last: he may be said, therefore, to have died at his post. He was conveyed home, and his mind became affected, but on the following day his senses were restored, and he employed his remaining hours on earth with a Christian preparation for death. "Nothing but heaven and the perfections thereof, the consummation of grace in glory, must fill up the room of his capacious soul, now ready to take its flight from this world. On the morning of Thursday, the 16th August, his sufferings were at an end, and he entered into rest."

At his own desire, Fuller was buried in his parish church at Cranford, Lord Berkeley bearing the expense. As illustrating the respect in which he was held, about two hundred clergymen attended his funeral. A monument was erected to his memory in the chancel of the church, and it contains a conceit which Fuller himself might have written. The Latin inscription reads:—"Here lies Thomas Fuller—who, while he planned to consecrate to immortality the lives of illustrious Englishmen, by a posthumous work, himself attained immortality." This is in reference to his "Worthies," which also remains as a monument to his industry and genius.

In appearance, Fuller is described as being tall, portly, and handsome, possessing curly hair and a ruddy face, with a pleasant yet serious countenance, betokening an amiable mind. On his upper lip, which could not be curled into a sneer, he wore a slight moustache, after the old English fashion. His manners were simple and unstudied, and he was uniformly courteous. His cheerful conversation was always attractive, and "much sought after; for besides the pleasantness of it, he was for information a perfect walking library." His vivacity of spirits, and sprightliness of conversation, gained for him, in every period of his life, a

large circle of friends. As might be expected, he was temperate in his habits. To his home attachments he was faithful, and was careful with the education of his children. His heart was ever open to kindly influences; and his wit and facetiousness, which have delighted so many, partakes of the same nature, being devoid of sting, bite, or claws: it is never spiteful, but ever genial and good-natured. He was as faithful to the principles of his religion, as he was loyal to his king and country, and he never hesitated to give utterance to his convictions.

Of his faults, some of which have been hinted at, I cannot now speak. The remembrance of his own gentleness and charity in dealing with the faults of others, warns us to deal gently and charitably to him. The silence which surrounds his tomb, at which we have just in fancy been gazing, should hush the voice that would harshly censure him.

"There is a voice, by nature thrown
Around the noiseless dead,
Which ought to soften censure's tone,
And guard the lowly bed
Of those who, whatsoe'er they were,
Wait Heaven's unerring audit there!"

A TRUE MEANING OF MARRIAGE.—The only union that deserves and does not dishonour the name of marriage, is one in which, whatever external attractions accompany it, there is mental and moral sympathy; and, above all, the hallowing presence of religious faith. For this alone brings us into real union with another. We may dwell in the same home with another, and yet be as wide apart as if oceans rolled between us. But where there is congeniality of taste, sympathy of soul, union of heart in the same God and Saviour, no external distance can affect, or lapse of time weaken it, nor can even that which breaks up all other connections, dissolve this. The hands that were clasped at Mammon's altar may soon drop from each other's grasp. The hearts which passion's force united, when passion's fire has cooled, may fall off from each other, or, in the recoil, fly far apart. But they whom God and holy love bind together, none can ever put asunder. Money may go, hardship and ill fortune betide them, but there are those, many and many a one, whom sorrow and toil and suffering, borne together, have only bound into a closer, deeper, dearer affection. The ardour of youthful passion may evaporate, but there is a calmer, serener, profounder feeling that rises, as the years pass on, in hearts that have known and trusted each other long. The fair face may lose its outer loveliness, and the form its roundness, and the once light and airy step its elasticity. But even on the outward face and form there is a beauty which steals out often, to replace with a more exquisite charm that which years bear away;—the beauty of Christian gentleness and sweetness, of maturing character and more deeply settled inward peace—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Onward through life's path, stage after stage, truer and more trusted, loving and more beloved, they who are thus united, may tread together;—on, amidst the gathering evening shadows and the soft waning lights, that tell how fast their sun of earthly joy is westering—pensively, it may be, yet not sadly or despairingly;—on, hand clasped in hand, heart knit to heart, till the hour when the inevitable parting comes. And yet even in that which to all besides has in it a horror of darkness too dreadful to be calmly contemplated, there is no lasting gloom for them. A little longer, and the loved and lost shall be once more and for ever united; and when the churchyard shadows in summer and winter days play softly on the grave, where side by side their dust reposes, bright with immortal beauty, loving as immortal spirits only love, they shall dwell together in the presence of the Lamb.—*Good Words.*

THE RIGHT-DOWN HONEST WORKING MAN.

AIR—"*The Old Country Gentleman.*"

I SING not of the olden times,
Nor the belted knights of yore,
When the baron's boast was of serfs a host,
And vassals by the score:
I rather sing the present days—
The better days, I wot—
Of a right-down honest working man,
Who lives in a humble cot—
A right-down honest working man, one of the present time.

"Come, prove his honesty," you say:
I will—then pray attend:
He does not fawn to gold array,
Nor sycophantic bend;
He has a mind to live and hope,
An independent soul,
A heart that can with trouble cope,
A brother's woes condole:
This brave-bred, honest working man, one of the present time.

He has a smile when joy is near,
With the lone heart heaves a sigh;
His hopeful words the mourner cheer,
And the cheek of sorrow dry:
He would not stain a brother's name
With one degrading word,
But labours stoutly to reclaim,
And injured worth reward:
This upright, honest working man, one of the present time.

He shuns the haunts where blinded men
In the mad carousal share;
The dear ones of his "but and ben"
His nobler feast prepare:

There he presides with smiling face,
While kindness lights his eye,
And songs and glee combine to chase
The golden moments by,
At the home of the honest working man, one of the present time.

A willing hand is his for toil,
He scorns the idler's lot,
He meets his labour with a smile,
The long day daunts him not;
As bright the flame of Hope upburns
On the altar of his breast,
Through the darkling night his eye discerns
The good man's promised rest:
This hopeful, honest working man, one of the present time.

Out with thee, tyrant, ill-advised,
Would grudge his hard-won bread!
A narrow mind is ill disguised
'Neath a high and haughty head.
Away! nor pain his noble heart
With act or word unkind;
Base 'tis to hold the lion's part,
And grind! and grind! and grind!
The anxious, honest working man, in this or any time.

But cheer thee, honest fellow-man!
With heart still stout and strong,
Thy part fulfil with honour still,
Be the struggle short or long.
And fostered aye 'neath Heaven's smile
Be Labour's noble bands;
For the bulwarks of our sea-girt isle,
Are the hearts and horny hands
Of her earnest honest working men, both now and in all time.

Bacup. THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

"WHAT MIGHT BE DONE."

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Did we unite in love and right,
And cease our scorn of one another.
Oppression's love might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour, from shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrong,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And fruit and corn, to each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect,
And share GOD'S teeming world to-morrow,
What might be done?—This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue e'er said or sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other!

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COTTON SUPPLIES.

BY

THOMAS BAZLEY, ESQ., M.P.

[From the "Railway, Banking, Mining, &c. Almanack," for 1864.]

IN considering the operation of the law of supply and demand, the neglect of direct and remote influences and contingencies frequently prevents the formation of a sound judgment, and diverts from the attainment of a wise policy. Practical and sound economy promotes the attainment of satisfactory results, averts impending evils, and provides for wants affecting the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of multitudes of industrious people, whose existence may be chiefly depending upon the continuance of some adequate means of labour.

The calamity which has overwhelmed the cotton trade has long been foreseen, and an interruption in the supply of American cotton has been frequently predicted. Cotton spinners have, however, relied upon their wonted supplies of raw material arriving in constant abundance, regardless of their danger, of the degradation of the labour chiefly producing that material, and of those provident principles the exercise of which would have taught the trade to promote its own permanent interest by the extended growth of cotton in every available field of cultivation. By prudent forethought and provident arrangements, scarcity and the distress of the trade would have been avoided.

Relying upon the applicability of an abstract principle to every circumstance and condition of manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, the most costly and inconvenient

method of obtaining some object of commerce and industry is often adopted. Excess in price generally stimulates the production and supply of any commodity; but where dormant and unattainable stocks are held of even some much needed article, the increased cultivation of it proceeds slowly, from the fear that the ruling high price may vanish at the moment of the liberation of the interrupted article. The cotton spinner has been disinclined to use any other growth of cotton than American, and indisposed to seek supplies from new fields of cultivation. Egyptian, Indian, and African cottons, have had tardy recognition from the trade. Even during the fratricidal struggles which have been, and are, destroying human life, and the accumulations of industry, to an extent without a precedent, almost the whole cotton trade has been exclaiming.—"No place but the States of America can grow and supply cotton for the English market." By depending upon merely the dearness of an article to reconcile supply to demand, an ordeal often has to be endured which inflicts alike deep distress and loss upon those who in apathy wait for plenty to arise from the high prices of scarcity. As in the existing suffering of the cotton trade, the supply of the raw material not being equal to a moiety of the power of consumption of a good quality of cotton, it is clear that the average working of the mills cannot exceed half time. The capital, skill, and resources of spinning and manufacturing concerns vary, and the weakest in means will often be the greatest sufferers: but the cost of the cotton famine is not solely represented by the excess of price consequent upon scarcity, for to this must be added the losses sustained in suspended works, and by the diminished earnings of those who have been deprived of the reward of their usual labour. In the restoration of harmony between supply and demand, high prices do not invariably lead to the maintenance of an industry in its full maximum extent, for dearness being the associate of scarcity, a considerable increase in the prices of consumable commodities in particular compels a diminution in their consumption. Cotton having attained a quintuple price, New Orleans having sprung from 6d. per lb. to 2s. 6d., and East Indian from 4½d. to 2s., it is evident that cotton manufactures cannot be afforded to the consumer except at a greatly enhanced cost; and the money means of purchasers generally not having increased, the re-

sult can only be a great reduction in the power of consumption. Already good useful linen fabrics can be sold at a rate relatively cheaper than cotton cloths, calicoes, and shirtings, and a great increase in the flax trade is consequently visible. Woollen goods are also rivalling the manufactures of cotton,—New Orleans cotton being now worth 2s. 6d. per lb., whilst the finest fleeces of Australian wool will not, and do not, command so high a price. With, therefore, prices of cotton goods tending to diminish their consumption, besides the immensely inadequate supply of the raw material, the unwelcome fact appears that a contraction rather than an extension of the great cotton industry must continue to oppress the capital and labour hitherto invested in it. From the increased demand, however, for the textile productions of the rival trades, the workpeople of the cotton trade are becoming largely absorbed in other occupations, and the master manufacturer, with his scarce and dear raw material, is thus likely to be the chief victim of the unfortunate dilemma in which his industry is placed. To charge the wealthy men of the cotton trade with the neglect of a positive duty in not having encouraged the extended cultivation of cotton in British colonies and other countries, would be incorrect; but whether the trade, by neglecting to promote a diversion in the supplies of cotton by obtaining it from new sources, has not been lacking in economy, and in a prudential regard for its own permanent interest, scarcely admits of a doubt. Nothing could be more costly than the dependence of a great industry upon chiefly one source of supply for the very material of its existence, as the present condition of the cotton trade proves. Probably eighty million pounds sterling have been extracted from the trade from the excess in price of cotton; but the sufferings and deprivations of a faithful and industrious race of labourers are beyond any financial computation. Families have become houseless wanderers, and have sought new abodes and the means of subsistence in other trades, in their own country and abroad; but many who were deserving labourers have ceased to exist, and cannot now relate their woes, losses, and degradations. To have averted these calamities would have been a triumph, moral, physical, pecuniary, and economical. The capitalists in the cotton trade are imbued generally with prudence and an especial attention to their own

interests: they insure their property from losses by fire, storm, and water; they have established banks, invested in canals, mines, and railways, and contributed to the formation of public works in foreign countries; but by a singular omission they have not insured against the contingencies and fatalities of their present position. How small a portion of the excessive amount of the losses already sustained by the cotton trade, would have been sufficient to have averted those losses, and to have retained in occupation the mills, and in comfort the multitudes of the most deserving workpeople any country ever possessed.

Still, capitalists in connection with the cotton trade have evinced wonderful confidence in the restoration of prosperity, as in the three years which have elapsed since the convulsion in the States of America occurred, a considerable increase in its extent has been effected in its power to consume cotton. Old and inferior machines have been displaced, and new mills and manufactories have been constructed, thus perceptibly preparing for a very palpable augmentation in the consumption of cotton, but without provision for its enlarged supply.

In 1860, the cotton trade had attained practically its available maximum extent, the average weekly consumption of cotton having been of the growth of

The United States	41,094 bags,	or 85	per cent.	
Egyptian and other foreign ...	3,968	,, 8	,,	
East India, with a little West India	3,461	,, 7	,,	
Total weekly	48,523 bags,			

that year's consumption having been 2,523,200 bags.

But the year 1860 closed its consumption with a great increase upon its commencement, and therefore the average consumption of the year was below the actual extent which it attained, and which could not be less than 50,000 bags per week. The extensions since that time would doubtless require, if the American supply of cotton could be obtained, as many as 55,000 bags weekly, or probably a supply of nearly three millions of bags for the year. This increase in the power of consuming cotton has been rendered doubly nugatory, first in the vast deficiency in the supply, and secondly, from the great substitution of East India cotton for the lost supply of the American. Should the

production of Indian cotton be abundant, but undergo no improvement in quality, and the American continue to be withheld, the increase in the cotton-spinning machinery would only compensate for the diminished yield of yarn and cloth from the inferior cotton of India; consequently with a power to consume 55,000 bags weekly, but with a consumption of only 50,000 bags weekly, the difference would represent the loss of energy, capital, and labour, resulting from the imperfection of the substituted low class of the raw material.

This current year, 1863, will have been supplied with cotton for the whole trade to the extent of the average of a full half-year's consumption; that is, instead of 50,000 bags of chiefly Indian cotton being worked up, the weekly quantity used will be only 25,000 bags during the entire year, or half time for the labourers, their employers, and the occupation of the mills and machinery, in accordance with the calculations of statists known to be well informed upon the subject. A revolution will have taken place in the sources of supply, and the consumption of cotton will be, as nearly as conjecture can venture to estimate, for this passing year, of

American	2,000	bags per week, or	6¾	per cent.
Egyptian	4,000	,,	13½	,,
Brazil	2,500	,,	7½	,,
West Indian ...	1,000	,,	3	,,
East Indian... ...	15,500	,,	69¼	,,
	25,000	bags weekly for the whole year.		

At the present particular moment (November, 1863) it is possible that the trade is consuming 30,000 bags per week, viz., of

American	2,500	bags, or	8¼	per cent.
Egyptian	4,000	,,	15	,,
Brazil	3,000	,,	10	,,
West Indian	1,000	,,	3	,,
East Indian...	19,000	,,	63¾	,,
	30,000	bags.		

But as the supply is not equal to the continuance of this rate of consumption, a relapse must ensue temporarily, and the estimated average of 25,000 bags for the year may not be exceeded.

American difficulties do not appear to be approaching a termination; and whether future large supplies of cotton will be obtained from the old fields of cultivation, is a serious question to be solved. Free trade is entitled to the productions of free labour; but justice and humanity proclaim that the chain of the slave shall not hold in perpetual bondage the sons of Africa, or of any other portion of the family of a beneficent Creator; and therefore a wise policy will prepare for the growth of cotton where freedom for toil and just rewards for labour prevail. Having seen the precarious tenure of slave supplies of cotton, and the disastrous results to the artizans of Great Britain, a duty devolves upon the governing and mercantile classes to encourage the cultivation of cotton in every country where it can be produced.

For the current year (1863) the supplies of cotton to the extent of its present limited consumption, and irrespective of speculative operations, are secured, but the stocks in port and in spinners' hands at the close of the year are likely to be alarmingly small. The persevering and unceasing labours of the Cotton Supply Association during several years, have, without the stimulant of the present high prices of cotton, rendered important service in promoting its cultivation in every part of the world capable of yielding it, and to a great and satisfactory extent those labours have been successful, though too often unacknowledged. John Cheetham, Esq., and Edmund Ashworth, Esq., the energetic and indefatigable chairman and vice-chairman of the Association, differ a little in their estimates of supplies, but the latter has computed that there will be an increased supply of cotton for the next year from

Turkey	200,000	bags;
Italy, &c.	10,000	,,
East Indies	350,000	,,
Egypt	100,000	,,
Brazil	150,000	,,
	810,000	,,
and after deducting for *extra* export ...	200,000	,,
there will be left an available increase of	610,000	bags,

or equal to an addition weekly of 11,700 bags for the increased consumption of Great Britain for next year, making the whole supply, according to his estimate, adequate to

four and a-half days' employment of the workers per week'; but if with this increase the quality of the supply be somewhat improved, and taking into consideration the augmented extent of machinery, the entire supply may moderately be estimated at four days' consumption per week for the whole of next year. Messrs. Whitworth Brothers, of Manchester, have issued a much more sanguine view than this of the supply of cotton for the approaching year, and by their estimate the supply for the consumption of this country alone will be equal to 43,000 bags per week, which would afford five days' work per week, and this ratio of increase being extended to the following year, would then, without American aid, lead to the resumption of full time. They place their calculations in this form :—

January 1, 1864.	Stock in Liverpool and London Markets	250,000	bags.
,,	Import from East Indies	1,650,000	,,
,,	,, Egypt	325,000	,,
,,	,, China and Japan...	250,000	,,
,,	,, Turkey and Greece ...	220,000	,,
,,	,, South America, Brazil	200,000	,,
,,	,, United States	150,000	,,
,,	,, Italy, &c.,...	50,000	,,
,,	,, Africa, &c....	70,000	,,
,,	Total supply	3,165,000	,,
,,	Deduct for export	624,000	,,
,,	Net supply	2,541,000	,,
,,	Consumption 43,000 weekly ...	2,236,000	,,
,,	Left in stock at the end of the year	305,000	bags.

These gentlemen also record their conviction that the existing prices of cotton are dangerously high, and must recede with the probable increase of coming supplies.

Shrinking from over-cheering anticipations, and supposing the American struggle to be prolonged, it is encouraging to contemplate, upon the lowest and least favourable estimates, that for 1864 there will be independent supplies of cotton for four days' consumption—in 1865 for five days—and in the following year, 1866, the increased growth in India, and in the new fields of cultivation, will enable the whole extended cotton trade to obtain adequate supplies of raw material for working full time, supplied from sources uncontaminated and undegraded by slavery—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Of the power of British India to supply cotton of an excellent and satisfactory quality, there are abundant proofs, but the imperfections in the administrative system of that dependency, and the indisposition of the mercantile middle men to pay a fair price for an improved class of cotton, greatly retarded its improved and extended growth. Justice, however, requires the gratifying fact to be recorded, that from a consumption in the United Kingdom of little more than 3,000 bags per week of Indian cotton in 1860, it is very possible that it is now at the end of this year (1863) nearly 20,000 bags per week. The weather for the Indian crop of the last season was unpropitious, or a much larger supply would have been obtained; and from efforts now making in India, the most favourable anticipations of an enlarged yield may be entertained: but to prevent future disappointment to the Cotton Ryots of India, it is indispensable that a higher quality should be grown, and that they should be amply compensated for that higher quality by being paid a correspondingly higher price.

In the passing year there has been happily an amelioration in the condition of the labourers in the cotton trade, and especially in the Lancashire district. The Central Committee for the relief of the distressed operatives state that the total number of persons receiving relief from all the funds administering aid to the distressed, was in January last 456,786, whilst in the month of October the number was reduced to 168,170, thus proving a gradual diminution in the extent of distress and suffering.

"Rocks are still ahead."

Presuming that India and the British colonies, which truly possess the greatest proportion of the soil of the world that can yield a vastly enlarged supply of cotton, do send the requisite increase, how is labour to be obtained for the extended spinning and manufacturing concerns lately called into existence? Hitherto Ireland has largely contributed to the labour and prosperity of the cotton trade, but the prolonged exodus from that portion of the empire precludes the possibility of any great extent of surplus labour being thence immediately obtained. The prevailing prosperity of the country, and the activity in the trades which now rival the manufactures of cotton, will not return much of the migrated labour, and therefore little additional labour can

be expected from general sources, nor will those whom the cotton famine has thus driven away, speedily return to their early occupations. Labour will, therefore, be scarce, and associated with the usual condition, dear. To procure markets for the further increased production of yarn and cloth which may be spun and manufactured, great reductions in price and value must be sustained. By a fair computation the reduction in the value of the stocks of cotton, yarn, and cloth of British ownership, will not be less than forty million pounds sterling, involving a depreciation of property fearful to contemplate. If the reduction in the value of floating stocks belonging to this industry could be borne by those who have had the advantage of the increased value of this property, the ultimate losses and gains might approximate in amount in the persons of the same owners of the property, and thereby balance each other; but those who have received the profit will chiefly retain it, and the losses will be thrown largely upon the new and confiding holders of existing stocks.

That the excess in price paid for cotton is causing an immense export of bullion there is no doubt, and the consequent disturbance of the money market is unsatisfactory and alarming. For a half supply of cotton more than four times the normal price has been paid, thereby taking in a single year some forty millions sterling above the usual sum paid for a full time consuming quantity. In aid of the payment of this amazing increase in the cost of cotton, no apparent compensation is visible in any corresponding increase in the exported value of British cotton manufactures; hence the exhausting operation to which bullion and the circulation are and will be subjected. Pecuniary entanglements are unavoidable in the present state of the cotton trade, for when it is recollected that at the prevailing prices of cotton, if the trade could work full time, the cost of the raw material for one year would be not less than one hundred and sixty million pounds sterling alone, or nearly one hundred and thirty millions in excess of previous payments, the indications of prolonged suffering become apparent. This amount is incapable of being refunded by the consumers of cotton manufactures, and it is evident that neither safety, full employment, nor enduring prosperity, can be identified with extravagant prices and abstractions.

Prosperity to the cotton trade can only be restored by the return of the abundance and cheapness of the raw material, which have been the foundation of its success. For the distress which still remains—for the unproductive and unprofitable spinning and manufacturing concerns—for the interests of the engineer and machinist—for the safety of capital, whether supplied from the accumulations of industry, or from the liberal and over-trusting banks, there is only one remedy, and that is—an abundant supply of good and cheap cotton! The interests of commerce and of humanity point alike to such a desirable result; but the permanent interests of the British Empire demand that for the benefit of India, of the colonies, and of the home industry, cotton should be most largely obtained from the possessions of Great Britain, which indeed are better adapted for the growth and supply of excellent cotton than any other territory in the universe.

THE

TWO STEPHENSONS AND THE TWO JAMES:

OR,

THE EARLY HISTORY OF RAILWAY TRANSIT.

BY

MR. JOSEPH GOODWIN,

MINING ENGINEER, HYDE.

[Delivered at the Bardsley Institute, near Ashton-under-Lyne, May 9, 1862.]

THE subject upon which I have this evening the honour of addressing you, is one that I feel my inability to do justice to; and even were I capable of dealing with the subject in the manner its importance demands, it would be difficult indeed to group all the points of interest within the compass of one lecture. For it is not too much to affirm, that to give a history of the present system of railways, would involve the necessity of treating upon most of the improvements that have been witnessed in this country during the last quarter of a century. It is principally in connection with the introduction of this great civilising

agent, that the labours of the two Stephensons and the two James's have placed this country under the greatest debt of gratitude. Nor is it this country alone that has reaped untold advantages from the labours of these public benefactors, but the whole of the civilised world. It will scarcely be necessary for me to dwell upon the importance of rapid transit, and the advantages arising therefrom; but I may remark, that since the introduction of steam as a motive power, up to the present time, it has never been applied to any use that has given such an impetus to trade and commerce as in its application to railway transit. By this agent we are now enabled to economise time to such an extent as could never have entered the minds of our forefathers. Through it we are now enjoying the thousand advantages arising from the system of cheap postage—a system which would have been inoperative had it not been for our present means of transit. And had it not been for the present system of railways, it would scarcely have been possible for that powerful agent, the Press, to have exercised that influence upon this country which it is now enabled to do, through its cheap literature. In short, its beneficial influence has been felt throughout the ramifications of society, as is evidenced by the increased intelligence of every class in the community. Perhaps no country ever exhibited a greater change in the character of its masses, than the revolution that has been wrought in this country since the introduction of the present system of railways. Compare the heroic, manly spirit, which has characterised the unfortunate class* that has been so suddenly deprived of many of the comforts and conveniences of life to which they have been so long accustomed, with the times and circumstances previous to those we are alluding. Mark you—I do not claim for the credit of the railway system the whole of this change; but I do contend that, either directly or indirectly, it has contributed, in no small degree, to this happy change. That the present railway system has been unproductive of evil, I am not here to contend; but that it has been comparatively small, compared with the advantages it has conferred upon society at large, must be admitted by all. It has been charged with causing a system of speculation in railway

* Reference is here made to the cotton panic.

shares that has proved the ruin of many: but cannot that more properly be attributed to the growing evil of too great a desire to become suddenly rich? The greatest charge that I can prefer against the railway system is, that it appears to be causing the young of both sexes to forget that nature intended them to make moderate use of their legs. Many of the young ladies of the present age would, I fear, be ill adapted for performing those pedestrian exercises that were common to their sex during the last generation.

Before proceeding to investigate or inquire how far the respective claims of these public benefactors have been acknowledged or rewarded, let us briefly glance at a few of the leading incidents in the lives of each of them;—first remarking, that the success and history of the two Stephensons has been told so often, and with such detail, by a somewhat partial biographer, that the most trivial and unimportant circumstances in their lives have been given with such minuteness as to render it difficult for any to comprehend the object aimed at. Of this I do not myself complain; but think that, upon public grounds, we are justly entitled to take exception to the want of principle that pervades the biographies of the Stephensons. Strong as these remarks may now appear, I flatter myself that when all the facts of the case are placed before you, you will agree with me in saying that the biographer of the Stephensons has pressed everything into his service that ingenuity or tact could devise, in order to raise them to the highest pedestal of fame, regardless of robbing others of that honour which our best feelings are ever ready to accord to those who have laboured to benefit mankind, if unaccompanied by selfish motives.

George Stephenson was born June 9, 1781, at Wylam, a village about eight miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of very poor but honest parents. His early years were spent in a manner that strikingly illustrates the advantages of the age in which we now live; for neither opportunity nor means admitted of George Stephenson even learning his letters when a boy. At the early age of eight years he was put to work,—first to tend some cows pastured on the banks of the Wylam tramroad, afterwards to lead the horses when ploughing, and other work common to such an occu-

pation. He was not long so employed, for we find that he shortly afterwards was engaged at the colliery at which his father was employed, in the respective capacities of gin-driver, dirt-picker, and assistant engine fireman,—his wages by this time being one shilling per day. From this humble position he gradually raised himself, step by step, to become the enginewright at Killingworth Colliery, at a salary of £100 per annum. He thereby became thoroughly schooled in the working and construction of the steam engine. Time will not permit of an attempt to describe the difficulties that George Stephenson had to encounter in his well-directed efforts of advancement, and how nobly he overcame them by sheer perseverance and a resolute determination to compel circumstances to favour him. Shortly after being appointed the enginewright at Killingworth Colliery, he brought under the notice of his employers the advantages to be derived from the locomotive engine; and in the year 1813, Lord Ravensworth, the principal proprietor of the colliery, allowed him to make one. According to the evidence of his son Robert, the construction of his first locomotive engine was very much after the same plan as that previously made, and successfully worked, by Blenkinsop, of Leeds; the only marked difference being that Blenkinsop's engine had five wheels, four of which were used for the purpose of carrying the engine, and the fifth to receive the motive power from the cylinders, and to propel its load along, by working into a peculiarly-constructed rail, which received the cogs of the wheel; whilst Stephenson's engine had only four wheels, which received the power from the cylinders, as well as supported the engine. This engine was tried upon the Killingworth Railway on the 25th of July, 1814; but, like its predecessors, was not economical when compared with horses. In February of the following year, Stephenson obtained letters patent for the construction of an improved locomotive, and manufactured an engine which was certainly an improvement upon the one previously manufactured; but even this was only able to move at the rate of 6 miles an hour. The second engine was manufactured at the works of Mr. Losh, an experienced engine manufacturer, who by this time had taken Stephenson in as partner; yet the credit of this improved engine has never been shared by Mr. Losh. How far Mr. Stephenson is entitled to be

regarded as the inventor of the present locomotive, or to the perfecting of it, can be best determined by briefly referring to the early history of the locomotive. We find that Savrey, the inventor of the working steam engine, was the first to propose the application of steam power for the purpose of carriage traction. Dr. Robinson made the same suggestion to his friend James Watt. This was in the year 1759. Watt, in the specification of his patent in 1769, describes an engine of the kind suggested by Robinson, but no steps appear to have been taken to reduce it to practice. The first locomotive engine was constructed at Paris by the French engineer, Cugnot, about the year 1760. After this period we find the same subject taken up by many ingenious and highly-talented individuals; but it was not until the great intellect of Trevithick was brought to bear upon the subject, that much progress was made in the construction of an engine that could be said to contain the elements of future success. In 1803, Trevithick constructed a locomotive engine for the Pen-y-Darran Iron Company, South Wales, which, on its first trial, succeeded in drawing several wagons—one loaded with 10 tons of iron—at the rate of five-and-a-half miles an hour. It worked for a length of time pretty successfully; but owing to the weakness of the rails upon which it travelled, and the frequent breakage of them, it was discontinued, rather than go to the expense of re-laying the road with stronger rails. It is particularly worthy of note that in this engine the steam blast was employed which George Stephenson and his friends so many years afterwards claimed as his invention. This engine also worked with smooth wheels upon smooth rails. Trevithick, many years after this time, and after the successful introduction of the locomotive engine, met Mr. Robert Stephenson at Cartagena, in Central America, and showed to him the advantages to be derived from enclosing the locomotive cylinder in a smoke box. Upon this suggestion the Stephensons acted in constructing their subsequent locomotives.

I am reluctantly compelled, from want of time, to pass over many interesting circumstances in connection with the early history of the locomotive; circumstances, too, which clearly establish the fact that the locomotive has been brought to its present state of utility—I will

not say perfection—by the combined engineering talent of this country during the last half century. That the Stephensons were never entitled to a tithe of the credit that Smiles, in his biography, awards them, I most unhesitatingly aver; and have now before me infallible evidence that George Stephenson was by no means scrupulous in pirating the invention of others who had been less fortunate than himself, as is evidenced by his connection with Messrs. Hedley, Hackworth, and others. It may not be generally known that the Blenkinsop locomotive was worked for many years on the Middleton Colliery Railway, near Leeds; and that a locomotive was working at the Wylam Colliery, upon the very tramroad that George Stephenson had tended the cows upon when a boy. These engines were constructed long before we have any evidence of Stephenson even contemplating the construction of a locomotive. It was upon this tramroad that Mr. Hedley demonstrated, upon a working scale, that the mere friction of the wheels of a heavy carriage upon the smooth rails of a tramroad, was sufficient to enable it to draw a train of loaded carriages; and in this Wylam engine the steam blast was also used. No stronger proof needs to be adduced to show that neither George Stephenson nor any of the other claimants to this invention ever knew the value of it until applied—and even not fully then—than the fact that it was never patented; although in that invention rested a princely fortune. George Stephenson repeatedly inspected the Wylam engines before constructing one of his own. When all these circumstances are considered, I say it appears passing strange that anyone should have the boldness to come forward and claim for him the title of inventor of the locomotive, or even the perfector of it. More especially so, when it is borne in mind that Stephenson's locomotive had only attained a speed of six miles an hour before he and his partner entered into an agreement with Wm. James to enable them to use the present William Henry James's tubular boiler. Upon this we shall presently have to speak.

Shortly after George Stephenson was appointed enginewright at Killingworth, he turned his attention to the invention of the safety lamp, having been brought face to face with one or more of those deplorable accidents that were then so common in the North of England. Much has

been said regarding the invention of that invaluable instrument, the Miners' Safety Lamp; and Stephenson's friends have laboured assiduously to claim priority of invention over that of Sir Humphrey Davy. Whether the grounds of their claims were substantial or not, and their arguments unanswerable, will be best seen by referring to the report of a public meeting that was held on the 11th of October, 1816, at Newcastle, for the purpose of presenting Sir Humphrey Davy with a reward for the invention of his safety lamp. The result of this meeting was, that a sum of £2,000 was presented to Sir Humphrey Davy for the invention of the Safety Lamp; and a hundred guineas to George Stephenson for what he had done in the same direction. I do not say that this proves beyond doubt that Stephenson was not the inventor of the safety lamp, but I do say that it was more likely that his claim could then have been substantiated, and the question for ever set at rest, than can be now, after the lapse of nearly half a century; especially so, when it is considered that most of the living witnesses could be then present, and that the subject had been thoroughly discussed previous to the meeting. That George Stephenson was entitled to very great credit, and the best thanks of every class in the community, for his labours in connection with so laudable an object, I do not dispute; but this forms no reason why his biographer should appropriate the labours of others, in order to place him in a more elevated position. Since Smiles has undertaken the task of showing the superiority of Stephenson's lamp over that of the Davy, and cited Mr. Brown, of Barnsley, as an authority to prove his position, it may not be considered out of place if I say it is possible that I know as much of the properties of both lamps as either Mr. Smiles or Mr. Brown; and that I certainly consider the Davy lamp far superior to the Stephenson, and the objections urged against the Davy lamp by Mr. Brown as only tending to show how little he knew upon the subject he professed to be acquainted with.

In 1821, Stephenson was appointed engineer for the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and the line was opened on the 27th of September, 1825. It may be as well to remark that this line was not originally intended for passenger traffic, and that it was not until after the Liverpool and Manchester line had established their regular pas-

senger traffic, that regular passenger trains were run. Stephenson supplied the first four locomotive engines that were required for this line; and a fifth was supplied by Mr. Wilson, Forth-street, Newcastle. After these engines had been at work for 18 months, it was clearly proved that the cost of the engine-power was considerably more than horse-power would have been. A meeting of the directors was convened, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of abandoning the locomotive, and returning to horses. After the subject had been fully discussed, Timothy Hackworth, who had had the full management of all the traction power, consisting of stationary engines, locomotives, and horses, was asked what he would recommend the directors to do? He said that if they would allow him to make an engine in his own way, he would engage that it should answer their purpose; "and in order to save you expense," he added, "I will take the remnant of one of the old engines, and make it available as far as practicable in constructing the new one." After due consideration on the part of the directors, Timothy's proposal was accepted. Accordingly, the boiler of Wilson's engine was altered and enlarged for carrying out the project. This engine was the first six-wheeled, coupled engine, ever constructed; the first with direct action, the cylinders being placed above, and connected direct to crank pins in one pair of wheels; the first with balance beam bearing springs hinged in the centre, the extremes supporting the boxes of two separate axles; the first with springs instead of weights for the safety valves; the first with a heating apparatus for heating the feed water; the first with steam blast, excepting Trevithick's, which was not, as some suppose, accidental; in proof of which it was employed in two different ways at the same time in this engine,—one was to combine the two exhaust pipes in one, and carry it into the centre of the chimney, and directing it up in a long cone, reducing the opening from 4 to 2¼ inches; the other was taking a branch from the exhaust pipe, just before entering the chimney, and carrying it down into the tube beneath the fire grate, and giving its end an angular direction of about 45° to throw the jet of steam up through the fire. This branck was provided with a valve to shut or open at pleasure: however, it was found that the first-named plan would meet all requirements. This engine

was called the "Royal George." It commenced work in October, 1827; and during the first twelve months, she not only cleared her own first cost and working expenses, but £107 besides, at the same rate at which the horses were paid for. On this being clearly demonstrated, the directors declared that all they wanted were plenty of Timothy's engines. Messrs. Walker and Rastrick, the gentlemen appointed by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester line, to report on the relative merits of fixed and locomotive engines, also declared Hackworth's to be beyond doubt the best engine, as evidenced by the work performed. This information has been furnished by his son, John Wesley Hackworth, and confirmed in various ways. And yet, in the face of these facts, which cannot fail to have been known to Samuel Smiles, he declares in his "Life of George Stephenson," and in his "Lives of the Engineers," that George Stephenson is entitled to be called the inventor of the locomotive, in the general acceptation of the term. What credit, I ask, can be attached to the testimony of such a biographer?

From this time the success and prosperity of the Stephensons was guaranteed; for what had been wanted to secure it had been accomplished, whether by himself or not mattered little to Stephenson, so long as he gained advantages by it. Their engagements increased almost daily from this time. Scarcely a line was projected but either he or his son was engaged upon it; and their engagements brought with them wealth, which, in this country, is ever sure to secure friends and worshippers. Yes—if success crowns the efforts of anyone in this country, he is worshipped and adored, even if the elements of his success have been based upon the ruin of some one's prospects, who possessed far higher attainments, and who was more generous and noble in his disposition, more virtuous in character, and possessed more fully all the qualities that ennoble and elevate the mind of man. I am fully aware that we are fighting with the weapons of the dead, and that their characters are all that remain of them in this world; but this, I think, ought not to deter us from endeavouring to clear away the cloud of obscurity that envelopes the early history of our railways, and thus enable the honour to be accorded to whom the honour is

That George Stephenson possessed talents of a high

order, I do not for one moment doubt; in fact, his very nature appears to me to have been cast in a thoroughly scientific mould. Nor have I any less doubt that he was a wily, crafty man, ever ready to take advantage of anything calculated to benefit himself, even at the risk of injuring others. If George Stephenson had not appropriated to himself the labours of others, and his history had been faithfully recorded, his life would have been worthy the study of anyone; but, instead of this, his biographer claims for him almost every invention of his age, and details common-place events of his life with a minuteness that almost borders on the ridiculous. For instance, we are told that he excelled in the making of pitmen's clothes, and that his cut is still preserved amongst the pitmen of the North;—that he mended and made shoes for his fellow-workmen, and even lasts upon which to make them;—he also repaired their clocks and watches;—gave lessons in the embroidering of ladies' petticoats;—grew cabbages of enormous sizes;—compelled cucumbers to grow straight, a feat never before accomplished;—fed chickens in half the time of anyone else;—lifted enormous weights, and ran races with great fleetness;—beat the bully of the colliery in a pitched battle, and delighted in wrestling, until overcome by old age. His son Robert once sent him in a bill for £2. 10s., for chairs broken in his office whilst indulging in this sport with one of his friends. I do not wish to trespass at greater length by a description of the composition of the biographies of "Geordy;" but, perhaps, you will pardon me in giving one other illustration, namely, that although he had often a short sleep after dinner, it is stated there to have only been a wink.

Robert Stephenson, the son of the foregoing, was born at Willington, Northumberland, on the 16th December, 1803. His father resolved that he should not labour under the same difficulties, for want of education, that he had done; and nobly did he respond to the resolution he had made, denying himself almost the necessaries of life in order that his son might receive an early education.

In 1820, George Stephenson decided upon sending his son to the University of Edinburgh; and, knowing his father's straitened circumstances, Robert devoted his whole energies of mind to the study of those subjects which were

brought before him, as is evidenced by the fact of his taking down the whole of the lectures in shorthand, and afterwards transcribing them. Such well-directed efforts could hardly do otherwise than succeed.

In 1824, Robert Stephenson designed the machinery for the inclined planes on the Stockton and Darlington Railway: he was shortly afterwards appointed one of a commission to examine and explore the gold and silver mines of Columbia (New Granada), South America. He returned to this country in the year 1828, and from this time he was engaged in the engineering of many of the principal railways in this country, as well as upon the Continent. But it is more particularly in connection with those stupendous works, the tubular bridge which crosses the Menai Straits, and the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, which connects Canada with the United States, that his name will be handed down to posterity as one of the brightest ornaments to this country that lived during the reign of Queen Victoria. He was elected M.P. for Whitby in 1847, which seat he retained until his death, which took place on the 12th October, 1859. His remains were laid side by side with Telford's, in the nave of Westminster Abbey.

William James was born at Henley-in-Arden, in the county of Warwick, on the 13th of June, 1771. His descent can be traced from the noble families of Ormonde and Shelly. He was educated at Warwick and Winson Green Schools, and at an early period of life evinced talents of a superior order. He was brought up to the law, and studied in London. During the period of his studies he attended various debating societies, by which he acquired considerable oratorical powers: these he displayed frequently in after-life, and they materially tended to his advancement and usefulness. For the first few years that he was engaged in business, he does not appear to have made any considerable progress; but owing to his father having lost the bulk of his property by speculating in Worcester and other canal shares, it rendered attention to business more necessary on his part, in order to secure success. He was appointed the Deputy-Recorder of Warwick in the year 1798; and by this time he had become the Master of a Freemason Lodge, and had also engaged

in the business of land agency: and by the exertion of his great natural powers, and his steady application to business, he soon became eminent in his profession. In the year 1801, he organised the Warwick Volunteers, at a great expense to himself, owing to the threatened invasion of this country by Napoleon. At the disbanding of this corps he was presented by his brother officers with a sword of a hundred guineas value, and was also promised a compensation from Government, which, however, he never received. He was held in the highest estimation by Lord Warwick, as will be seen from the following letter, which is only one out of many of the same character:—

DEAR SIR,—We are all well; and I find plenty of time to do what I like, not having any acquaintances here. I could not occupy myself more to my satisfaction than in studying your plans, which are extensive; but, I am persuaded, founded on the certain basis of sound good sense and ability, and as such I feel their value, and that of their author.

I am sincerely, dear Sir,
Your faithful friend,
WARWICK.

WM. JAMES, Esq., St. John's, Warwick.

It was a common practice with him, after the day's military duty, to ride on horseback to his mines in Staffordshire—a distance of thirty miles—and be back again to exercise in the morning. His exertions at this time were of the most extraordinary kind,—travelling post often two or three nights a-week to and from various distant parts of the kingdom. As an instance of his determined and unremitting energy, we give the following extract from a letter addressed to his friend, W. Whitmore, Esq., of Birmingham, upon the subject of his sinking for coal at Bexhill, in 1806. After expressing his wish for Mr. Whitmore to send more boring rods immediately, he says:—"Conceiving this a very important crisis, I am, I confess, very anxious to get the hole proved in my presence. I have been exceedingly ill, with aguish symptoms; violent fever arising from exposure over Lambeth Marsh and on the river several days last week. I still continue extremely unwell, but have not time to rest myself; and in consequence of this sudden break from my other engagements, I must work night and day until I recover this time." In 1804, he projected the drainage of Lambeth Marsh, which he surveyed and levelled by the direction of the late Prince of Wales

the Archbishop of Canterbury: Waterloo Bridge formed a part of this plan. He likewise projected and surveyed, at his own expense, a new line of turnpike-road from Warwick, through Buckingham, to London; and was the first person to open the West Bromwich coal field, in Staffordshire, where he established, at an immense outlay, the Ball's Hill and Golden Hill Collieries. He was also the proprietor of the Wednesbury Old Field Colliery. He bought several others about this time, viz., the Ocker Hill, Lee Brook, and New Contract Collieries; the Birchill Colliery and Iron Works; the Pitsalt Colliery; Swadlincote Colliery, in Derbyshire; Wyken Colliery, near Coventry; —the whole of which he carried on with his own capital. He, at the same time, had the management, for the late Lord Warwick, of the Clutton Mines, in Somersetshire; and embarked with the late Lord Whitworth, the Duchess of Dorset, and others, in a trial for coals at Bexhill, in the county of Sussex, in which upwards of £30,000 were spent without success. In 1816, he was connected with several extensive drainage schemes; and in the same year he was elected Chairman of the Coal and Iron Masters' Association. About this time it was suggested by several capitalists that a suitable acknowledgment should be presented to him for the great benefits he had conferred upon the coal and iron trade. This, however, was declined by him; and, at his request, the subscription was not proceeded with. Owing to the oppressive conduct of several canal companies, and the monopoly exercised by them, William James laid out a line of rail from Wolverhampton to Birmingham, and excavated a large piece of ground at Newhall Hill, upon which he formed a series of wharves, which are now become of great value. The alteration in the currency at that time, however, so altered the state of his finances, that he was unable to carry out his project of cutting the line.

It is worthy of note that Duncan, in his work on the currency, states the fact, that in the year 1816 there was an increase of 55 per cent. of bankruptcy cases; and Sir James Graham asserted, on the authority of the most competent judges, that the losses sustained by individuals at that period counterbalanced all the profits of all the bankers during the war. William James was agent and receiver to the late Duke of Northumberland, Lord Whitworth, and the Duchess of Dorset; Lords Willoughby-de-

Brooke, Dartmouth, Thurlow, and others; besides being extensively engaged in business for the late Dukes of Norfolk and Marlborough, Marquis of Headfort, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lords Clifden, Holland, Spencer, St. John, Denegal, Redesdale, and many of the most wealthy commoners of the country. He purchased the principal tonnage of the river Avon, and spent £6,000 in order to render it navigable for barges of considerable tonnage. He became possessed of the Snowford and Trebershaw estates, containing nearly 1,700 acres. He realised more than £10,000 per annum by his profession, and in 1812 was estimated to be worth more than £150,000,—all of which he lost in labouring to benefit his country and succeeding generations.

Many interesting circumstances in the life of William James I am reluctantly compelled to pass over, and come to the question—Who is entitled to the appellation of the "Father of Railways?" We find that in 1802 Mr. James traversed the country around Bolton, Wigan, Leigh, &c., &c., to judge of the population to consume coal; and that he viewed, with Messrs. Yates and Nightingale, the two lines of railway to Leigh and Ashton; also the line of railway past Ellenbrook Chapel to the Duke's Canal. On October 22nd he made another journey to Mr. Fletcher's, of Clifton, to consult him upon the propriety of his communicating with the Duke of Bridgewater on the subject of railroads, &c. It was at this period that his mind was first impressed with the importance of rapid railway transit. Shortly afterwards he visited and inspected Trevithick's engine, and every subsequent locomotive that was manufactured up to the time of Stephenson's; with a view of carrying out his favourite project of passenger traffic by locomotive power. It was for this purpose that he paid his first visit to Killingworth, whilst Stephenson was still employed as enginewright: he on this occasion had not an interview with Stephenson, but shortly afterwards saw him there, and conversed with him upon the importance of passenger traffic, and the advantages to be derived from the introduction of such a system. He described his views upon the feasibility of such an undertaking, and unfolded the whole of his plans and schemes, and declared his conviction that the locomotive already improved to run at the rate of six miles an hour, was capable of being much further improved. In Stephenson he found a willing listener,

and a receptive and plastic mind, which retained the ideas so generously given until the season arrived for appropriating them to his own purposes.

About 1819 and 1820, Wm. James was surveying and making a line called the Central Union Railroad, the lithographed plan of which is still in the possession of the family. It commenced at the Stratford Canal, passing through Moreton, Charlbury, Oxford, Wendover, Amersham, and Rickmansworth,—thus missing the Boxmoor and other tunnels; thence to Uxbridge and Paddington, with branches through Shipton, Warwick, and Coventry, to his mines at Wyken, in Warwickshire, and Swanlicote, in Derbyshire; and from Stow to meet the Gloucester Railway at Cheltenham; and from Shipton to the Wilts. and Berks. Canal, near Longshot. The following are extracts from a letter from Lord Redesdale, addressed to Wm. James, at Joseph Sandar's, Esq., Liverpool, respecting the said railway:—

When it is seen that the work will be proceeded with, we shall probably find no difficulty in obtaining money without the aid of the Commissioners for the Exchequer Bills' loan. I have great doubt as to obtaining a contract for the whole, of sufficient responsibility; but I shall attend to what may be said on that subject. I was particularly struck with your assertion that the ironworks would more readily contract for the iron in the credit of the railway, than in the credit of individuals; and probably they would be induced to contract at a lower rate with the company, because they would contract at less hazard.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

REDESDALE.

William James published a series of twelve essays in 1822 and 1823, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the introduction of the railway system, and contending that accelerated locomotion would, in some degree, compensate for a diminished currency; that cheap freights would leave more gain for the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the miner; and, consequently, low prices might be made compatible with increased profit; and that steam power was the agent best adapted to obtain these results,—remarking that he had satisfied his mind, "by experience and observation, that locomotive steam carriages can be employed in most situations with the greatest security and advantage, and that he had surveyed many extensive lines in the northern and midland parts of the kingdom." He

also observes that the facility and economy of its construction and repair, and the speed and regularity of its trade, must influence its extended adoption. In the same essays he advocated the possibility of obtaining a velocity of twenty or thirty miles an hour.

In 1822, Wm. James formed the first railway company for the Liverpool and Manchester line, which formed the nucleus for the second,—many of the members of the first company being the same as those of which the second was composed. In the first survey of this line, Wm. James took Robert Stephenson under his fostering care, and placed him in a position where he would be most likely to improve himself, he being then only about 19 years of age, and unaccustomed to surveying. Whilst conducting this survey, William James was very near losing his life, by being smothered in the bog at Chat Moss. In the year 1822, the survey and plans for the Liverpool and Manchester line, with the adjacent ones to Bolton and Warrington, were completed,—the survey having been commenced in the year 1819, and intended from the first for engine and passenger traffic. His labours in connection with this survey were of the most Herculean character, and he displayed the most unremitting perseverance, as is evidenced by his repeated letters and addresses to the aristocracy and great landed proprietors, whether to such as were well known to him, or strangers, as will be seen from the following copy of a letter from Wm. James to Lord Stanley:—

Prescott, Nov. 13, 1822.

My Lord,—The plans and sections of the proposed Liverpool and Manchester railroad being completed, I have applied to your noble father to allow me to submit the same to his Lordship's consideration to-morrow morning. I am not so fortunate as to possess a letter of introduction to the noble Earl or your Lordship, though, from long experience in Parliamentary and other business, as land agent for his present Majesty, the land revenue of the late Dukes of Northumberland and Norfolk, the Duchess of Dorset, Earls Whitworth and Warwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Holland, and other noble personages, I believe I must be personally known to your Lordship. The line is set out across the valuable coal mines of the Earl of Derby, near Whiston, and cannot fail to greatly enhance their value, as also that of his Lordship's very extensive adjacent estates; and since it secures the greatest public advantages, the promoters of the measure look with confident hope to the noble Earl's and your Lordship's powerful support. I shall have great satisfaction in laying the plans before your Lordship at

any hour this day or to-morrow you may have the goodness to appoint.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,
Your Lordship's very obedient servant,
WM. JAMES.

Wm. James also enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the late Mr. Pease, the projector of the Stockton and Darlington line; and mainly influenced that gentleman in obtaining an amended Act of Parliament, in 1823, for the construction of that line. A circumstance in connection with the construction of this line is brought forward to show the fundamental honesty of Stephenson: he is made to say—"Although it would put £500 in my pocket to specify my own patent rails, I cannot do so after the experience I have had." It, however, appears that they did advertise for cast-iron rails, at which Wm. James was annoyed, it being contrary to his recommendation. The following is an extract from a letter, bearing Killingworth post-mark Dec. 20, 1821, from George Stephenson to Wm. James, in his son Robert's handwriting:—"With respect to the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company advertising for cast-iron rails, it was merely to please a few of the subscribers, who have been brought over by some of the cast-iron founders; but they have only advertised for one-third to be cast-iron." In the above extract you will not fail to perceive the exercise of that predominant feature in the true character of George Stephenson.

In the year 1823, Wm. James became seriously embarrassed, from having lost upwards of £70,000 by the change in the currency previously alluded to, and the great expense incurred in the numerous surveys made by him, and the neglect of business consequent thereon. About this time he was subjected to the annoyance of a law-suit, which ended in the discomfiture of his opponent; although, as he afterwards stated in a letter, dated Sept. 5th, 1824, "being at this time arrested for an illegal demand, rather than compromise iniquity, I suffered the horrors of a prison, as my friend T. Atwood will certify." Joseph Sandars, one of the principal directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Company, had been taken into the entire confidence of Wm. James: he therefore well knew his position, and that his absence from Liverpool was unavoidable, from being detained many months in the Queen's

Bench prison. Yet this was the particular juncture he chose to call a meeting of the shareholders, for the purpose of instituting an enquiry whether Wm. James had not forfeited the confidence of the company by his unavoidable delay in the prosecution of the work. George Stephenson by this time had been introduced to the committee as engineer to the Manchester and Liverpool line, by Wm. James, that gentleman believing that on account of the many benefits he had conferred upon Stephenson, his own interests would be safe and jealously watched over in his absence. But, instead of that, Joseph Sandars and George Stephenson entered into a conspiracy against him, for the purpose of appropriating to themselves the great advantages to be derived from the many years' ceaseless and unwearied labours of Wm. James. After successfully using their efforts to obtain the possession of James's plans and ideas, which they did by holding out a strong inducement for Mr. Padley to desert his patron Wm. James—(this gentleman had accompanied Wm. James throughout all his surveys, and was therefore thoroughly acquainted with all his plans and ideas)—many of the difficulties were overcome, and it remained (a comparatively easy task) for them to step in and finish more than the half-completed labours of Wm. James. From a sense of James's superiority, and the fear of his again gaining an ascendancy over them, they acted on the principle of keeping him down while he was down, by appearing upon the same field of labour wherever he undertook a fresh project, and opposing him in the most determined manner. On several other lines he was served precisely the same as on the Manchester and Liverpool: this was the case with respect to his Birmingham and Warrington, and Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool surveys, the London and Birmingham, and Canterbury and Whitstable surveys. The whole of these had been made at the sole expense of Wm. James; and to the everlasting discredit of George Stephenson, he actually obtained possession of the plans of the latter, and imposed them upon parliament as his own. The following extracts, from letters still in possession of the family, will suffice to show what Wm. James thought of George Stephenson. "I do not quarrel with Mr. Stephenson's good fortune, although through his fraud I have lately lost the Birmingham appointment (Birmingham and Liverpool line, of which

Wm. James was the projector): I envy him not, but lament my own hard fate, having, almost at the end of life, suffered in this business the loss of labour, property, and health." Again he says—"My life, hitherto employed in conferring favours, has produced to my family only insult and persecution. I have done some service to my fellow subjects.* Within the last 16 years I have spent more than £400,000 in manual labours; and at this moment I give daily bread to several hundred human beings. * * * Therefore, whilst my faculties remain unimpaired, and my body is capable of labour, I have resolved to emigrate to some of His Majesty's colonies, where the talents and labours of myself and five sons may procure a subsistence, and my family may be spared the misery of insult and persecution." Wm. James retired into Cornwall to spend the latter years of his life, for the purpose of getting away from the machinations of his enemies, being also disgusted and annoyed with his false friends. These were his principal motives for leaving not only his former connections, but likewise his valuable property in Staffordshire and Warwickshire to the management of solicitors and assignees. In the early part of 1837 he accidentally met Mr. Corrie (the principal solicitor for his bankruptcy estate), who assured him that he might even then save £30,000 by returning to Warwickshire and investigating his own affairs. He, however, was not spared to do so, for shortly after this he took cold whilst travelling night and day outside a stage coach; influenza ensued, which terminated fatally on the 10th March, 1837. Some idea may be formed of the amount of his property, from the fact that his estate occupied the commissioners and lawyers about twenty years in settling, and one solicitor's account was £7,000. Notwithstanding these enormous expenses, Chancery suits, &c., all the creditors were paid very nearly in full.

William Henry James, not having the pecuniary means to assist his younger brothers and sisters, and knowing the justice of their claims upon the public purse, resolved to get up a testimonial. For this purpose, several of the principal engineers were called upon; most of whom had been personally acquainted with Wm. James, and were

* These remarks allude to Wm. James's railway labours, and the insult and persecution he suffered in consequence.

therefore aware of his legitimate claims. The following document was drawn up under their joint direction—a document which must for ever invalidate the claims of George Stephenson to be considered the "Father of Railways."

24th day of June, 1846.

We, the undersigned, hereby consent to act as a committee for promoting a general subscription for the three sons and one daughter of William James, C.E., and Land Agent, in consideration of their father's public services, as the original projector and surveyor of the Manchester and Liverpool railroad, and many other of the most important railroads in this kingdom, principally at his own cost; we being of opinion that the great benefits conferred upon this country in particular, and the world at large, by his successful exertions and great pecuniary sacrifices, to the injury of his family (who are thereby deprived of all patrimony), entitle them not only to public sympathy, but also compensation, it being an acknowledged fact that to their father's labours the public are indebted for the establishment of the present railroad system.

COMMITTEE:—
ROBERT STEPHENSON, Esq., M.P., C.E., Great George-street, Westminster;
JOSEPH LOCK, M.P., C.E.;
Colonel GEO. LANDMAN, C.E.;
J. K. BRUNEL, Esq., C.E.;
GEORGE RENNIE, Esq., C.E.;
CHARLES VIGNOLES, Esq., C.E.; and others.

In fact, the committee was formed of sixteen of the first engineers of the age, both with regard to position and attainments. George Stephenson was exceedingly wroth with his son Robert for the part he had taken in the matter, and insisted upon his immediately taking measures to procure back the original document, signed by himself and the other eminent engineers. This was done without the knowledge of W. H. James, or any of the family, to whom it belonged. Previously, however, to this paper being given up, the solicitor for the James's had an exact lithographic copy of the whole taken, containing the *facsimile* signatures of Robert Stephenson and the other engineers, of the correctness of which he (the solicitor) made a solemn declaration before the Lord Mayor of London, on the 24th day of June, 1846. William Henry James, the eldest son of the late Wm. James, owing to intense study and disappointment connected with the testimonial, and other causes, was seized with a serious illness, which affected him for many years, and from which he has never

wholly recovered. The state of his health, combined with feelings of true delicacy, prevented his litigating the affair with Robert Stephenson. To William Henry James is the world truly indebted for the present rapid system of railway travelling; for without his invention of the tubular boiler, we might possibly have yet only attained a maximum velocity of ten miles an hour. In 1821, while yet quite young, this gentleman took out a patent for a tubular boiler, which he had invented for his steam carriage to run on common roads. For the safety of passengers, the tubular boiler was proved to ten times the amount of its working pressure. Upon trial of his steam carriage, it was found to travel at the rate of 18 miles an hour, up a newly-gravelled hill. Wm. James had the folly to give up this, his son's patent, to Messrs. Losh and Stephenson,—so insanely intent was he upon the accomplishment of his favourite scheme, as the following copy of agreement will show:—

And in consideration of such grant of one-fourth share in the patent, William James hereby agrees to allow the said William Losh and George Stephenson to adopt any improvements, and the introduction of tubes to their boilers, as contained in the letters patent of W. H. James, son of the said Wm. James, and granted to him in the reign of his present Majesty.

WILLIAM HENRY JAMES.
WILLIAM JAMES.

It was in consequence of the introduction of the tubular boiler into the "Rocket," that it was enabled to compete successfully at Rainhill: in fact, it is admitted by all authorities, that it has caused the entire success of the present railway system, particularly as regards passenger transit. Nor is this the only invention of great merit that William Henry James has given to the world, as is evidenced by his patent for producing superheated high-pressure steam—an invention that is now producing an enormous saving in the expense of fuel in steam vessels, both to the public and to the Government, but without any advantage to the inventor. [See "Herbert's Register of Arts," from 1825 to 1829.] The inventive genius of Wm. Henry James displayed itself in infancy, and throughout life he has laboured assiduously to maintain his position as an inventor and perfector of machinery, as is abundantly testified by reference to the Patent Rolls; in fact, it is no

longer than yesterday week that he completed and lodged the specification of a patent for steam engines.

Much has been said regarding the engineering talent of Stephenson in the construction of railways. Well, let us see how matters stand in that direction. The line which Locke constructed from Liverpool to Birmingham, cost less than £25,000 per mile; the line which Stephenson constructed from London to Birmingham, cost over £46,000 per mile; Locke's Lancaster and Preston cost £20,000 per mile; Stephenson's Dublin and Kingston, £50,000 per mile; the Manchester and Liverpool upwards of a million. Locke, who was called in to rectify Stephenson's oversight with respect to the Rainhill Tunnel, showed that it could have been constructed for less than half a million. When Locke was appointed to supersede Stephenson as engineer on the Grand Junction, he cut down some of that gentleman's estimates in some cases to one-half—in others one-fourth part of the whole. The Puckride Viaduct was tendered for under the original specification at £26,000. When Mr. Locke revised the specification, the very same contractor reduced his estimate to £6,000, and made by it a considerable profit.

Ladies and gentlemen,—These are by no means the only facts that can be brought forward to show the incapacity of George Stephenson in great undertakings, and his want of principle in dealing with others; but I flatter myself that enough has been said to prove to you that he was guilty of the basest ingratitude towards the two James's. After pondering over the facts I have presented to you this evening, and reading his biography by Smiles, you must, I am persuaded, agree with the remarks in the *British Quarterly Review* of last month, "that he was a man in his line of the most illimitable pretensions; and that he absorbed all the incense his flatterers gave him; and instead of entreating them to forbear, only thirsted for more." With respect to the wrong and injustice that he inflicted upon the James's, his name must be handed down to the latest posterity with that foul spot upon his character, that no time or circumstance can efface. And what will be thought in after ages at the foremost nation upon earth allowing such public services as those rendered by the James's to go unrequited? —services rendered at the expense of the loss of position, property, and health. I think you will agree with me in

saying, that it is clearly the duty of this country to render some compensation in return for the invaluable services rendered by these public benefactors, and thus endeavour to wipe away the stain that will otherwise attach itself to this ever-interesting portion of the history of this country. Whether such measures are taken or not, the names of the two James's are certain of being handed down to the latest posterity in connection with the introduction into this country of that civilizing agent, the railway system. And whether the present generation brands Smiles or not as an unreliable authority, I do not despair of the time coming when the whole facts will be placed on the broad pages of enduring truth, and the world called to witness the injustice that has been inflicted upon the James's family by the publishing of "Smiles' Lives of the Engineers, and Biographies of the Stephensons."

With the foregoing facts before us, it is impossible to acquit Smiles of having practised deception upon his readers, not only by withholding facts that he must have been thoroughly acquainted with, or otherwise have obstinately closed his eyes against, but by colouring statements to make a popular idol of George Stephenson, at the expense of robbing others of that which they are fully entitled to.

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CHARLES JAMES NAPIER,

OF SCINDE.

BY

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AYLESBURY.

I AM to tell you as much as can be said in few minutes about CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, the Conqueror of Scinde; but let me say at once, that it is not for that achievement chiefly I have selected his name. I have no great faculty for explaining the history of campaigns, nor do I know that it is the most profitable study; but Charles James Napier lived and worked for fifty-eight years before he went out to India to conquer a new empire; a man tender and true in every relation—a prince of administrators, with an eye and a hand for whatever might tend to the well-being of his fellow-men. Therefore, even if I were compelled to omit the part of Hamlet—if we should never get to India at all—perhaps our attention might be worse directed than towards the life of the man.

Charles James Napier (who must not be confounded with his cousin, Admiral Sir Charles Napier), was born at Whitehall, on the 10th of August, 1782. There is something—whether we like to admit it or not—in blood; so it is worth remembering that, through his father, Colonel the Hon. George Napier, Charles traced his descent back to the great Montrose, and to Napier, the inventor of logarithms. Through his mother, sister to the Duke of Richmond, he was great-great-grandson of Charles II.; and still more remotely descended from Henry IV. of France. Through her, too, he was cousin to Charles Fox.

This mother, whom Charles Napier loved with a childlike passion through his stormy life, had the good sense, when she was 18, to refuse the hand of George III.: she was not destined to be the mother of a George IV., but of another kind of man. A numerous family these Napiers; and wherever there has been any fighting within the last fifty years, you are tolerably sure to light upon one or more of them. We shall find, I think, five of them together in the Peninsular war. Every one of them had a strong notion that it was a great thing to be a Napier; and, for the most part, they did much to justify the belief—which is not always the case. Late in life, when the Government had done everything else to humiliate Charles Napier, it was rumoured that they were going to make him a lord; but he said, "I'll be *Nae peer!*" A generous, truthful, duty-loving, lad he was. His parents removed to Ireland while he was very young, and his earliest experience of life would be the horrible struggle then waged in that country. His father, by personal influence, succeeded in keeping order in his own district, when all the forces of the Government failed. There was a very old woman about him, named Molly Dunne, who used to tell stories of the Cromwell massacres in Ireland, which were recent events in her girlhood. You will notice, too, that his earliest newspaper studies would comprise the history of that wondrous portent, the French Revolution. At 12 years old, he was the fashion in those days, he obtained a commission in the Duke of Wellington's regiment; and at 17 he was aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff. Here is a little incident at this dangerous age of 17:—

When 17, I broke my right leg. At the instant there was no pain; but, looking down, I saw my foot under the knee, and the bones protruding. That turned me sick, and the pain became violent. My gun—a present from my dear father—was in the ditch, leaping over which caused the accident. I scrambled near enough to get it out, but this lacerated the flesh and produced much extravasated blood. George came to me: he was greatly alarmed, for I was very pale, and we were both young,—he but fifteen. Then came Captain Crawford, of the Irish Artillery, and I made him hold my foot while I pulled up my knee; and in that manner set my leg myself. The quantity of extravasated blood led the doctors to tell me my leg must come off, but they gave me another day for a chance. Being young, and vain of good legs, the idea of hop-and-go-one, with a timber toe, made me resolve to put myself to death, rather than submit to amputation; and I sent the maid out for

laudanum, which I hid under my pillow: luckily, the doctors found me better, and so saved me from a contemptible action. Perhaps if it had come to the point, I might have had more sense and less courage than I gave myself credit for, in the horror of my first thoughts; indeed my agony was great, and strong doses of laudanum were necessary to keep down the terrible spasms which fractures of large bones produce. The doctors set my leg crooked, and at the end of a month, when standing up, my feet would not go together: one leg went in pleasant harmony with the other half way between knee and ancle, but then flew off in a huff, at a tangent. This made me very unhappy; and the doctors said, if I could bear the pain, they would break it again, or bend it straight. My answer was—"I will bear anything but a crooked leg." Here then was I, at 17, desperately in love with a Miss Massey, having a game leg in perspective, and in love with myself also; so I said to the leg carpenter—"Let me have one night for consideration." All that day and night Miss Massey's pretty eyes were before mine, but not soft and tale-telling—not saying, "Pig, will you marry me?"—but scornfully squinting at my lame leg. There was Miss Massey, and there was I, unable to do anything but hop. The *per contra* were two ill-looking doctors that were torturing me, and the reflection that they might again make a crooked job after the second fracture, as they had done after the first. However, my dear Miss Massey's eyes carried the day; and just as I had decided, she and her friend, Miss Vandeleur, came in the dusk, wrapped in men's great coats, to call on me. This was just like the pluck of a pretty Irish girl, and quite repaid my courageous resolve: I would have broken all my bones for her. So after letting me kiss their hands, off my fair incognitas went, leaving me the happiest of all lame dogs. The night passed with many a queer feeling, about the doctors coming like devil imps to torture me. "Be quick!" quoth I, as they entered, "make the most of my courage whilst it lasts." It took all that day and part of the next to bend the leg with bandages, which were tied to a wooden bar, and tightened every hour, day and night. I fainted several times; and when the tormentors arrived next day, after breakfast, struck my flag, saying—"Take away your bandages, for I can bear no more." They were taken off, and I felt in heaven; not the less so that the leg was straight, and it is now as straight a one, I flatter myself, as ever bore up the body of a gentleman, or kicked a blackguard. There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of Dr. ——. When she heard of my misfortune, she said—"Poor boy! I suppose a fly kicked his spindle shanks." Being a little fellow then—though now, be it known, 5 feet 7½ inches high—this offended me greatly; and, as the Lord would have it, she broke her own leg just as I was getting well. Going to her house, with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock had kicked Mrs. ——, and hurt its leg very much; and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me.

He was with his regiment—now the 89th, his father's old regiment—for the next five or six years: his father died in

1804. We find him an impulsive lad enough, with a keen longing for all the pleasures life has to give; but with an appetite for work, and a horror of debt, which kept him away from the billiard room, and even from more innocent pleasures. There is a casual mention in one of his letters of his being in love with four young ladies at once, which I don't conceive to be the most critical position for a young man. In 1807, however, I find the following:—"I am again in love with a Miss Home,—a dear little Scotch thing, with a beautiful face and beautiful figure; a beautiful dancer, and a beautiful genius. My heart is a cinder; and as heat is said to cure heat, I stand by the fire all day long, to draw out the flame." But note what Charles Napier could write in his diary at 63—"Never in my life have I wronged woman:" and elsewhere he tells us that he was never drunk. I can fancy one thing that kept him right, was, that intense love of hard work which consumed his energies; another thing, doubtless, was that tender affection for mother, sisters, and brothers, that marked him through life. I ask nobody's pardon for laying emphasis on this matter; because there is a sect of philosophers—two or three sects, indeed, whom I will venture to lump together as the "nasty school,"—who would insinuate that about the only difference between young men now-a-days is, that some of them are found out, and others are not. I don't believe it; and I am happy to think that English women and English girls, whose opinion is of some consequence to us, don't believe it either. I am not now discussing how or why:—

> Many have the fear of God;
> And more of Mrs. Grundy.

But I am bold to say there are not a few who have learnt and practised what our greatest and best teacher has said—that "the only thing to do with your wild oats is to burn them, *not* sow them!"

But sterner business was now before Napier. He had worked hard in the study of his profession,—notably under the gallant Moore, at the camp, Shorncliffe; and that great general had not overlooked so good a pupil. Napier's regiment (the 50th) was ordered to Lisbon in 1808—he, as major, commanding. Moore immediately attached it to Lord William Bentinck's division, which was advancing

into Spain. The glorious battle of Corunna was just about to be fought; and Moore, from the spot where he afterwards fell, ordered Napier, with the 50th, to advance to meet the great assailing French column. Had he been supported, Soult's army must have been destroyed; but, by some error, the 50th, rushing on through fields and vineyards, was scattered, and Charles Napier, with a broken leg, a wound in the head, and a bayonet stab in the back, was taken prisoner. General Ney generously allowed him to go to England on parole, to get cured: he even released at the same time 25 soldiers who had been taken prisoners, on condition that they should take all the English women with them, who made worse havoc than Grenadiers in the French ranks. His brother and biographer tells us, that from this time a marked change came over Charles Napier; a seriousness befitting one who had entered on the terrible business of his life—a mournful business at best, that of killing, as no one knew better than he. There was some difficulty about the exchange, and William Napier is eloquent about the shabbiness of only giving two Frenchmen for a Napier. However, by May, 1810, he was again in the field, as a volunteer under Wellington, with the army beyond the Coa. His two brothers, George and William, were already there; so also was his cousin, "Black Charlie," the future Admiral. At the battle of Busaco, the two Charles Napiers, of all the volunteers, persisted in remaining on horseback; and our hero received a musket ball, which, entering the right side of the nose, lodged in the left jaw near the ear. He suffered all his life, more or less, from that wound; never breathed freely ever afterwards. In his droll way he complains that the hard biscuit was not good for a stiff jaw,—that there is no time to soak it,—and that he can't fancy the maggots. I should have said, that just as he was going into this action he received a letter, which he read under fire, telling him that his mother had become blind, and that a second sister, whom he tenderly loved, was dead. But when action is called for, a soldier's feelings must be held in restraint; and Charles Napier fought that day as the Napiers can fight. At Lisbon, where he went to get healed, he found his brother George wounded also, who got back to the army before him. Charles Napier, as soon as he got free from the doctors, rode 90 miles on one horse

to join the army, and he reached it just as the battle of the Coa was commencing. As he came up, he met a litter of branches, carrying a wounded man. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier, of the 52nd." Another:—"Who is that?" "Captain Napier, of the 43rd, thought to be mortally wounded." Charles Napier takes a hasty glance, hands the sufferers over to the surgeon, and rushes on to his duty in the field. It would be a long, though not a tedious story, to follow him through the rest of the campaign: but, meanwhile, every other Corunna Major had been promoted to higher rank. In the fighting service—alone of all our public services—the theory is, that good work is to be rewarded in the way most agreeable to a brave man, by scope and opportunity for more responsible and laborious work. Napier was quite disposed to think something approaching to the theory ought to be found in fact—at least in the case of a Napier; only he insisted that what family influence there was, should be exerted for his younger brother, not for himself. When the promotion could no longer be refused, it came in a shape such as often befals a man of genius at the hands of incapable superiors. He was made Lieutenant-Colonel (that is, the actual commander) of the 102nd regiment, just home from Botany Bay, in a state very like mutiny. With this hopeful charge—the army in the Peninsula just then going to destruction for want of capable officers—Napier was sent to Bermuda, to fret in forced idleness. But work was as necessary to him as air. The regiment was drilled and disciplined; and in 1812 he was summoned to take part in what he afterwards called a "war of folly and piracy"—our war with the United States. He was second in command to Sir Samuel Beckwith, a naval officer; and they made various attempts on the American coast, with no very brilliant success: but one thing is notable, the Botany Bay regiment never plundered a shilling's worth. Charles Napier's scheme for carrying on this war—if it was to be carried on at all—is interesting at the present moment. He wanted to land at various points on the coast, invite the slaves to join him, drill them into soldiers, and so carry the war north. This opinion he retained after he had had more experience in drilling irregular troops than perhaps any other man; so that we may claim high military authority for the possibility of what President Lincoln has been doing in that line.

Soon after this, Napier exchanged, came to England, was placed on half-pay, and volunteered, as usual, to serve with the army then (1815) under Wellington. For once in his life, he was too late for the battle of Waterloo; but he was present at the entry of Louis XVIII., when he went over from Hartwell, to sit on the throne of France. One does not care to think what were the reflections of Charles Napier on finding that it was for this he had shed his blood, fighting against Napoleon. Three or four years on half-pay, and after much difficulty, he was made an inspecting field officer in the Ionian Isles—the only Englishman, I verily believe, who ever did much good with that precious legacy the Vienna wiseacres had just handed over to us. He got a separate command in the Island of Cephalonia. Here was full scope for his powers of organising, and Charles Napier was not soon weary of well-doing. He writes to his mother:—"My work here is too hard for me to be otherwise than well. . . . This life is pleasant to me—very much so. My constant desire is to see you again: however, we are not made to moan and groan, but to work; and whoever works for good, does what he ought to do." I dare not begin to speak of his nine years' work in Cephalonia: he found it more than half savage—he left it a civilised and flourishing community. He struck terror into unjust judges, and would have hanged a few for the encouragement of others, if he had had the power. He made more than 100 miles of road, binding together villages and towns which hitherto had been almost unknown to each other. He drained pestilential marshes; made a quay a mile long; barracks, sanatoriums, market-place, light-house, and so forth. These nine years of work he always looked back upon as the happiest of his life; and again and again, when in India, he expresses his longing to be back in Cephalonia, where he was creating, not destroying. In 1826, the loss of his mother overwhelmed him with such grief as only a large nature can feel: but very soon afterwards he came to England, and married a lady some years older than himself, of whom it is enough to say that she filled the void in that great heart, as few women could have done. In 1830, not being able to get on with the new Lord High Commissioner, Sir F. Adam, he managed to get superseded.

"Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious."

When he left, the natives, entirely unsolicited, cultivated a small piece of land that had been his, and remitted the produce to England, as a mark of respect and gratitude. I should say that for a great part of this period he was in correspondence with the Greek committee—Mr. Hume, Lord Byron, and others—with a view to becoming the leader in a war of independence in Greece. I fancy if he had had the management of the business, it would not have required to be undone so soon.

From 1830 to 1837, were the quietest years of his life. He wrote a novel—"Harold"—published since his death, and worthy of him, though he would not publish it with his name. He took an energetic part in the political strife at Bath, on the Radical side. He was much engaged, too, with a scheme for the government of Australia; and if it were of any use, we might stop to mourn that that glorious opportunity was missed; —that the wonderful governing faculty of this man was not turned to account in founding our new empire on the other side of the globe. Another thing that marked this period, was the loss of the wife he loved so well, and the new responsibility for the education of his girls. He does not (he says) wish to leave them more than £100 a-year each: he will have them taught to work, and then they may be "as *blue* as burnt brandy," but not by his desire. That Australian scheme, however, had two results. The first was, a book on colonisation; the second was, that in the prospect of this new position, he was induced to marry again. The passionate, despairing sorrow that breathes through his letters, did not make him unmindful that "we are not made to moan and groan, but to work." That great longing of his life, however—to which he reverted even amidst the carnage of Indian wars—was not to be realised: a sadder task was yet before him. Most of us recollect those sad years 1839–40; the last, let us hope, in the history of this England of ours in which the much-enduring English people will ever raise the standard of forcible resistance to the government. We recollect that sad Newport riot: it was something gained that we could afford not to hang Frost, William, and Jones. Charles Napier was appointed to the command of the Northern district from January, 1839, to April, 1841; and he made Chester his head-quarters during part of that time. How

ever such a man came to be selected by a Whig Government to put down Chartism, I never could understand; unless it were that the imminence of the danger drove them for once to the ablest man they had at hand. What surprises one somewhat, however, is, that solemnly weighing this sad business he was called to, there is no hint of any hesitation about accepting it.

Charles Napier, I have hinted, and now repeat simply as a matter of fact, was himself something very like a Chartist. Among his many speculations, there is one on the question—Why the Almighty created Whigs and bugs? Having ruled men of all classes and all nations, he knew that the one thing which makes a government strong against discontent, is justice to all. At the same time, he had no notion of allowing mere brute force to settle the question;—or, rather, he took care that the force should be always on the side of law and order. During those two years—baffled by the ignorance of the government, and the selfishness of the local magistrates, who were always wanting troops to guard their precious skins and cotton mills, and with a force that seemed wholly inadequate—he kept peace in eleven counties, without shedding one drop of blood. One cannot help noticing that throughout all this terrible period, when a march upon London by 10,000 armed rioters was contemplated, it was men who knew not what fighting is who were always calling for more soldiers, and seemed anxious that some terrible example should be made. It was the general who turned all his military skill to the problem how to avoid fighting; and, as I believe, saved this country from the horrors of civil war.

But from this sad business he was called to a sphere where his genius for fighting could have full play. Offered a command on the Indian staff, he resigned the Northern district in 1841, and on the 12th December he first set foot in India with his family, 59 years of age; and it is worth noting, two sovereigns his whole wealth in money. I dare not touch on the state of affairs which had come to a crisis just as he arrived. It was just after those disasters which made Cabool a bye-word with us, whose terror is not effaced even by more recent horrors. Alas! the problem which the world is ever setting before its greatest and best ones, is the strictly impossible one of blotting out its sins and purging away its follies—of making all

to be as though the sin and the folly had never been. To get rid of the consequences of evil without doing fresh evil—this is the Sisyphus' task we set our born kings and rulers to. That scandalous Affghan war rendered almost necessary, for our own preservation, the conquest of Scinde; and Charles Napier was the man to whom that "very advantageous, useful, humane, piece of rascality"—as he himself called it—was entrusted. In the Governor-General (Lord Ellenborough) he had a chief to be trusted, and who supported him; but otherwise there was no one element of success ready to his hand. A half-disciplined army, ruled by political, or, as they were strangely termed, "civil" servants, but not duly supplied with a single requisite; a country unknown, a climate too well known, and, as he says, worst of all—a bad cause.

The state of the country was very similar to that of England just after the Norman Conquest. There were the poor Scindees, a conquered race; the Belochees, who had conquered the country some 60 years before; and the Ameers, the princes who ruled over the first as subjects, and over the latter as military chiefs. With these Ameers, before Napier's time, we had made a treaty, the chief items in which were the free navigation of the Indus, and the humane treatment of the Scindian people. Neither of these stipulations was very scrupulously observed, and it soon became clear to Charles Napier that our policy was to humble the Ameers—not to depend on their observance of treaty: in short, while undertaking the conquest of the country, he from the very first day set himself to organise this half-savage people, so that they might be the happier for our rule. On his way he stopped but a day or two at Kurrachee, at the mouth of the Indus, where, by the way, he was wounded by the bursting of a rocket; yet, as he steamed up the Indus, his mind was full of plans—alas! only partially to be carried out—for light-houses, moles, and every appliance which could make this port the centre of all the traffic of the Indus. It was in October, 1842, that he commenced hostile operations. The officers all said—"The general is the only man in the army who does not desire a battle;" and every step he took was calculated with the most profound forethought, so as to produce the greatest moral impression on the tyrant princes, and at the same time to inspire in the subject people a notion of

British justice. The first exploit was a march into the desert for 18 days, to destroy one of their strongholds—Emaun Ghur—which he attacked in January, 1843; just because the Belochees had a notion that no European force could live in the desert. Then (17th February), never having before commanded an army, he won the battle of Meance, with less than 2,000 men, against 35,000 Belochees, strongly posted, and confident of success. On the 24th March, again, he won with 5,000 men the battle of Dubba, against 26,000 picked warriors; and followed up the success by capturing the capital of his chief opponent, "The Lion"—Meerpoor—and the still stronger fortress of Omercote. By the May following, British supremacy was established; and the communication by the Indus thrown open to British arms and British commerce. Just as the work was completed, Napier was struck down by a sunstroke, and for days could hardly be said to live; but he recovered—thanks, as he said, to the fact that he had always been a remarkably abstemious man. He was named governor of the province he had won; and the next two years we find him, while still keeping the half-conquered Ameers at bay, indulging that strange passion for an Indian governor—a longing to make the people bless the English name, by justice, beneficence, and superior wisdom. He put down "suttees;" he raised the position of women to one of equality with their lords; he abolished slavery; he turned the proud Belochee warrior into a vigorous cultivator and trader; and the poor and oppressed Scinde into a honest labourer. He formed a body of police, so admirably organised that life and property became safer than in Calcutta. He banked-in the great Indus; and thus, where formerly there had only been pestilential marshes, he left behind him the richest soil of that fertile district; so that there was no complaint, except that which we occasionally meet with here—there was such an abundance of corn that it was worth no one's while to grow any. Even that he would have remedied, by sending a fleet of ships laden with Indian grain to the starving Irish. In these five years he had done more than conquer the Belochees, and curb the Indus, and create a new commerce;—he had established, from one end of his kingdom to the other, a faith not only in British power, but in British justice and kindness.

A new Governor-General (Lord Hardinge) succeeded Lord Ellenborough about this time, and a second Sikh war was imminent. Napier was not taken into council in the first instance; then suddenly, on the first reverse, he was called upon to raise an army—to create all the resources for an Indian campaign—and then to leave the men who had confidence in him, and to take a command where he could have been of comparatively little use. Happily, an unexpected victory finished the war, and the thankless task was never required from him. But, worn out with the labour it involved—indeed he laid at this time the foundation of the disease he died of—hampered by official perverseness—and, last of all, his wife's health failing, he resigned his command, and came home to England, in the end of 1847. It is not surprising, that though he had had 53 years of a soldier's life, he had just then a longing to be Dictator of Ireland. It should be (he said) the quietest country in the world in one year, and the happiest in two. He proposes to send all the bishops, priests, and deacons to New Zealand, and to hang most of the editors—with some more hopeful measures in the shape of improved agriculture and road-making. However, he was not made Lord-Lieutenant: but by this time the English people had begun to suspect that he really was a great man, and he was received with honour everywhere, except among those who ought to have known his worth best—the East India Directors. But he was again to be called on as the one man who could save India.

The battle of Chillianwallah created a panic in England. The Duke of Wellington said—"If you don't go, I must;" and he went—knowing, as he said, that, "except from Her Majesty, the Duke, the people of England, and the armies of India," he must expect to find only hostility. At 67—rich enough, from the prize-money of the last campaign—enfeebled by disease—and, most of all, doubtful whether, as commander-in-chief, he would not be overruled by petty officialism—he went and assumed the command of 30,000 men, in May, 1849. The war was over, but a more terrible task awaited him—the putting down a mutiny; and one, too, brought about by injustice and folly, and notably by the fact of European officers being withdrawn from their regiments, and the command left to raw, ignorant lads. Every element that brought about the

last terrible Indian mutiny was there plainly visible to Napier's eye; prophetic, indeed, his warnings seem. If he had then been allowed to re-organise the army, we should have had no Cawnpore. But he had now to do with Lord Dalhousie, as Governor-General; and, incredible as it may seem, the incident which led him to give up the task was, that a regiment being in a state of mutiny, he was censured for not enforcing a deduction from the soldiers' pay, amounting in all to some £10, which had only partially come into force, according to the routine of the service. The "Iron Duke" backed the ungracious and illiberal proceeding; and Charles Napier then felt that there was no more for him to do, and resigned. He came home to England in March, 1851, and beyond the little vexations that beset every one who serves his country, there is little more to relate. He fled the noisy gaieties of London, and lived chiefly at his residence, Oaklands, in Hampshire,—his creative powers, his kindness to the poor, conspicuous to the last. A cold caught at the Duke of Wellington's funeral proved fatal, and he died August 29th, 1853; his son-in-law, Montagu McMurdo, waving the colours of the old 22nd Regiment over him as the spirit passed away. He lies buried in the little garrison churchyard at Portsmouth. Two Indian Governor-Generals—the chief authorities, naval and military—the private soldiers of the garrison, who had never fought under him, but revered a great soldier—law, literature, the money power of England,—were represented there; and 60,000 people crowded to view the scene.

I could not help asking, as I gazed among them, whether we had no better use for that manly frame—that eagle eye and strong hand—that power to grapple with nature, and to sway the hearts of men—that deep reflective power—that keen religious insight (of which I have not been able to speak to-night)—than to make this man a professional killer of other men. There is yet, alas! need of strong arms to strike down wrong, and to smite the wrong-doer; but in better times, let us hope that such men will be better employed, in building up the noble and the beautiful.

New occasions bring new duties—time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth:
On before us gleam her campfires—we ourselves must pilgrims be—
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key.

ASTRONOMY OF THE FIXED STARS.

BY

THE REV. W. N. MOLESWORTH, M.A.

[Delivered to the Members of the Rochdale Co-operative Pioneers.]

It affords me much pleasure to comply with the request of your committee, that I would deliver two lectures in the Public Hall, before the members of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers Society. I regard this request as a proof that the Rochdale Co-operators are not declining from their principles—that they remember that the object of their association is to become richer, in order that they may become wiser and better. Competence as the means, comfort, health, knowledge, and virtue as the ends—that I hold to be the true motto of Co-operation; and as long as you bear that motto on your banners, you will maintain that Co-operative pre-eminence you have so honourably won. But if the time should ever come when these principles are disregarded—if the dividend should be looked at as the end, and not as the means of social, intellectual, and religious elevation, you will descend from your high position. I do not think this will ever be the case: I feel confident that you will find in the past history of your society a stimulus to press forward in the way you have hitherto pursued. Believing that you are desiring to do so now, I feel complimented by the request made to me to deliver these lectures; and I shall be glad if I can be of any use to you in promoting your praiseworthy designs.

INTRODUCTION TO ASTRONOMY.

The subject on which I have to deliver these lectures, is the "Astronomy of the Fixed Stars." Now that is a department of astronomy which has neither the obvious utility nor the positive certainty that belong to the other branches of astronomy on which I have already lectured to you. The astronomy of the fixed stars is a portion of astronomy which is never likely to be of much practical value. The astronomy of the planets has been useful to us in a variety of ways. By a knowledge of the motions of

the planets the mariner has been enabled to guide his ship across the ocean, and to carry on that commerce which forms so great a part of this and of every other civilised country. But though I cannot claim for this subject either the utility or the positive certainty of the other branches of astronomy, yet I do believe that no study whatever is so calculated to raise and lift up our minds above sublunary concerns, to make us see at once the greatness and littleness of man, and to develope and bring out the intellectual faculties, and, through the intellect, the moral faculties of our minds and souls.

THE FIXED STARS.

Reminding the audience of his description of the solar system in his previous lectures, and sketching it in outline, Mr. Molesworth said—I now pass on to the consideration of the fixed stars. Hitherto we have only regarded these as a number of fixed points, by means of which we have been enabled to trace exactly the path of the various planets, and the sun itself, through the heavens. Without the existence of these points, the science of astronomy, in all probability, never would have existed at all. It is in consequence of their apparent fixity in the heavens that astronomers have been enabled to trace the courses which the different planets follow over the heavens, and to discover the geometrical and astronomical laws by which these movements of the heavenly bodies are regulated.

WHAT ARE THESE FIXED POINTS?

Then the question arises—What are these fixed points themselves? Now, the telescope reveals to us very little more on this subject than the naked eye itself. It tells us that there is a remarkable difference between them and the planets; for when we turn our telescope from the planets to the fixed stars, we do not find the circular appearance which is the characteristic of the planets, but these stars appear to be rather diminished than increased in size by the telescope. They appear to be mere points in the heavens, without dimensions of any kind. Well, then, what can these fixed stars be? They are at distances from our system quite enormous. We are led to imagine that they are bodies resembling the sun, which is the centre of our system; and, in point of fact, there is every reason to believe that they are suns.—After explaining the principles of astronomical

measurement, and the meaning of the term parallax, Mr. Molesworth continued:—Bradley, after Newton the most eminent astronomer that this or any other country can boast, took up the question of parallax. I will explain the method he pursued. Suppose an immense pillar of bricks were built deep down into the earth, so deep that it should be immoveable; and suppose that this pile were then built above the earth to a considerable distance. Suppose a beautiful telescope fixed on the top of it, and firmly riveted and bolted, so that it should be impossible to remove even in the slighest infinitesimal degree. Suppose that on an object glass of this telescope there are (say) five beautiful lines of spider web drawn parallel to one another. Suppose, then, the astronomer, at a fixed hour, observes a star crossing one of the lines of these spider webs. By his side he has a beautiful apparatus for marking time—an instrument that will mark time to the thousandth part of a second. Well, he marks the instant at which a particular star passes the first of these spider webs, then the time at which it passes the second, the third, the fourth, and fifth. The precise moment at which it passes the middle thread is the moment he wishes more particularly to mark, because his object is to get by these observations the mean time at which the star passes the lines. He goes through the same process the following night and every succeeding night. Bradley did that. He went through that process when the earth was at the nearest point to the sun. He followed up these observations for six months, till the earth had got at her least distant part from the sun, so that during the course of his observations she had travelled ninety millions of his miles, and this distance therefore, Bradley had for his base line. Night after night during this period the star came into the same view, passed the thread at the same instant, and at the end of this period the direction of the star was precisely the same. The star was seen to pass the middle thread at the very minute, second, one hundred-thousandth part of a second, that it did when it set out. However, after a lengthened series of observations on the stars, he succeeded in remarking a small change. The star gradually worked its way off the thread, but, to Bradley's astonishment, it worked its way off in a contrary direction to that he expected—in a way that did not at all suit him. Bradley, after being considerably

puzzled by it, was enabled to explain even that apparently slight change in the position of the stars. He found that it was not owing to the change of the place of the earth, but to a slight oscillation of the earth which produced a trifling change in the position of the glass.

THE THEORY OF LIGHT.

Bradley observed another change—a change produced by aberration of light; and this leads me to another subject—that is, the attempt to discover a unit of measurement with regard to these fixed stars; because, such is the enormous distance of these stars, that we find a difficulty in expressing them by numerals in common use. If we take for unit one, the length of the earth's orbit—that is, if we were to take 190,000,000 of miles as standing for one, such is the enormous distance required to be measured and expressed in astronomical observations, that even this unit would be insufficient for the purpose. We should soon find ourselves dealing with numbers so inconceivably great, that they would utterly confuse us. We must, therefore, have some other unit of measure; and the velocity of light was therefore fixed upon as this unit of measurement.—Mr. Molesworth explained the astronomical observations which led to the discovery that light travelled about the rate of 12,000,000 miles a minute, and then proceeded:—Viewing these objects by a new standard of measurement, star 61 Cygni—that is, star number 61 in the cluster of the Swan—was selected for measurement. This star was found to be at such a distance, that light, travelling at this rate of 12,000,000 of miles a minute, would take nearly ten years to travel from that almost nearest of the fixed stars, to our earth. That great point being effected, the next step I shall have to call attention to, is the circumstance that several new stars have, at different times, made their appearance. Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, observed one of great brightness. Again, other stars which have occupied conspicuous places in the heavens for a long time, have suddenly disappeared, and, so far as we know, never re-apeared.

HERSCHEL'S SOUNDINGS.

Now we come to consider the soundings of the universe, made by Herschel, and which show to us, more than anything else, the enormous extent of the universe to which we

belong. You have all observed, no doubt, what is called the Milky Way in the heavens—a broad line of milk-white light extending over a great part of the heavens. That light is produced by an enormous number of stars, which abound in that portion of the heavens more than in any other. Wherever you turn the telescope, you find that the number of stars in that direction is enormous; and for every star you see with the naked eye, you may see thousands and hundreds of thousands by means of the telescope. When David, in boldly figurative language, spoke of the stars being as great in number as the sands on the sea-shore, he little knew how very near to the truth that statement was. However, Herschel's object was to ascertain the relative distances at which these stars are situated from us, and to penetrate, if possible, to the outer regions of the universe to which we belong. Now, the principle upon which he proceeded was this:—He took a telescope of the largest class, covered up a part of the object glass, and fixed it upon a certain quarter of the heavens. He looked through that. He then enlarged the aperture, still keeping the telescope fixed upon that point, and now he saw many stars coming to view which he had not formerly seen; but still behind a sort of luminous haze. He enlarged the aperture again, and then saw that the luminous haze became in its turn myriads of stars. But behind that again, there was another luminous haze: and so he went on increasing the aperture till he reached a point at which stars in great multitude were clearly seen through the object glass, and beyond which there was no longer the luminous haze—nothing but the deep black vault of heaven. He thus conceived that his glass had penetrated through the whole universe in that direction—that he had reached the outermost limits—and so far fathomed the deepest depths of the universe. Then, turning his glass to another quarter of the heavens, he took similar soundings in that direction, and fathomed the heavens in all quarters. He was thus enabled to form some idea of the general shape of our universe. But even there Herschel did not stop. He calculated, with regard to many of those stars which he had observed, that they were at such distances that light, travelling at 12,000,000 of miles a minute, would take no less than 2,000 years to reach our sun and our system. He went beyond this. Not only did

he probe our system, but he endeavoured to ascertain if there might not be something beyond it. He observed in the heavens, apparently outside our system altogether, certain small patches of light. Turning his most powerful telescope upon these patches, he was enabled at last, as the astronomers say, to resolve them into stars. He thus discovered outside our universe, lying at an enormous distance away from us, so many island universes, as it were, scattered through the immensity of space by which we are surrounded. Not content with these observations, he endeavoured to form a judgment with respect to the distances of these island universes, and he came to the conclusion that they were situated at such distances from us, that light, travelling, as I have told you, at the rate of 12,000,000 miles a minute, would take no less a period than 120,000 years to reach our earth; so that the light which came to his eyes from these systems, showed him not the systems as they exist now, but as they were existing 120,000 years ago; and yet, probably, even that long period has scarcely wrought any change at all in the apparent conformation of these systems. For, great as that time seems to us, we shall find that as millions of miles are as nothing when we are dealing with the astronomy of space, so do 60,000 or 120,000 years sink into insignificance when we have to deal with the astronomy of time.

MOTIONS OF THE STARS.

Mr. Molesworth commenced his second lecture by pointing out the fact that not only were these apparently fixed stars in motion, but in rapid motion; and then proceeded to consider the question of these motions. He said—We know that a heavenly body may have two kinds of motion, and that most, if not all, of the bodies of our system have, in fact, two different motions: a motion of rotation—that is, a motion of spinning like a top, by which on our earth is produced the day and night; and a forward motion in space—a revolution round the sun, by which we have the change of seasons; so that when I enter on the motions of the fixed stars, I have two questions to ask:—First. Do they rotate? Second. Do they move forward in space?

I have already pointed out to you the analogy which exists between the sun and the fixed stars, leaving us to suppose the stars are suns, and, like our own sun, sur-

rounded by their attendant planets. There have been observed upon the surface of the sun certain spots; by these spots we are able to trace with considerable accuracy the movements of the sun. These spots pass across the disc and disappear, and then reappear on the same place as that from which they apparently set out; leaving us to suppose that as planets have their motions of rotation, so the sun, too, spins round, and has a rotary motion of its own. We find that it goes round and round at such a rate that it performs one revolution round its axis in (if I recollect right) 25 days, 8 hours, and 9 minutes; I am not quite certain as to these figures, but you may take it as a fact that we know the period of a revolution within a moment. Having found that the sun revolves about its axis, and believing the stars to be suns, we are led by analogy to suppose that they too will probably have the same amount of rotation which we find our sun to have. And now the question comes—Are there any facts with regard to stars, confirming this idea? There are. The brightness of stars varies considerably. There are stars of the first magnitude which pass to the third magnitude; then, after an interval, become stars of the first magnitude; and then again stars of the third magnitude, and so on. And this occurs periodically. We call these stars, therefore, periodic stars. What is the explanation of this? The probable explanation is, that these stars have spots on their disc like spots upon our sun; and the consequence is, that on one side there is much less brightness than on the other side, and that is the reason why they become more bright and less bright, leaving us to suppose that they have the same motions as our sun. So, by means of these spots, we are not only able to ascertain the fact of their rotation, but even the time of their rotation; and this is all the evidence we have. But there are other stars, the great majority, in which this does not take place, and in regard to which we are not able to prove any rotation. But if we prove that some have a motion of rotation, we may fairly infer that all have, and that the only reason why we are not able to observe the fact is, that some have very large spots, while others have no spots at all, or very small spots. For instance—if our sun were at the same distance from us as these fixed stars are, it would not present to us first a brighter side and then a darker side; but the difference between the

two sides would be so small that we should not be able to discover any evidence of rotation; and this may be the case in the majority of stars. But as we have some evidence to lead us to suppose that many of these stars do rotate as the sun rotates, we think it is only a fair extension of the evidence to suppose that all stars have a movement of rotation. We then come, in the next place, to inquire—As the stars have a movement of rotation, have they also a forward movement in space? On that subject we have light thrown by a discovery made by Herschel in his researches after parallax. On examining the heavens, he found a multitude of what he called double stars, and then multiple stars. It was found that when the telescope was turned upon these stars, which seemed to be isolated ones, they were really double stars, at apparently slight, but really immense, distances. And it was found that there were not only two, but three, four, five, and even greater numbers; in fact, vast numbers of these multiple stars were discovered. Herschel argued on the discovery in this way:—"There is a great difference between the sizes of these stars. I presume this circumstance is not owing to any real difference between the stars, but to the circumstance of their greater distance from each other. I find, for instance, two stars together at certain intervals, but one of these stars is only half as large as the other. I conclude that the smaller one is twice as far away as the larger. If this is the case, then the earth's motion round the sun will have the effect of causing them to appear to approach or recede from one another, and thus I shall be able to discover something as to their distances." So to work he went with those spider lines I spoke to you of in my last lecture. First of all, he arranged them so as to pass exactly through both of these multiple stars; then he brought them parallel in order that he might measure accurately the distances between them. He made these observations with regard to many stars; and by these observations, followed up night after night, for a long period, he soon found that not only movement existed among them, but different movements to what he had anticipated. Instead of a movement of approach or retirement, he found a motion of revolution taking place between these stars. They were evidently revolving one about the other. He came to see clearly and unquestionably that these two stars were, astronomically speaking, near to

one another—in fact, part of the same system. These observations were followed out, and it was found that in these immenselydistant stars, so distant from us that light travelling 12,000,000 of miles a minute would take 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 100, and 150 years to reach us—it was found that these movements were regulated by gravitation; that, in fact, the law of gravitation is a law extending through the entire universe—a law inherent in all matter, acting not only in our system, but in those far, far-off systems to which I referred last night. This discovery was an immense step forward, but did not entirely resolve the question. It led to the supposition that there must be a movement among the fixed stars, because such a movement as this was one of the natural consequences of the law of gravitation.

LAW OF GRAVITATION.

And here I must briefly explain the law of gravitation. The law of gravitation is the law by which every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter in inverse proportion to the square of their distances; and where these particles are massed together, as in our own system, then all bodies attract directly as their size, and inversely as the square of their distances. So that the earth attracts the sun, as well as the sun attracts the earth; only the sun being so much larger than the earth, the attraction which the earth exercises on the sun is as nothing compared with the attraction the sun exercises upon the earth; so that we may speak, as we do, of the earth and all the planets being attracted by the sun, and revolving round the sun, as they do; but revolving round the sun not only by the force of this gravitation, but by virtue of that motion they have already impressed upon them. If they were acted upon by the force of gravitation alone, and not by the force of impetus they possess by themselves, they must be drawn to the sun; and, falling into the sun, would become part of the sun's mass. So it would be with the stars, too. If they had no motion of their own, they would be drawn to one another—they would attract one another directly as their masses—the whole universe would rush together, and form one immense heap of ruins. These considerations lead us entirely to the supposition that this movement of revolution round one another is not confined to these multiple

stars, but that it extends also to the other stars which altogether form our universe. In this enquiry, the first step was to endeavour to ascertain whether our own central star can be shown to have such a motion.

THE SUN'S MOTIONS.

Has the sun a forward motion in space, as well as a motion of rotation? How can that question be settled? Because, if the sun has a forward movement in space, it is carrying all the planets along with it; and therefore their motions relative to it are not affected at all by its movements. If you are travelling in a railway carriage, and if you were to look out behind you, your eyes would see all objects appearing to draw together. On the other hand, those objects towards which you are going would appear to be receding from one another—the arches of bridges widen out—houses stand further apart—the trees not only increase in size, but appear to separate from one another. Now, if our sun has that forward movement in space, and if our earth is being carried with it, we should observe something of the same kind—only, of course, in much less degree. Well, careful examinations have been made on this subject, not only with regard to stars directly above or before, but behind; and by these careful examinations it has been discovered that the sun is moving towards a certain constellation—the constellation Hercules; and not only that, but the precise point toward which he is moving has been ascertained; nay, we are able to fix upon a particular star—the star called by a Greek letter π, Pi-Hercules. Well, now the question arises, too—Is this the case with regard to the other stars? As we have found out that the force of gravitation exists throughout the universe, as we have found it prevailing with regard to multiple stars, so it prevails with regard to stars in general. Observations upon an enormous number of stars, by the most beautifully-constructed instruments, leave no doubt that there are motions taking place among the fixed stars, and we have even been able to ascertain the rate at which these suns, or fixed stars, are moving. Our own sun is moving at the rate of 150,000,000 of miles in the course of the year; but you need not be alarmed lest the sun should come into collision with this star π Hercules: for it will take—we cannot ascertain the point exactly—considerably

more than a million of years for the sun to travel over that space at that rate before it reaches this star, even supsing the star Pi-Hercules to be waiting for it, and standing in our way; so that we shall have plenty of time to make our wills before that collision occurs. But astronomers are ambitious; when they have arrived at one point of knowledge, they always want to make that the basis of another discovery; and thus, having ascertained that the stars are moving forward in space, they next attempted to trace their paths. If they are moving forward under the influence of this force of gravitation, then there must be some central point which is the centre of gravitation in the universe, around which they are being carried; and so they endeavour to find out some central sun which must be the centre of gravitation, by which all these stars are attracted. Of course, it is quite impossible in a lecture like this to explain the nature of those calculations into which astronomers enter. But the attempt was made; and, after various approximations, they at last fixed upon that group of stars called the Pleiades, and out of that group they fixed upon a certain star, Alcyone, and determined that that was the fixed central star, around which all the other suns of the universe and their systems of planets are revolving. But they found that this star was so far distant from us, that light, travelling as it does at the rate of 12,000,000 miles a minute, would take 537 years to traverse the space which lies between this central star, Alcyone, and our sun. If this star, Alcyone, be the central sun, the movements taking place in its neighbourhood would be greater in the amount of their velocity, the motions more rapid, than those taking place in other parts of the heavens. And this is confirmed by actual observation. So that there is every reason to believe that we have succeeded in reducing the universe to a system in which there is one great central star, around which all the other stars of the universe revolve.

THE STELLAR SYSTEM.

Now we are able to take a view of our stellar system. We see that it is composed of a vast number of suns revolving about one central sun, but performing their revolutions in enormous spaces of time. For instance, the period of revolution of our sun around this central sun, has been

calculated to be eighteen millions two hundred thousand years; that is, it would take that time before our sun would have gone once round this central sun of the universe. So far we have succeeded in framing some sort of view of our universe.

LAPLACE'S COSMOGONY.

I now come to the speculations put forward to account for all these motions of the heavenly bodies, by what is termed the Cosmogony of Laplace. We will begin by considering it in reference to our own system, and then we shall be able to extend it to the systems which outlie ours. We know something with regard to the force of gravitation. We know also the fact that there is another force at work which causes the planets to revolve round the sun—that is, the momentum which they derive from the fact of their being in motion. It is an established law of matter that any body moving in vacant space will continue to move on in the same space until something occurs to stop it. If I throw a stone forward, that stone would go on for ever with the same speed I impressed upon it when I flung it out of my hand, if something or other did not stop it. That stone has to encounter the resistance of the air and the attraction of the earth; but if it were not exposed to these two resisting powers, the stone, when flung from my hand, would go on for ever. Well, the planets do not meet with any such resisting power, and thus they keep on with the motion originally impressed upon them. Now arises the question—How came this forward motion in space to be impressed upon them? Astronomers have tried to resolve that question. Perhaps that question is altogether beyond the reach of our minds. But still you will see there are causes which may be assigned to it, which at any rate lead us into very interesting speculations. I need hardly remind you that matter exists in three different states—solid, liquid, and gaseous. We are apt to regard the states in which we see these three substances as being their natural states; but that is not the case. Reduce the temperature a little, and water becomes ice, as solid as glass; elevate the temperature, and the water becomes steam. And this is not only the case with regard to water, but to all other substances that exist; so that all fluids, solids, and gases, are in a state of fluidity, solidity, and gaseity, simply

on account of the temperature to which they are exposed. There is good reason to believe that if we were able to raise the heat sufficiently high, we should be able to bring all the substances on the earth, or in the earth, into a gaseous state. There seems to be but little doubt that our earth has been progressively cooling down through long ages. There is reason to suppose that ages ago it was at a very much higher temperature than it is now; and if we could go back further still into that past time, we should probably find the temperature higher even still. But what will that lead us to? We have seen if we heat a substance up to a certain point, we make it fluid; if to a still greater amount, we make it a gas or a vapour. Thus we have only to apply a sufficient heat to the earth, to bring its most solid parts to a vapour; and we have only to trace this process back sufficiently far, to suppose that the earth once was in that vaporous state of which we have been speaking. When we change a substance into a vapour, it occupies a far greater space than it did as a solid substance. If, therefore, the earth were at such a heat as it is supposed it was at some remote period, it is clear that it must have occupied an enormously greater space than it does now; and if we suppose the same to have been the case with the other bodies which compose the solar system, then we may conceive the time when the heat was far different to what it is at present, and when the whole space comprehended in our system was filled by a diffused gaseous matter, by what has been termed a fire-cloud. Well, supposing our system was once in this state, the laws of physics tell us what would take place. They tell us, that as this fire-cloud cooled down, it would contract, but that it would not contract equably towards the centre; that this cooling down would produce a slow whirling motion, which, as the cooling went on, would become more and more rapid. Then, as this cooling and condensation went on, there would be a tendency in various parts to separate from one another. These separated parts would form themselves into vast rings, which would still retain the circular motion impressed upon them when forming parts of the original mass. As this cooling still went on, these rings, which we will suppose to be circulating round a centre of

gravitation, would by degrees again break up as they contracted, and then, what would take place? The outer part of the rings would be moving with greater speed than the inner edge. When they broke up, therefore, they would begin to turn round upon the inner edge, so that there would be not only a forward motion, but a movement of rotation. And so in the course of long ages we should have planets revolving round a central sun with a rotary motion, and with a motion of revolution. In this way all the movements which we find existing in the solar system, would be clearly accounted for by natural laws. And what we suppose to have occurred with regard to the solar system, would be the case with regard to the other systems of the universe. Thus we may suppose that the universe to which we belong, once formed one vast fire-cloud, and has been gradually condensed by one of those laws of the Almighty which we find always existing in all matter in that state in which we now see it to be. Now comes the question—Do the nebulæ afford any confirmation of this idea? They do. When closely examined, some of them resolve themselves into clusters of stars, but when we examine others, which appear to be nearer to us, we find them to be utterly irresolvable. And not only so, but there appears to be a distinct difference in kind between these resolvable and irresolvable nebulæ—some appearing to be in that settled condition in which we find our universe to be, whilst others are going through that process of formation which our own universe has gone through, according to the theory of Laplace.

ORDER AND PROGRESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Such is the celebrated Cosmogony of Laplace: and I now have only, in conclusion, to remind you of one great idea which these truths seem to present to us. We find in them, supposing them to be true, amongst the dead matter by which the immensity of space wherewith we are surrounded is occupied—we find in this dead matter, through a vast infinity of time, which it is hardly possible for the mind of man to grasp or conceive, a law of continually increasing order and progress. We find order and progress existing throughout the past eternity. It is a gratifying and hopeful thing to be able to point to the idea thus presented to us—to be able to point to progress and order as the two

great characteristics of the universe. I have, in another place, dwelt on this thought of progress in its moral and religious point of view; but now I may draw your attention to it as a fact which, I may almost say, astronomers demonstrate to have existed throughout eternity. It is a grand idea—an idea which, in concluding, I wish to leave in your thoughts, coupled with the idea of the immensity of space, and the infinity of time, through which we have been wandering in the course of the lectures which I have delivered to you.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

At this time (says the "Star") while the death penalty is so frequently exacted, and while sorrow for the loss and admiration for the character and genius of a great man are fresh in the public mind, it may be useful to revive the opinions he deliberately expressed upwards of twenty years ago, after seeing, to use his own words, a murder done upon one of the most atrocious criminals who ever made their exit from this world on the gallows. That criminal was Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell, a man for whom it was impossible to feel the slightest sympathy, except in so far as he was the victim of a bloody and an unrighteous, because a useless and simply savage law. It may do good now to reproduce these words of our great Thackeray, in which he denounced that law. No one will suspect him of maudlin sentimentality. Perhaps no man ever lived who had a more thoroughly manly nature, tender as all manly natures are to the weak and suffering, but whose tenderness was not of that sickly sort that shrinks, because of its own weakness, from the sight of pain inflicted. Thackeray, we may be sure, would not thus have condemned the gallows if that brutal instrument of the law had not outraged his moral sentiments. It was his reason, his judgment, and his conscience that spoke in the paper which he wrote, entitled "Going to see a man hanged," from which the following is an extract:—

"If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty

thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it,—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it,—what induces him in the first instance to go and see it,—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine 'We' altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could. I must confess, then (for 'I' is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both Houses of Parliament, street-walkers, newspaper writers—gather together at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural, quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race; government, a Christian government, gives us a treat every now and then; it agrees—that is to say, a majority of the two Houses agrees—that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but government can't wait); and on a Monday morning—the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God: 'I am the resurrection and the life,' 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away'—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the government agent—Jack Ketch

—coming up from his black hole and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them until he is quite dead—strangled. But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument), when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say 'No!—it is natural. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, 'It is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.' Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the highest authority), why, because you lose your eye, is that of your opponent's to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum—founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law. There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires—and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snowhill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for the murder I saw done. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years; one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, 'We've koom to see the man hanged!' Tender law which brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles! This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that for the last 14 days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me. I have had the man's face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air taking

he rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and legraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that exibition; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this isgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our ind of blood."—W. M. THACKERAY.

TH' OWD MON'S SUNDAY.

BY R. ROME BEALEY.

AW'LL tell thee what, Sally woife, th' owder aw geet,
An' more as mi yure's gettin' grey,
Better aw loike upo' Sunday to meet
In eawr chapel to sing an' to pray.
There's summut i' singin' so solemn an' slow
As touches mi deep deawn i'th' heart—
There's "Luther," "Owd Hundred," an' others aw know,
As are grander nor owt new an' smart:
They sound as if thunder ud do for their bass,
An' leetnin' for treble, tha knows;
An' all among mountains seems t' properest place
For singin' such loike tunes as those.
Aw conna' help tears fo'in deawn o' mi cheek,
As aw hearken an' then try to sing;
But mi owd voice it trembles, aw'm gettin' too weak,
Aw'm just loike an owd fiddle string:
But aw'd sing if aw could, an' aw know it's o' reet,
For mi heart keeps i' capital tune;
An' tho' aw can't sing, lass, why th' toime aw can beat,
An' keep it reet weel wi' mi shoon.
There's those as keep th' tune i' their mouth, an' that's a';
There's those as has th' tune i' ther yed;
There's those as has th' tune as a love, not a law,
An' music to those folk is wed.
It isn't a thing as dees out wi' owd age;
It con noather be bout nor be sowd,
It 'll live in a hut—in a field—on a stage,
But it conna' be bartered for gowd.
Both rich folk and poor folk has got it just th' same;
It ne'er wor a patented thing;—
It's just like to th' summer, an' sunshine, an' rain,
An' as free to th' poor peasant as th' king.

An' thank GOD it is so, aye, thank GOD, aw say,
  He's better nor ony can tell;
There's summut we geet fro' Him every day,
  An' music He gives us as well:
He gives it to sattle down passion an' strife,
  An' turn 'em to peace an' to love;
There's beauty i' nature, there's music i' loife,
  On earth as in heaven above.
But aw think, of a' music there's nowt loike to th' praise
  We give to th' dear Saviour an' King;
It seems as if th' tune, loike, were able to raise
  One's spirits to th' height as we sing:
An' aw'm sure they draw th' angels, an' make 'em come nigh;
  They float upo' th' tune i' the air;
An' with it they sink, an' they rise, till they lie
  Beside us to comfort in prayer.
Then let those walk eawt i' th' country as choose,
  Or sit still an' read i' their cheer;
But aw'l go to th' chapel, an' th' privilege use
  As long as aw've chance whoile aw'm here.
Aw dunno say those folks as differ fro' me,
  U'll not geet to heaven as well;
But this aw mun say, as aw conna quite see
  Heaw they're takin' th' best care o' thersel.

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THE AMERICAN WAR:

FACTS AND FALLACIES.

BY

HANDEL COSSHAM, ESQ., F.G.S.

[Delivered in the Broadmead Rooms, Bristol, Feb. 12, 1864.]

MY object to-night will be to place before you, in as condensed and clear a light as I can, the teachings and results of the present most unfortunate contest in America, and to call attention to some of the facts and fallacies which the discussion of the subject during the last three years has brought out: and I think I shall not be presuming too much if I remark at the outset, that we have had more mistakes made, and more "unfulfilled prophecy," relative to the causes and probable results of the American War, than we have on any great subject of national interest during the last quarter of a century. The discussion of this question has developed an amount of ignorance relative to the feelings, history, resources, and government of the United States, that I confess I was not at all prepared for, and that I think is not very creditable to those who profess to guide the opinions of the people of this country. Thanks, however, to the natural instincts of the English people, and the kind of instinctive perception of right and wrong there is among the great masses of our countrymen, there has been from the beginning a large proportion, and (I believe, with Earl Russell) a large majority of people, who have refused to give their sympathy and aid to the efforts of the Southern States of America to establish a separate

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government, with *Slavery* as its distinctive feature, and human bondage as its "corner stone." I think I shall not be wrong also in assuming—and, in fact, in asserting—that during the last twelve months there has been a vast change in public feeling on the question; and that there is at present much less sympathy felt in this country for the Southern Confederacy than there was; and also that there is much less confidence felt as to the ultimate success of the rebellion. I have never made any secret of the fact that, from beginning to end, my sympathy has been with the North during the present struggle:—of course, I do not mean that I sympathise with every act of the North, or would attempt to justify all they have done or left undone—and I rejoice in the conviction that the infamous attempt to create a great slave empire has failed, and that for the future the government of the United States will be in favour of liberty, and against slavery.

There are two reasons why I have felt so strongly and spoken so earnestly on the subject. 1st. Because the South have never shown one tittle of legal or moral justification for this rebellion; they could not say they had been oppressed, for the government had been for 50 years almost entirely in their own hands, and the whole policy of the country had been framed to meet their views and wishes; in fact, they had paid far less and received far more from the government than the North. 2nd. Another reason why I have felt that the South was not entitled to our sympathy was, because they appealed from reason and constitutional law, to bullets and bloodshed. They refused to submit their case to the arbitration of argument and public opinion, and resolved to plunge their country into all the horrors of civil war, rather than allow the system that is condemned by the almost universal conscience of man, and the verdict of the whole civilised world, to be checked or confined. For the truth cannot be too frequently referred to, that, prior to the war, the North never claimed the right to touch slavery. They admitted, over and over again, that in the States where it existed it must remain, until the majority in those States consented to its abolition. This formed for years the great subject of controversy between the extreme Abolition party of the North, and the Republican party now in power. The abolition section said, we claim the right for the Federal Government to deal with

the subject of slavery, and abolish it, if they like, in any State of the Union, and if they have no such right, then we prefer separation, and, in fact, secession. Politically, therefore, the secession doctrine of South Carolina, taught them by Calhoun, and the disunion doctrine held by abolitionists, and taught them by Mr. Lloyd Garrison, were identical: morally, I admit they were wide as the poles asunder—but politically, they were one: and it is worth noticing that up to the election of Mr. Lincoln, the party who talked most seriously about secession, was the Abolition party of the North. So long, however, as the South held the reins of government, they denied the legality of the abolition doctrine of secession; which brought great odium upon, and prejudice against, that party, because of their supposed Anti-national feelings. The Republican party, who date back to the year 1848, on the other hand, held that slavery was an evil, but one that could not be dealt with by the Federal government, except for the purpose of preventing its extension, and the bringing of moral influence to bear upon the slaveholders, and trying to induce them to consent to some plan of gradual abolition that would give them a fair equivalent for their loss. The idea of the Republican party was compensated emancipation—similar, in fact, to our own plan of abolition in the West Indies. The Republican party contended that, under the constitution, slavery was local and not national, and their object was to keep it local; while the Southern party were always trying, and almost succeeded in making it national, and thus securing permanent support for it. Never let us forget that the constitution of the United States never recognised slavery as a *doctrine*. It recognised it, I admit, as a fact, and permitted its existence. It was recognised by the American constitution, the same as polygamy was in the Jewish religion—permitted, but not engrafted on the system. It was like the fungi that sometimes grows upon a tree; it fastens itself upon the tree and sucks life from it, but never becomes a part and parcel of the tree itself.

The word slave, or slavery, does not occur in the American constitution; they have it "persons held to service:" this was not an accident or an oversight. The Fathers of the Republic held the truth that slavery must die in presence of a Republican government and popular liberty, and hence they adopted a form of expression that would as much refer

to the condition of an apprentice, or a person hired for a term, as to that of a slave. The great men who laid the foundation of the American government, saw the rock; they had not the courage or the power at that time boldly to uproot the system of slavery, and they therefore tried to steer round the rock by using an expression when speaking of slavery that should not make the system perpetual; so that the different States of America were, under the constitution, able to deal with the question of slavery as they thought best. Hence, many of the Northern States that once held slaves abolished the system, and they were able to do so because slavery was no part of the constitution. But what has the South done in framing their new constitution? They have made the institution of slavery perpetual, and actually made it part of their constitution, that no *law impairing or denying the right of property in slaves shall be passed.* This is the great, and I may almost say the *only* material difference between the old constitution of the United States and that adopted by the Confederate States. It is clear, therefore, that the ground of secession and the reason for separation, is slavery, and slavery alone.

But it is time I should refer to a few of the fallacies that have been attempted to be palmed upon the people of this country during the struggle. And 1st. We have been constantly told that "the South are fighting for freedom and independence." A little reflection will, I think, show this to be a fallacy. What liberty had they ever been denied by the Union? Had they not liberty to speak, write, and vote as they liked? Is it not a fact, that for years they held the reins of government of the Union? Were not most of the Presidents of the Union chosen from the South? And those who were elected from the North, were they not the tools and instruments in the hands of Southern slaveholders! What liberty, I ask again, was denied the South? They not only voted themselves, but for their slaves, in the proportion of 3 votes for 5 slaves. Prior to secession, in what part of the country was there most liberty? Was it in the North or in the South? In the North, there was a free press, a free platform, free education, and a free pulpit; but in the South, no man's life was worth 24 hours' purchase, who dared to denounce slavery. In which section of the country are there free schools, and an educated working population!

I grant you, that in the South the wealthy classes have been educated, but I also assert that there *the masses have been doomed to ignorance and neglect.* The white population, "mean whites," as they are arrogantly styled by the slaveocracy, were cheated of intelligence, and the blacks were robbed of their rights; and yet, in face of these facts, we are told that the South is fighting for liberty and independence. Yes, they are fighting for the same liberty that highwaymen and robbers would fight for—the right to rob those who are less powerful than themselves. The liberty for which the South are fighting, is the liberty to live by the labour of others. They hate labour, and despise those who work: while in the North, industry is honoured, labour is recognised and rewarded. The North live by their *own labour*—the South by the labour of unpaid, brutalised, and ill-used slaves.

This aspect of the question appeals to the working-classes in all countries. If the South had succeeded in establishing and extending their accursed system of human bondage, they would have placed a brand upon industry, and helped to degrade labour in every part of the world. Our own working men of the North have seen this from the beginning; and hence they have, from the first, nobly said—We would rather suffer, than that labour should be degraded. I repeat, the liberty for which the South are fighting is the liberty to tyrannise over, to brutalise, and to degrade those who labour: and yet this is the cause, and these are the objects that a large number of our public men and a still larger number of our public writers—ask us to sympathise with and support. The liberty that the South want, is the same that King Bomba wanted, and the same that the Pope and Russia want to-day—the liberty to oppress and to degrade. Away with such liberty! and away, too, with such teaching; and in its place let us help to plant the tree of liberty brought from heaven by the Divine founder of our holy religion, and embodied in that glorious charter of human rights—"*As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

2nd. I am told by some that the only objects for which the North are fighting are dominion and the Union; that they are not fighting to put down slavery. I admit, without reserve, that the abolition of slavery *was not the avowed object of the war;* it could not be, it would have been illegal, and I

believe would have been immoral, to try to abolish slavery by war. I have no idea that we ought to attempt to do good by using means that are in themselves *evil;* but I do contend that every government is bound to protect its laws and to maintain its authority. No government has a right to allow armed resistance to its laws, and especially when those laws are the result of popular opinion. There may be some disadvantages connected with republican government and universal suffrage; but at any rate it has one advantage. No man can say that he is not at liberty to give practical effect to his opinion, and exert all the influence to which he is entitled over the laws and institutions of his country.

If the South held the doctrine of secession as a fixed principle, how is it that they did not apply the principle prior to Mr Lincoln's election? Why did they, in November 1860, use their utmost power, and put out all their strength, to elect a Southern President? Does any man in his senses believe there would have been any secession if either of the Southern candidates had been elected? No—let the truth be told, that the South did not secede till they *were beaten by a popular vote;* that they used all the powers that the constitution gave them to secure an executive favourable to slavery; and failing in that resolve, they resisted by force a government elected by the people that had done them no wrong; for secession was a *fait accompli* before the Republican party were in power, or had done a single act or passed a single *law.* No oppression, no injustice, no wrong can be alleged; all the South can urge in justification of the crime they committed against their country, and humanity, is that they failed in the attempt to elect a president favourable to the extension of slavery.

Was the North justified in trying to uphold the constitution and laws of their country? Mind, I am not now asking whether it would have been better for them to try and make some arrangement, and allow the South to go: that may be a point worthy of enquiry, and such is my love of peace, that had I been a citizen of the States, I think I should have counselled peaceful secession rather than war. But that is not the point: I have no right to expect the American government to do what I know our own would not do. Will you tell me what portion of the British empire you would allow to secede peaceably? Would you

allow India to secede? The war of 1857, with all its bloody atrocities and cruelties, is an answer to that. Would you allow Ireland to secede? She has repeatedly wanted to do so; she has, at any rate, serious grounds of complaint. With an absent proprietary, a starving and gradually diminishing population, a state church forced upon the people contrary to the will of the great majority,—these are real grievances and wrongs. But suppose Ireland on the ground of these wrongs, asks to secede, what is your reply? Why, that Ireland is an integral part of this country; that if it wants any alterations made in its laws and institutions, it must take the constitutional course of obtaining those alterations; and that any attempt to secede will be met with the whole armed force of the country. Would you allow the counties south of the Thames to secede? and if they attempted to do so, do you think our government would use no force to prevent it? Now, I contend that India or Ireland, or the Southern Counties of England, have just as much legal right to secede, as the Southern States of America. I am sure I am not misinterpreting the feeling and sentiment of the English government and people in saying this: and further, I would assist the government in its determination to put down this rebellion. I would do all I could to counsel conciliation, by the removal of all proved grievances and wrongs; but I believe it to be for the interest of all, that there should be no armed resistance to the authority of government, or the supremacy of law and order. Though I am, as you are aware, opposed to the union of Church and State, if there was any attempt to break that union by force, I would oppose it to the utmost of my power —and should uphold the government in their efforts to suppress such a rebellion. On this ground I stand here to-night to maintain the right of the American government to uphold their authority, and to maintain in its integrity their country. They are, you say, fighting for the Union; but what does the Union mean? It means the right of self-government, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the exaltation of labour, and I rejoice to add, the liberation and recognition of the manhood of 4 millions of degraded slaves. In the maintenance of such a Union I rejoice, and pray that God may prosper it.

3rd. But I may be told that it is impossible that there can be Union for the future, seeing that such a state of antago-

nism and ill-feeling has been produced by the war. Now, I grant, if this was a war of the whole people of the North against the whole population of the South, there would be much force in the argument; but a moment's reflection will teach you that such is not the fact, and that the very opposite is nearer the truth. Let me ask you to consider, first, that the territory now held by the South—(and which I rejoice to add is barely two-thirds of what they held 3 years ago, the area held by the Confederates in 1861 being over 800,000 square miles, with a free population of 6½ millions, and a slave population of 3½ millions; but now they only hold a territory of 500,000 square miles, a free population of a little over 2 millions, and a slave population of 2½ millions)—in this territory, under the iron despotism and crushing tyranny of the Southern Confederacy, there is now nearly as large a population of slaves, as free men. I wonder whether they are in favour of secession! Do you think it likely that they would vote for the perpetuation of human bondage, and a Confederacy founded on Slavery? Then, if not, what becomes of your notion that there is a *United* South? How can it be said that the North are trying to oppress the South, when the advance of the Federal flag carries liberty to half the population, and "the opening of prison doors to those who are bound?"

But, again: is it true that even the *white* population of the South are united in favour of secession? If so, how is it that after Mr. Lincoln's election every state in the South voted against secession except South Carolina? I stand here to assert that such was the fact, and that the Southern candidate that was in favour of union and slavery, received a much larger vote than the candidate that was in favour of secession. Nay, more—I stand here to assert that several of the Southern States were coerced into secession, and the lives of many of the state governors and members of the state legislature were threatened if they did not vote in favour of secession. The argument of the South has generally been the bludgeon and the bowie knife, and they used both freely to bring about secession. And, further, notwithstanding all the attempts to suppress the truth, and to prevent the spread of information, we hear, coming up from various parts of the South, sounds that do not look much like entire union in the doctrine of secession. It seems very likely that North Carolina will secede from secession, and that

unless the South make terms with the North, they will very soon make the best terms they can on their own account. The honest and manly confession of General Gautt, of Arkansas, lately a General in the Confederate army, is very significant; he admits that he took up the sword to extend slavery, and thought the North would not contest the point, but that now he sees the cause of the South is hopeless and slavery doomed: and further, let me ask you to note that wherever the Northern armies have gone they have received, comparatively, no opposition from the native population. Missouri, Kentucky, Western Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana, have mainly been cleared of Confederate armies; and what is the result? Why, that a feeling is at once evoked in favour of union; and, I am also glad to say, in favour of *abolition*. Such, then, being the facts, I contend that there is no ground for the assertion that the whole population of the South are in favour of secession, and that they can only be held in subjection by military rule. —I assert again, the only cause of quarrel between the two sections of the country is slavery; remove *that* and there will be *union*. The whole interest of the country is in favour of union and peace, and union without slavery will be a reality and not a sham.

4th. Another fallacy that has been rather popular in this country is, that the cause of the slave would be benefitted, and the doom of slavery would be rendered more certain, by separation. Those who thus argue tell us, that the Union has covered and protected slavery in the past, that coloured people are despised and ill-treated in the North, and that the only chance they have of freedom is by the separation of the North and South. I think there are many persons who sincerely hold this opinion, though by what process of reasoning they have come to such a conclusion, I confess I am at a loss to understand. Suppose I admit, for the sake of argument, that separation would induce the North to repeal the fugitive slave law (it has been practically repealed there for some years). Suppose they opened their arms to every slave that crossed the border, and placed the protection of their flag over the fugitive. Let me ask you to think how this would operate upon the condition of the slave. First, how much more rigid would be the supervision that would be exercised over him! How closely he would be watched! What thousands would be murdered in the attempt to

escape! The whole of the Border States would be fil with bloodhounds and man hunters, always watching their prey; and then, again, how unhappy would be condition of the poor fugitive when he got North! N raised as he is to a Southern climate, it would be exposing a tender tropical plant to the bleak winds nipping frosts of the frigid zone. The proper home, natural residence of the Black population is South; a believe that instead of separation leading to greater free to the negro race, union will result in their emancipat And let me also ask you to remember that separation wo imply large standing armies on both sides, each watch the other. This would necessitate a vastly increased sys of taxation, and a consequent advance on the cost and p of all the productions of America, which would be noth more nor less than a tax upon all the nations of Europe dependent upon America for raw materials.

You ask, why could there not be separation and pea And my reply is—Because the two sections would h two entirely distinct and separate social systems. I possible for nations to adopt different political systems live at peace. You may have a monarchical governm on one side of a line, and a republican government on other, without war, or even without that friction and irritation that too often lead to war. But you cannot have two systems side by side, divided only by a line drawn paper, so utterly at variance as freedom and slavery, without constant war. There are no natural geographical divisions, no great mountain ranges or broad seas to divide them; but slavery and freedom standing side by side, always in collision, always rubbing one against the other. I say, without hesitation, that so long as human nature is what it is, it would be impossible to have a state of things like that, without leading to constant war.

But, I am told that the South would abolish slavery if let alone. Where is the proof of it, I ask? Are they not at this moment hesitating about the exchange of prisoners, because they refuse to treat coloured men as prisoners of war? Do they not persistently refuse to treat as men every human being with a black skin? Is it not a fact, that they either shoot in cold blood, or sell into brutal bondage, every coloured soldier they can catch, and that they have openly proclaimed their intention to shoot or

hang every officer who dares lead a black regiment in the field? Are these the evidences upon which you rely to prove the disposition of the South to abolish slavery? If so, you are, I confess, rather gullible.

5th. Another fallacy that has been popular during the discussion of the American war, has been this:—That the country was too large, and that it would be better for England and the world that there should be a separation. I think this feeling has been very widely entertained, and has greatly helped to produce that moral squint relative to the American question that I am here to-night trying to counteract. In reply to this fallacy, allow me first to remind you, that the policy of America in the past has not been an aggressive policy: while, I believe, they could and would defy the world in vindication of their own rights and national honour, yet they are weak and comparatively powerless for aggressive war; and therefore, their growth and prosperity was no menace to Europe. Prior to the outburst of the present war, their army and navy were so small that they could only be regarded as a police force, and could be no object of dread to other nations. Allow me to remind you, that the whole army they could legally have, prior to secession only consisted of 25,000 men, and the real numbers they had at command were only 18,000; and further, it is well known that their traditional policy, from the time they became a nation, has been to avoid all interference with the affairs of other nations. They have been especially careful to avoid, and I think wisely so, entangling themselves in the affairs of Europe; their motto has been —trade with all, but alliance with none; and hence for the past seventy-five years no one can say that American growth, or American prosperity, has endangered the peace of the world.

But there is another side to this question I should like to call your attention to, and that is, that any aggressive policy that has been developed in the history of America, such as in the dishonest annexation of Texas, and the conduct of the American government towards Mexico, has been the result of Southern, and not Northern policy. The North has always been against the acquisition of fresh territory; the South has been favourable to it. The fact is, that slavery so impoverishes a country that it needs a constant accession of land in order to allow the infernal system

to spread. If you hedge round slavery, it is like putting a bowl over a light, it soon dies out. To tie a cord round it is to strangle the monster, and to circumscribe it is to stop up its breathing-hole, and stifle the reptile. Sympathy with the South, therefore, means sympathy with the party, and the only party in America, in favour of an aggressive policy, and, therefore, of the only policy likely to be prejudicial to the interests of England and the world. But I also want you to remember, that slavery is prejudicial to the interests of commerce, and of our own prosperity. What, let me ask, is it that we want now to raise England higher in the scale of nations? We want more customers for our manufactures, and more demands for the products of our industry. We have the skill, the capital, the raw material to manufacture double, treble, aye, quadruple the quantity we now produce, but we lack markets and customers. And how is this market to be extended and cultivated? Remember, there are no more continents to be discovered, no more nations to be found; and we must increase our market by promoting a higher civilisation and a higher social status; for, as you raise men, you create wants that help to promote commerce and extend trade. The savage and the slave require but little of the commerce of the world to supply their wants; they have no ambition, and no wants except those of a mere animal kind; and to keep them in this condition is to rob the world of some of its best customers, and society of prosperity.

The success of the South means the perpetual degradation of a whole race, and the robbing England and the world of the advantage which would certainly arise from the civilisation and uplifting of the African race. Two-thirds of the population of the South have been in times past so degraded and brutalised that their wants were "like angels' visits, few and far between;" a little shoddy, some whips, a few cat-o'-nine-tails, some tar brushes, handcuffs, chains, and bloodhounds, made up the total requirements of the South. Separation and secession meant the perpetuation of this wrong—union means its destruction: and therefore, I contend that the commercial interest of England is bound up with union and abolition. Let the poor slaves of America become free, let the "mean white" population learn to labour and to support themselves by honest industry, and then we shall have a new race of customers spring-

ing up to create a demand for our manufactures, and to enrich us by their commercial relations.

6th. But I am told, that we should sympathise with the cause of the South, because they are for free-trade, while the North are for protection. The friends of the South in this country have even gone so far as to assert that the war had its origin in protective duties and absurd tariffs. I am happy to be in a position to give that statement a most unqualified denial; and I venture to challenge any of the pro-slavery party in this country, from Mr. Spence, of Liverpool, who has been specially retained at a heavy fee to plead the cause of the South, down to Lord Wharncliffe, who is the president of the so-called "Southern Independence Association," to point out one tariff imposed prior to the secession of the South by the votes of Northern statesmen, against the will of Southern statesmen. Nay, more, I stand here to assert—and, if necessary, to prove—that even the restrictive tariff that has been unwisely, as I believe, imposed by the government of America, has been imposed by a majority of Southern votes, and against a minority of Northern ones, as the following facts will show. The following are the votes of the Congress on the Tariff Bills, showing that the South might have prevented any of these measures from becoming law:—

Tariff of 1789—passed unanimously.

Tariff of 1790—House of Representatives, Northern, 18 yeas, 12 nays; Southern, 22 yeas, 8 nays—18, 42. Senate unanimous.

Tariff of 1792—House of Representatives, Northern, 26 yeas, 4 nays; Southern, 11 yeas, 16 nays—26, 31. Senate unanimous.

Tariff of 1794—House of Representatives and Senate unanimous.

Tariff of 1797—House of Representatives, Northern, 39 yeas, 10 nays; Southern, 27 yeas, 11 nays—39, 48. Senate unanimous.

Tariff of 1804—House of Representatives unanimous. Senate, Northern, 8 yeas, 5 nays; Southern, 12 yeas, 0 nays—8, 17.

War Tariff of 1812—House of Representatives, Northern, 35 yeas, 33 nays; Southern, 41 yeas, 15 nays—35, 89. Senate, Northern, 10 yeas, 6 nays; Southern, 12 yeas, 4 nays—10, 22.

Manufacturing Tariff of 1816—House of Representatives, Northern, 63 yeas, 15 nays: Southern, 25 yeas, 39 nays—63, 79. N.B. J. C. Calhoun voted for. Senate unanimous.

Tariff of 1824—House of Representatives, Northern, 86 yeas, 32 nays; Southern, 19 yeas, 70 nays—86, 121. Senate unanimous.

Tariff of 1823—House of Representatives, Northern, 88 yeas, 29 nays; Southern, 17 yeas, 65 nays—88, 111. Senate, Northern, 19 yeas, 4 nays; Southern, 6 yeas, 17 nays—19, 27.

Tariff of 1832—House of Representatives, Northern, 73 yeas, 35 nays; Southern, 49 yeas, 30 nays—73, 114. Senate, Northern, 23 yeas, 1 nay; Southern, 9 yeas, 15 nays—23, 25.

Compromise Tariff of 1833—House of Representatives, Northern, 35 yeas, 81 nays; Southern, 34 yeas, 4 nays—35, 169. Senate, Northern, 10 yeas, 13 nays; Southern, 19 yeas, 3 nays—10, 35.

Tariff of 1842—House of Representatives, Northern, 89 yeas, 28 nays; Southern, 16 yeas, 75 nays—89, 119. Senate, Northern, 19 yeas, 5 nays; Southern, 5 yeas, 18 nays—19, 28.

Reduction Tariff of 1846—House of Representatives, Northern, 50 yeas, 73 nays; Southern, 64 yeas, 22 nays. Senate, Northern, 10 yeas, 16 nays; Southern, 18 yeas, 11 nays.

Reduction Tariff of 1857—House of Representatives, Northern, 60 yeas, 65 nays; Southern, 63 yeas, 7 nays. Senate, Northern, 14 yeas, 9 nays; Southern, 19 yeas, 3 nays.

Increased Tariff of 1861 (Morrell) was voted after several of the Southern States had seceded, and therefore was the consequence, and not the cause, of secession.

I think it is abundantly plain from the above indisputable facts, that the South might at any period have prevented the passing of either of the tariffs, if so disposed. I readily admit that the North has been too much under the influence of the delusion—which, by-the-by, was rather popular in this country twenty years ago—that protective duties help to strengthen and stimulate those branches of industry protected. The iron and wool manufacturers of the North have always been—and, for aught I know, are still—blindly and foolishly in favour of protection. But, I have it on authority which I have no right to question, that prior to the outbreak of the present war, the North was fast progressing towards free-trade doctrines; and that the restoration of the Union, so far from retarding the advance of free-trade in America, will help to realise what, I am sure, we all desire—namely, entire freedom of interchange between America and the rest of the world; so that the raw materials which that country can produce to such an enormous extent, may be exchanged for the manufactured goods of other nations. What becomes, then, of the argument in favour of recognising the South, attempted to be palmed upon us on free-

trade grounds? I think you will agree with me that any argument founded on such misapprehension and error, is undeserving the attention of thoughtful, reflective, and truth-loving men.

7th. There is another fallacy relative to the American question, which I must really apologise for troubling you with. It is so manifestly absurd, that I wonder even Lord Wharncliffe could have been guilty of referring to it. That I may not misrepresent the matter, I will state the objection in his lordship's own words. "The South," said his lordship, some time ago, at one of those hole-and-corner meetings which seem to best suit the advocates of a government based on slavery, "the South had hitherto laboured under the imputation that they by their proceedings were tending to support the existence of slavery, and this," adds his lordship, "is an impression which they ought to be careful to remove." I quite agree with his lordship there is this impression pretty generally entertained.

I plead guilty to the imputation of believing that the "tendency of the South is to support slavery," and I base that opinion upon the fact—I. That they have, or lately had, four millions of slaves in their midst; that, in order to retain them as slaves, they denied to them the rights of citizenship, doomed them to ignorance, treated them with barbarity and cruelty, and did all they could to lower and debase them. II. I declare it as my belief, that to extend and perpetuate this system, with all its hateful concomitants, the South rebelled against the constitution and laws of their country, and involved their nation in one of the most barbarous and wicked wars of modern times; and, III. I contend that during the progress of the war, the South has persistently refused every measure tending towards the freedom of their slaves. Are they not now refusing to exchange prisoners, because the North insists that black soldiers shall be treated as prisoners of war, and neither be sold into slavery nor shot in cold blood? I honour the North for resolving to compel the South to do this. If they employ coloured men in their armies, they are bound, in honour, to extend over them such protection as the rules of war permit.

With these facts before me, then, I admit that it does look to me as though the South has "a tendency to support slavery." When I hear that they have ceased to fight

in defence of slavery; when I hear that they show any signs of being willing to loosen their grasp on the victims of their oppression; when they open their country even to the discussion of the subject of slavery; and when they repeal that clause in their constitution forbidding the right to prohibit slavery in future;—when, I say, they do this, then I shall gladly admit that the "tendency" of the South is not to slavery, but to freedom. But till then, the South must bear all the odium that attaches to a people fighting in defence of the most infamous system Satan ever devised; and Lord Wharncliffe, and those who support him, must not wonder if their names go down to posterity as the names of men who, by their words and deeds, did all they could to rivet on the necks of an oppressed race more firmly the chain of slavery, and to give nationality and perpetuity to a system condemned by Christianity, by reason, and by the almost universal conscience of the world.

While making these remarks, and speaking thus strongly on the sin, as I think it, of aiding and sympathising with the South, let me say most distinctly that I have no wish to see the South injured or crushed. From my heart, I believe the South has suffered more from slavery than the North; the North has suffered in moral character, but the South has suffered in commercial prosperity as well as character; for, remember, while slavery may have enriched a few, it has impoverished and reduced the many. I believe, if slavery is abolished, the South will realise a state of prosperity equal to that realised by the North in the past. I believe that those are the real friends of the South, as well as the best friends of humanity, who labour to convince even the prejudiced minds of slaveholders, that they are hugging the viper that is feeding upon their vitals, and destroying their national life.

Let me here call your attention to a point not sufficiently noticed—namely, that there are certain States of the South only interested in slavery incidentally and remotely, such as the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, part of Tennessee, and North Carolina. These are all farming and slave-breeding States. They have no plantations, or, at any rate, very few, cultivated by slaves. They breed slaves for sale to the more Southern States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi,

Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. The plantation States are in favour, and have always been in favour, of the African slave-trade. The former, on the other hand, are opposed to that trade, because it would tend to knock down the value of human stock. The Gulf States contend that it is very hard upon them to oblige them to pay from 1,000 to 1,500 dollars for slaves from neighbouring States, when they might get as good from Africa for 50 or 100 dollars. And here I must remark, that I believe the importation of slaves from Virginia and other States is more cruel, more wicked, and is attended with more horror, than the importation of slaves from Africa. When you bring them from Africa you bring them from a savage State; they have had none of the tender sympathies awakened that contact with civilisation and religion is sure to engender. The slaves sent south from Virginia and other States have many of them joined Christian churches, formed social ties, and cultivated strong personal attachments. These are all rudely severed and broken by the severance of parents from children, and husbands from wives. Virginia alone generally breeds and sends south 100,000 slaves a-year, and sometimes takes twenty-four million dollars a-year for their human cattle. Only think of the idea of breeding human beings, for whom CHRIST died, to sell! What language can I use strong enough to denounce such a trade? And how can I help speaking strongly relative to the conduct of those who are trying to betray us into a partnership in crime with those who are endeavouring to perpetuate this wrong?

8th. There is another fallacy which I must refer to, or I shall be accused of failing to face the strongest point with the pro-slavery party. Mr. Lincoln, they say, is not sincere; he cares nothing for the slave, and only takes up the cause of the slave from political motives. Well, suppose I admit all this, for the sake of argument, what then? Are we to refuse to sympathise with a great object because some of the men who support it are not sincere? Would you ask me to sympathise with protection, because some of the men who advocated free-trade did it from selfish motives? I think not. Remember, this is not a question dependent on Mr. Lincoln's sincerity or otherwise: it is an antagonism between systems, not men. Whatever Mr. Lincoln may say or do, will not affect materially the issue.

If the North prevails, slavery falls; and if the South prevails, freedom falls. That is the real point at issue, disguise it as we may, evade it as we may; sympathy with the South means sympathy with human oppression, sympathy with the overthrow of constitutional government and law; it means sympathy with tyranny in its worst forms, and wrong in its most hideous aspects. But I am far from admitting that Lincoln is not sincere. Where is the proof of his insincerity? Every act of his official life has proved him to be true to his promises, true to the principles of his party, and, above all, true to the interests of the slave. He has grown in anti-slavery faith since his accession to office; he has not done like some governments I could name, climbed into office under the pretence of zeal for certain principles, and then turned round and kicked those principles over; he has not receded one step in the anti-slavery faith in which he and the republican party are walking; on the contrary, he and his party are evidently growing in the conviction—I. That slavery is the cause of all their national troubles; and, II. That there will be no peace, no union, and no prosperity, till slavery is entirely eradicated and uprooted.

9th. Allow me to refer to another fallacy we often hear on this subject—that the condition of the coloured man in the North is as bad as that of the slave in the South. I regret to say, that on several occasions, our senior member of Parliament, Mr. Berkeley, has given utterance to this statement. But I venture to say, that if the honourable member would try slavery in the South during one of the Parliamentary recesses, he would return a wiser, and, on this question, a better man. It is the old story our fathers had the fight over thirty years ago. We were told then that the slave was better off as a slave than he would be free. I am not here to say that the conduct of the Northern people in times past has been all it should have been towards the black race. It has often been wanton and wicked. It is one of the sad catalogue of evils resulting from slavery, that if you degrade a race by oppression, you make them odious in the eyes of their oppressors: this has been illustrated in a sad way by the treatment of coloured people in the North in past times. But though the North is not yet perfect in its treatment of coloured people, they are progressing towards a practical recognition of the truth,

that "God has made of one blood all nations." The riots at New York are pointed to as an illustration of Northern treatment of the man of colour. Why, it would be as fair to charge upon us the results of the Bristol riots of 1832, as to charge upon the people of New York the sad results of the late outrages there. Those riots were got up by Southern sympathisers, and stimulated by Southern money. I regret to say, that the most prominent actors in the affair were Irishmen; and it is notorious that no class in America have such an antipathy to coloured people as the Irish. They hate them with a perfect hatred, and are almost to a man in favour of slavery, because they think that the result of abolition would be to bring the black race north to compete with them in the labour market; whereas, the very opposite would probably be the result. The black people now in the North would most probably go South, where the climate and work best suits their constitution and habits. But let me ask you to note how New York acted directly the riots were suppressed. They at once collected 50,000 dollars to relieve the distress caused by the riots among the coloured people; the lawyers, to their honour be it spoken, combining to offer to make good all claims for compensation on the part of the poor blacks for property lost by the riots, free of charge. Lawyers really do so little without a fee, that I refer to this as a peculiar illustration of benevolence and right feeling. Does this look as though the condition of free blacks in the North was worse than slaves in the South, as asserted by Mr. Berkeley? The honourable member knows, or ought to know, that no coloured man dares to own property in the South. He does not own his wife; he does not own his children; he dares not even own himself. On the contrary, in the North, the same laws protect both; the same schools, with few exceptions, are open to both; the same protection, now the North is free from Southern influence, is afforded to both. I admit it has not always been so; but I assert that it is so now to an almost universal extent. In New York alone, property of the value of ten millions of dollars is owned by coloured people, and they are constantly increasing in wealth.

Mr. Fred. Douglas, a coloured gentleman, is now in the service of the United States government; and the same government has resolved to compel the South to recognise

the equality of coloured soldiers, or else to decline any further exchange of prisoners. This does not look as though freedom in the North was as bad as slavery in the South! I have no doubt that the change from slavery to freedom will be attended with suffering. The path to the promised land lay through a wilderness of discipline; and so the negro race in America are being brought through the Red Sea of war, and a wilderness of sorrow, into the land of freedom and prosperity.

10th. Let me refer to one more fallacy, and I have done. Oh, say some of our public teachers, this horrible war, how dreadful it is—when will it end? Gentlemen, I need not say, I have no sympathy with war; but the inconsistency is, that this cry comes chiefly from those who defend every war in which we have engaged for the last twenty years—Indian wars, China wars, Russian wars, Japanese wars, &c., &c. It does look to me almost ridiculous to hear such gentlemen hold up their hands in horror of war in America, when they always defend war at home. War is almost the greatest calamity that can befal a country; and I will also add, that those who involve countries in war deserve the execration of all who love God and humanity—and, let me ask you, who began this American war? It was not the North; it was the South. They fired the first shot at Fort Sumpter; they appealed from reason to bloodshed; and now, having taken the sword to defend slavery, I say, as "slavery took the sword, let it perish by the sword;" and perish it will. I am not a prophet; but I venture to predict, that the Southern rebellion is digging a grave that will for ever bury this accursed system; and I also believe another result will follow the war, that some of the enemies of progress and reform in this country intensely dread, and that is—the complete and entire reconstruction of the Union.

I now leave the subject with you. I speak warmly, because I feel deeply on the question. I confess I am pained to see a want of sympathy between this country and America. There are men, and organs of public opinion, on both sides of the Atlantic, who seem bent upon setting, if possible, these two great Anglo-Saxon nations at variance and war. Gentlemen, I protest against this course. No man can commit a greater crime against both countries than to misrepresent them, and thus help to produce dis-

cord and strife. We ought to try and keep peace with the world. But we ought especially to try and keep peace with America—and America ought to do the same with England. There must be no strife between us—"we are brethren." What I ask, then, to-night, is perfect and absolute neutrality on the part of our government. I do not ask that our government should lend a particle of material aid to the North, and I protest against their rendering the slightest to the South. Our motto should be neutrality from the government, and moral sympathy for the North from ourselves, in the great struggle in which they are engaged.

HERE'S TO THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

AIR—*The Year that's Awa'.*

HERE'S to the year that's awa',
Its chill wind, its rain, and its snaw;
Forlorn was the prospect it ushered us in,
But we held up our heads through it a'.
Chorus—Forlorn was the prospect, &c.

Here's to the year that's awa',
'Twas the saddest our eyes ever saw!
But from out the dark night came odd glimpses of light,
As we held up our head through it a'.
Chorus—From out the dark night, &c.

Here's to the luck that's in store
For the inmates of cottage and ha';
The sun will shine out when the darkness is o'er,
So we'll hold up our head through it a'.
Chorus—The sun will shine out, &c.

Here's to the year that's awa',
From its gloom a wise lesson we'll draw;
Though sorrows, full share, we have had each to bear,
Yet it might have been worse with us a'.
Chorus—Though sorrows, full share, &c.

Bacup. T. N.

PENNY READINGS.

BY JEROM MURCH, ESQ.

[Delivered at the Guildhall, Bath, during his Mayoralty.]

THE subject of my short address to you, is the application of Poetical Taste to the events and duties of common life. I am led to this subject by remembering what these Penny Readings actually are, and what they do. We have here, in the city of Bath, a society formed chiefly, I believe, to promote good reading—the power, and the practice, and the love of good reading amongst the industrial classes. The great object, I apprehend, is not display—not the exhibition of talent—not even the temporary gratification of an audience; but the pleasure and advantage to be derived in our homes and families. To this end, it seems to me, and to the cultivation of the individual mind, all the means you employ, any machinery of your society, any arrangements as to the readers and the readings, are intended to be subservient. You aim, it is true, at a "People's Hall," and a noble aspiration it is—one worthy of all the energy and perseverance you can manifest; for, however commodious this room may be, it is not your own, nor does it afford you that daily and hourly accommodation which the working classes of Bath may fairly hope for. But this, again, is only a means to the end of which I have spoken.

Now, I am anxious that in whatsoever you do, whether you form committees, or select pieces for reading, or enlist the assistance of friends outside your ranks, or work on steadily for the erection of a People's Hall,—I am anxious that none of this mere machinery should make you forgetful of the main object. In one sense these Readings can scarcely fail to be immediately beneficial. You who engage in them *must* have your minds cultivated by the effusions with which you become familiar. The very process of going through page after page of good authors, to find what is spirited or eloquent, or humorous or original, must furnish the memory with no small amount of good things. And those, also, who listen to the Readings, while they

spend an evening in a manner which is both gratifying and instructive, derive an impulse to engage in similar employments in their own homes. Still, there is something more than all this. I want you all to aim at such a degree of cultivation as would influence your daily life. And it seems to me that a right view of poetry, and a thorough knowledge of the best poets, would have this effect. Observe, I say a *right* view of poetry. There are great mistakes made on this subject. Some people have very weak, sickly, sentimental, namby-pambyish views of poetry. They indulge a love of it which, I fear, I must designate by the term "mawkish." Others, again, are extravagantly transcendental. They admire on the principle that all things are wonderful which they cannot understand. Their raptures are in precise proportion to the vagueness, and mysticism, and incomprehensibility of the authors they take up. Such views appear to me to be highly unfavourable to—if not utterly incompatible with—the *practical* influences I am here this evening to recommend. If poetical taste is to act on the events and duties of common life, it must be sound, strong, vigorous, masculine, and healthy. It must be formed, not by rhymes chiefly, not by mere musical cadence, not by exalted rhapsodies, but by the highest literature you can obtain, whether it be called prose or poetry; by a study of the *heart of things*, rather than their surface; and, above all, by a profound and inflexible reverence for truth. The application of this taste can scarcely begin too early. I know few better examples of it than that of a little child, taught by his mother poetry suited to his age. Always assuming that there is no drudgery in the case—that the child is as willing to learn as the mother is to teach, without which little can be done—always assuming this, great may be the power for good. Tales in verse, simple ballads, stories of animals, praises of stars, and flowers, and seasons, all tend first to put the feelings of children in a good direction, and then, working into their minds, lead to the formation of principles.

A very important part of the moral culture of the young, is found in the intelligent use of hymns. Even when they are first committed to memory, they have more power than is generally supposed, in maintaining pure thoughts and gentle affections. But it is in after-life, when good hymns are recalled and repeated in times of trial;

sorrow, weariness, solitude, and temptation, that they prove of inestimable value. It is when, before the sleepless, troubled, careworn man, there is a sweet vision of the mother who called him to her knee in childhood, and heard his simple aspirations after goodness, and explained to him, as well as she was able, all that he had been saying—it is then that this kind of poetical taste is proved to be extremely precious. And so after childhood has passed into a kind of dreamy youth. How prone are all young people with imaginative and cultivated minds to delight in song! How large a number find what they consider their most appropriate mental nutriment either in books of poetry or in vocal music! Some orator once said in the House of Commons—"I care not who writes books or preaches sermons for the people—let me have the making of their ballads!" And certain it is, that whether the young pore silently over the authors they most delight in, or listen to charming songs at social parties, they are influenced for good or evil, to a great extent, by what so deeply interests them. Not to dwell upon the obvious fact that the mind grows upon what it chiefly likes, it would be easy to mention many songs of all kinds—sentimental, sorrowful, patriotic, joyous, comic—which linger in the memory, so as to be reproduced at critical times with great interest and pleasure. While some have cheered the *mourner's* heart, others have given an impulse to the brave and good. Every traveller in Catholic countries has been delighted by the simple melodies of the pilgrims whom he has met thus solacing their weary way; and every historian of battle-fields has written of the grand old songs which have nerved armies for their fearful struggle. What can be grander than Campbell's

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

It would be strange if our daily life were not affected by poetry, because that has been the theme of all great poets. Go back to the earliest and most sublime in the strains of Hebrew bards and prophets, and you will find no subject more frequently dwelt upon. With the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," the passions of those who contended in war, were the favourite topic—the revenge that brought discord into the camp—the ambition that spared neither sex nor age. Virgil delighted in describing pastoral life—how shepherds literally piped their songs as they tended their flocks and herds; though, in a later age, when Rome had become corrupt as well as great, he sang "Arms and the Man." Dante looked on the world from a religious point of view. He saw it as one to whom the final judgment was a present reality, finding his poetic spirit at home in regions where mortal foot has never trod—higher than heaven, deeper than hell. Tasso sang of the Crusades; Spenser of the age of chivalry; Chaucer of the faults of the priesthood, and various diversities of character; Milton of the logical subtleties, such as the origin of evil, and the conflicts of angels of various grades; and Shakespere!—it would be difficult to say what *he* did not sing of—so much more than is dreamt of in our philosophy. But they were all true to the human life of their respective times. In our own day, this topic has been made the subject of a distinct poem—rather pretty and rather common-place. If you read Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," you fancy you hear a peal of bells from every page: they ring merrily at the birth of the hero; they ring when he comes of age; they ring, of course, at his marriage, and at the birth of his firstborn. If at length they toll for the gentleman at his funeral, it does not make us very sorry.

Another writer who has enlisted far greater sympathy in modern times, is Mrs. Hemans; and is not this because she so constantly stirs the depths of the human heart by dealing with the varied realities of life? Who can read such pieces as "The Spells of Home," "The Graves of the Martyrs," "Our Daily Paths," "The Things that Change," "The World in the Open Air," and "The Songs of our Fathers"—who can read any of these, and not find the current of his thoughts and feelings permanently improved? But it is well to do more than read such pieces. There is great wisdom in committing them to memory. Stanzas

come back to us at times when they prove instructive and consolatory beyond the power of expression. To my friends of the working classes I would recommend warmly some of the poetry of Ebenezer Elliott, known as "The Corn Law Rhymer." There may be many things in his volumes savouring too strongly of the violent political struggles of his time; but for pictures of human life in the cottage, the workshop, the village circle, the great temple of nature—who can compare with him? Here are some lines he wrote on unexpectedly seeing a new church, as he was walking with a friend on a Sunday in Old Park Wood, near Sheffield:—

I wondered, far beneath me to behold
A golden spire, that glowed o'er fields of gold;
Out of the earth it rose with sudden power,
A bright flame, growing heavenward, like a flower
Where erst nor temple stood, nor holy psalm
Rose to the mountains in the day of calm.
There, at the altar, plighted hearts may sigh;
There, side by side, how soon their dust may lie!
The carven stones the old, old tale will tell,
That saddens joy with its brief chronicle,
Till Time, with pinions stolen from the dove,
Gently erase the epitaph of love;
While rivers sing, on their unwearied way,
The songs that but with earth can pass away,
That brings the tempest's accents from afar,
And breathes of woodbines where no woodbines are.
Yet deem not that affection can expire,
Though earth and skies shall melt in fervent fire;
For Truth hath written on the stars above—
"Affection cannot die, if God is love!"
Where'er I pass a grave with moss o'ergrown,
Love seems to rest upon the silent stone,
Above the wreck of sublunary things,
Like a tired angel sleeping on its wings.

The power of poetical taste is never more fully shown than when it produces an effect like this. You are taking a walk through scenes familiar or altogether new—it does not matter which—and you see an object that appeals to imagination. The train of thought which had pre-

viously existed in the mind is at once displaced for another suggested by that object, and including, in its beautiful and glorious range, things visible and invisible, the living and the dead, some of the sweetest and holiest feelings of our nature. True it is that few, very few, could conceive so exquisite an idea as we find in the last four lines:—

> Whene'er I pass a grave with moss o'ergrown,
> Love seems to rest upon the silent stone,
> Above the wreck of sublunary things,
> Like a tired angel sleeping on its wings.

No—we are not privileged to conceive original ideas like these; but in the mind imbued—thoroughly imbued with the true poetical taste which I hope it is the object of these Readings to cultivate, ideas will arise of no common or profitless character. Undoubtedly there are certain objects and certain seasons more favourable than others to call forth dormant faculties. The bursting spring, the glorious summer, the golden autumn, and the sombre winter, each has its peculiar attraction for individual minds; but it is possible to be independent of them all. Even when the eye is no longer privileged to behold the sky, with its daily and nightly beauty—with its wonderful and glorious variety of stars and planets, of grey cloud, and bright cloud, and golden cloud, and deep delicious blue; when the ear can no longer listen, while day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge; when other pages of the book of Nature, her flowers, and groves, and landscapes, her rivers, and oceans, and everlasting hills, are all, to the outward sense, a blank;—even then the power of poetic taste may be yet a practical, a vigorous, and a blessed power. It will be possible to say then—

> Not for this
> Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
> Have followed, for such loss, I would believe
> Abundant recompense. For I have learned
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue.

To all classes of my hearers, then, I would say—*Cultivate this taste.* The pursuit, if rightly engaged in, will be found perfectly compatible with every other. It will sweeten your daily toil, it will dignify your daily lot, it will hallow and bless your daily life. For the sorrows of your homes, for the trials of the world, for the loss of friends, for sickness and solitude and old age, it will bring a healing balm—not instead of, not by any means equal to, but like a ministering angel, coming in aid of those higher agencies which God in His infinite mercy has vouchsafed for all His children. If these be indeed the results of your Penny Readings, you will have abundant cause to bless the day when you joined them.

"There's Pleasure in Health and Contentment."

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

There's Pleasure in Health and Contentment,
  There's fortune in freedom from care;
But envy, and strife, and resentment,
  Our happiest moments impair.
He's a wise man his passion that bridles,—
  He's a fool that will brawl and look sore:
If self, pomp, and pelf are our idols,
  Joy soon bids adieu to our door.
Chorus.—He's a wise man, &c.

A crown's but a cumbersome bauble,
  That darkens the brow it adorns;
And he who wins power, oft exchanges
  The down of his pillow for thorns.
The heart that is fainting and fearful,
  Finds life but a pathway of pain;
But he who is trusting and cheerful,
  Descries the bright bow through the rain.
Chorus.—He's a wise man, &c.

Though little in life we may boast of,
  'Tis wisdom that little to prize;
Small blessings, if men make the most of,
  Are Heaven's best gifts in disguise.

The tiniest seed in earth's bosom,
To loftiest tree doth upspring,
And the birds of the air from the tempest
'Neath its branches may shelter and sing.
Chorus.—He's a wise man, &c.

Life hath its eclipses of sorrow,
That hide the blue sky from our sight;
But trust we the brighter to-morrow—
GOD'S manna comes down in the night!
And while the rich harvest we gather,
We'll not the good Giver forget;
But, grateful, low bending together,
With gladness acknowledge the debt.
Chorus.—He's a wise man, &c.

VAGABONDAGE OF HUMAN LIFE.—The fresh, rough, heathery part of human nature, where the air is freshest, and where the linnets sing, is getting encroached upon by cultivated fields. Every one is making himself and herself useful. Every one is producing something. Everybody is a philanthropist. I don't like it. I love a little eccentricity. I respect honest prejudices. I admire foolish enthusiasm in a young head, more than a wise scepticism. It is high time, it seems to me, that a moral game-law were passed for the preservation of the wild and vagrant feelings of human nature. Ah, me! what a world this was to live in two or three centuries ago, when it was getting itself discovered—when the sunset gave up America. Then were the "Arabian Nights" commonplace, enchantments a matter of course, and romance the most ordinary thing in the world. Then man was courting Nature: now he has married her! Yet, for all that time has brought and taken away, I am glad to know that the vagabond sleeps in our blood, and awakes now and then. Overlay nature as you please, here and there some bit of rock or mound of aboriginal soil will crop out with the wild flowers growing upon it, sweetening the air. Genius is a vagabond; Art is a vagabond; Enterprise is a vagabond. The first fine day in spring awakes the gipsy in the blood of the English workman, and incontinently he "babbles of green

fields." On the English gentleman, lapped in the most luxurious civilisation, and with the thousand powers and resources of wealth at his command, descends oftentimes a fierce unrest—a Bedouin-like horror of cities and the cry of the money-changer; and in a month the fiery dust rises in the track of his desert steed, or in the six-months' polar midnight he hears the big wave dashing on the icy shore. Vagabonds have moulded the world into its present shape. Respectable people swam in the track of the vagabond, as rooks in the furrow of the ploughshare. Respectable people do little in the world, except storing wine-cellars and amassing fortunes for the benefit of spendthrift heirs. Respectable well-to-do Grecians shook their heads over Leonidas and his three hundred when they went down to Thermopylæ. Respectable Spanish churchmen, with shaven crowns, scouted the dream of Columbus. Respectable German folks attempted to dissuade Luther from appearing before Charles and the princes and electors of the empire. Nature makes us vagabonds: the world makes us respectable. Commend me to Shakspeare's vagabonds, the most delightful in the world! His sweet-blooded and liberal nature blossomed into all fine generosities as naturally as an apple-bough into pink blossoms and odours. It would be better if we could have along with our modern enlightenment, our higher tastes and purer habits, a greater individuality of thought and manner; better that every man should be allowed to grow in his own way, so long as he does not infringe on the rights of his neighbour, or insolently thrust himself between him and the sun. A little more air and light should be let in upon life. I should think the world has stood long enough under the drill of Adjutant Fashion. It is hard work; the posture is wearisome, and Fashion is an awful martinet, and has a quick eye and comes down mercilessly on the unfortunate wight who cannot square his toes to the approved pattern, or who appears upon parade with a darn in his coat, or with a shoulder-belt insufficiently pipe-clayed. It is killing work. Suppose we try "standing at ease" for a little.—ALEXANDER SMITH'S "*Dreamthorp Essays.*"

SOUND AND SENSE.—As there is music in song, so is there music in speech. Every language has music; and in speaking it, inflection should be harmonious. Sound is expressive of

sense—aye, much more so than is commonly imagined. Verse and prose have each their peculiar music, and common sense should not be destroyed by the abuse. Poetry would be more enjoyed were elocution better understood. "Paradise Lost" is *lost* on minds unable to appreciate elocutionary force. To read such a work aloud as it ought to be read, implies, I need scarcely state, that it is *understood*. Mind and voice are simultaneously applied; both must be duly exercised, or that which should be sweet and sonorous is rendered harsh and displeasing. It would be absurd to give examples of the general accentuation of Milton's epic. Deliver any passage as usually rendered, and you have comparative nonsense. Read it with a common sense view of the subject, with fulness, firmness, roundness of voice, proper emphasis, and correct inflection, and that which may have appeared as flat and unprofitable, has become novel and pleasing. It has been objected that before you can appreciate the sublime genius of Milton, you must of necessity think—think. This is one reason why I recommend the study of "Paradise Lost" to all who would read sensibly, for the intellect being disciplined, the ear becomes gradually attuned to the manly and sonorous notes the various grand addresses and masterly descriptions elicit; you think rightly, and therefore may hope to interpret this and other works correctly—that is to read and speak musically and naturally. "Bacon's Philosophy," at a first glance, you may not comprehend; look at it again, and with the elocutionist's appreciation, and you feel inclined to award it a third perusal. So with all great works requiring the exercise of manly English vigour of mind clearly to understand and appreciate, much that we symbolise as mere tinsel is discovered, on a closer inspection and an inward appreciation of *sound* as significant of *sense*, to be pure gold.—ARTIS *on* "*Elocution*."

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REMARKS ON READING.

BY

JOHN MORLEY, ESQ., B.A.

[Delivered at the Blackburn Mechanics' Institute.]

THE subject upon which I have undertaken to offer some remarks this evening, seems at first to promise nothing but a commonplace repetition of the advantages that follow upon the acquisition or possession of knowledge—nothing beyond a wearisome and uncalled-for defence of what has long ceased to have any assailants. We have all heard again and again of the great truth that knowledge is power; we have all listened again and again to the enumeration of the external benefits, and still more of the internal tranquillity and self-approbation which attend the persevering lover of books; we are all disposed to respect and envy the life and career of the studious; and we are all aware how cramped and confined must be the views, and how petty the purposes, of the man who has never learned to enlarge the one and exalt the other by the examples of wise and virtuous men as presented in the annals of literature. It is now admitted in all quarters, and by all persons to whose opinions we should be ready to bow, that education—that is, the education of the child by others, and the continuance of the education of the man by himself—is the only means of making enlightened citizens and happy men. Men of all shades of political opinion, while differing as to the means, are yet agreed as fully as they can be as to the end, and as to the fact that virtue and industry, and a general sense of justice and duty, will be

most surely and permanently promoted throughout the community, by the diffusion of books and the encouragement of literary tastes. Tory and Radical alike may concur in the propriety of affording every available facility for the increase of education. "None are so illiberal, none so bigoted in their hostility to improvement, none so superstitiously attached to the stupidest and worst of old forms and usages, as the uneducated. None are so unscrupulous, none so eager to clutch at whatever they have not and others have, as the uneducated."* But, I repeat, the value of knowledge has become a commonplace. All of us here have probably experienced that value in his or her own case. I do not mean that we have discovered its value in the market, its worth as a means of money-getting, though this, too, is probable enough. Knowledge and literature have a higher value—a nobler significance than this; they may put money into the purse, but they do more and better when they bestow tranquillity and gratification upon the mind; they do more and better when they stimulate our curiosity, and arouse the latent depths of our thinking intelligence.

But you do not want anybody to come from London to expatiate before you upon the power and grandeur of literature; to show to you how it awakens every faculty, refines every sentiment, and elevates every emotion; to remind you how, while wealth is hard to acquire, and when acquired is difficult to keep, and, when both gained and retained, is apt to fret away the soul of the possessor in sordid care,—while honours and worldly fame are quite attainable without conferring any substantial satisfaction upon those who have grasped them,—while even domestic felicity may by force of circumstances become a source of poignant grief, and leave us environed by the blackness of inconsolable sorrow; how, while all these are fleeting and unsubstantial, the sober pleasures of knowledge abide with us so long as intellect itself remains, and give us employment and consolation even when evil days come, and years draw nigh when we say, There is no pleasure in them. All this is fully understood in this place—nowhere better; and we see the results here at this moment, when evil days have come; for to what else but to the number and eff-

* J. S. Mill.

ciency of institutions throughout Lancashire, such as that which I have now the honour of addressing—to what else but the wise instruction which they have been the means of diffusing—can we, I ask, attribute the sober and reasonable conduct which characterises the history of this calamitous time?

My intention this evening is, to offer a few considerations upon the way in which we ought to read—some suggestions how to turn the time and labour devoted to study to the best possible account.

I. The first practical precept is, *not to attempt too much.*

Every one who possesses any taste for the acquisition of knowledge, has in the course of his life experienced, first, a powerful desire to become familiar with every branch of human learning, and, subsequently, a feeling of strong disappointment upon recognising how small a portion of this vast field he can ever hope even to survey. When the panorama of literature first unfolds itself before the newly-opened eyes of his intelligence, and displays the manifold departments wherein the mind of man has wrought, the large variety of subjects, all calculated to attract rational interest and attention, and the many famous names upon which he looks with an almost instinctive veneration,—an indescribable longing seizes him to plunge with ardent zeal into the profundities of all these subjects, to master the intricacies of all these departments, and peradventure even to leave his own associated with those other illustrious names. As each new volume is placed in his hands, this ardour increases; and if he be thrown in the way of a large and well-filled library, it is not long before it assumes the form of a determinate purpose, and he resolves to become an omnivorous student. Metaphysics, moral and mental philosophy, theology, history in all its aspects and branches, physical science, and even fiction—in each and all of these he will be thoroughly versed, and no literary storehouse shall rest unransacked, from the bright, new work, fresh from the press, up to the most ancient—

> "That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
> Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
> The close-press'd leaves, unop'd for many an age,
> The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page,
> On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
> Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold."

No matter that he has other avocations in the world—avocations which leave him little time for study, and which are, perhaps, of their very nature hostile to literary tastes. The shortness of life and the urgency of practical business seem trifling obstacles to the fulfilment of this dominant purpose.

But this, which may be called the "encyclopædic stage," is seldom of very long duration. A year is commonly long enough to demonstrate the hopelessness of the encyclopædic design, and the disappointed student is reluctantly forced to recognise the narrow limits within which the power of acquiring knowledge is confined, and the comparatively trifling sum that a man can learn even when he has done his best. Now and again, perhaps, until the very end, with gradually lengthening intervals, the old thirst revives with new force; but the delusion becomes more and more apparent, and therefore more and more short-lived, as experience increases and confirms the prime disappointment. And at the close, when a man surveys his history, he probably finds that the scheme of his youth for acquiring universal knowledge, has resulted in a collection of weary thrums and patches; and he mournfully admits that though he "gave his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven," it has been a sore and unprofitable travail.

This is a true account of the experience of most men who have been thinkers or readers. And such an experience is only in accordance with the general tenor of human life in affairs seemingly more momentous than mere literary acquirement. At one-and-twenty a lad has got an exhaustive moral theory of the universe, and has in most cases formed a creed for himself which is to be his ready guide in every emergency that may arise; his plan of life is perfect. We all know how soon and how rudely the world shatters our neatly-constructed fabric, and what rough breaches a few months suffice to make in it. And the result is in many instances utterly disastrous; for the first rudder being broken or destroyed and carried away, we lose heart, and neglect either to repair it, or secure a new one better adapted to resist the buffetings of the world. Hence it comes that we encounter such multitudes of "aimless beings, driven hither and thither at the mercy of circumstances. And precisely the same shipwreck

quently made at the very outset of life in the matter of knowledge and learning. The student commences his career with some such scheme as that which we have described above. He discovers that it is impracticable; and then, instead of setting to work to modify it, and bring it into working order, he cuts the entire project away, and proceeds on his voyage without either that or any worthy substitute. Finding that he cannot make himself as learned as Gibbon or Hallam, as profound a philosopher as Mill or Hamilton, as erudite a theologian as Barrow, as acute a mathematician as Laplace, and, generally, as encyclopædic as Diderot, he refuses to dedicate his labours to the pursuit of any one of these departments, and turns away from the learning which it is really in his power to achieve, because he cannot achieve more. Rather than alter or modify his system, he prefers to be without system altogether; and firmly adhering to the mischievous principle of being *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, he unhappily degenerates into the latter.

This frequent failure seems to be occasioned more commonly by a misconception of the ends of literature, than by mere weakness of purpose. It would require a volume to enumerate and set forth the nature of those ends, so many and complicated are they; for literature, affecting in diverse ways all sorts and conditions of men, and concerning them all, though to varying degrees, an exhaustive investigation of its functions and aims would be co-extensive with human occupations and duties. But we may do something towards abating such a misconception, even in our own limited space.

My remarks are designed for those who spend the greater portion of their lives in pursuits strictly professional or commercial; who devote their chief energy to those pursuits; and who have, therefore, no more to spare for the cultivation of general intellectual excellence than a fragment of time and a residue of vigour. There are crowds of young and ripe-aged men passing their days in warehouses and offices, or in the modified routine of visiting patients, who, notwithstanding the neighbouring Mechanics' Institute or Athenæum, appear to be without very distinct notions of either the worth of general knowledge, or of the means by which it may be systematically acquired and judiciously turned to practical account. This indifference is not very difficult to explain: it arises chiefly from the

reaction, to which reference has been made, as ensuing upon the discovery how little a man is able to learn, even when he has nothing else to do but pursue learning; partly also from a lack of information as to how a serviceable amount of general knowledge may be gained; and partly from the contemptuous way in which such partial learning has been treated by men of note, from Pope, who said, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," down to Mr. Froude, in our own times, who has propounded the emphatic doctrine that general knowledge is only another name for general ignorance. If we were criticising some university system, whose centre principle was to teach the students a great many things imperfectly, and none thoroughly, I should certainly subscribe to Mr. Froude's *dictum;* and probably this able writer only designed it with a view to some such criticism. But there are many men of less ability and less learning than Mr. Froude, who would take up this position in reference to all persons, and boldly maintain that unless one knows a subject thoroughly, it is much better to abide in entire ignorance. It is not an uncommon thing to hear a learned scholar sneer at the Latin taught in popular evening classes; or a physician laugh ill-naturedly at a layman reading a physiological treatise. But the authors of such ridicule, however learned technically, and in their own departments, show but a superficial knowledge of the real value of learning, whether in themselves or others. In the case of the physician, for instance, his contempt implies that because the layman has not time nor occasion to study the abstruse speculations of Müller, nor to investigate the researches of Bichât, he is, therefore, very foolish for reading Combe or Carpenter. And the scholar, again, who laughs at anybody not familiar with Greek, for wading through translations of Greek authors, is virtually saying that a man is no better for being acquainted with the thoughts of Plato or Aristotle, but only for being able to construe their words. There is no doubt that it is in itself better to have read the original, than to know it merely when diluted by translation; but for all this, there are many who have only read Plato's Republic through the medium of Davies' and Vaughan's translation, and yet who understand its purport and value far better than hosts of others who have read it in the Greek. "Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel

cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only."* The question which these learned students superciliously answer in the negative, is—whether a man derives any advantage from knowing something about a subject when circumstances unhappily prevent him from knowing everything. The principle or no-principle on which they found this answer, if legitimately expanded, would deprive themselves of any respect to be heard; for not even the audacity of the most learned would permit him to boast that he had fathomed the profoundest depths of his specialty.

The effect of this very unfair discouragement has been most pernicious. To be called a smatterer or a sciolist is to suffer a grave loss of self-esteem,—in the minds of younger men more especially, who rarely possess philosophy enough to analyse ridicule before allowing it to affect them. To be a smatterer is no reproach to one whose choice lay between that and entire ignorance. If an Oxford or Cambridge Fellow, who receives money to support him in learned leisure, is a smatterer, the fact is very much to his discredit; but if a young merchant or a young doctor, apart from the knowledge necessary for success in his calling, possesses no more than comparatively superficial acquaintance with the multifarious subjects which are treated of in the extensive range of literature, he deserves credit for every fraction and item of this extraneous learning. It is as unreasonable to measure the literary acquirements of the man of commerce by the standard of the professed man of letters, as it would be to condemn the man of letters for lack of skill in book-keeping by double entry. That we need a literary class whose principal business shall be the pursuit of profound learning, is as abundantly evident as that we need merchants, or men of practical science. Each class has its own special want in culture, beyond the training which may be found in their own business; and where the extraneous culture of one class happens to be the specialty of the other, and therefore naturally less elaborate and profound with the one than with the other, it is

* Milton.

at once shallow and unjust to institute comparisons between them in an invidious spirit, and with a design of self-exaltation. Literature has one end for the scholar and another for the general reader, and nothing but mischief can ensue from any confusion of its functions.

The great end of literary culture, as of all other things, is to enable us to discharge the duties of life;—it succeeds in so far only as it promotes this. Life can only be looked back upon with satisfaction in proportion to the extent to which all our powers have been employed, and to the comparative accuracy of the balance among our various faculties. The city merchant who never lets his mind leave speculations and commercial enterprise; the statesman ever revolving political combinations, and watching the aspect of public affairs; the artist living in ignorance and a disregard, amounting to unconsciousness, of all that is going on in the world without his studio; the student whose existence is passed amid the dignified tranquillity of books;—all these are living contrary to reason, and leaving large portions of the fair tract of their nature barren and desolate. It is an unhappy necessity that some men should thus sacrifice themselves to specialties. The exigencies of science and the practical arts demand that some should surrender a broad and symmetrical development of all the capabilities of their character, for the sake of one particular set of investigations. These laborious discoverers of great truths or natural laws could scarcely do the work by which the general interests of mankind are promoted, unless they permitted themselves to plunge into the recondite investigation of one science or art, to the entire exclusion of all those miscellaneous branches of knowledge which have no bearing upon their own special subject. Life is so short, that for those few who found or notably advance any particular science, every hour spent in any other region is a dereliction of what seems to them, and what perhaps really is, the grand mission of their lives. When Mr. Mill says that a man has only the alternative of going a great way in one subject or a little way in many, he virtually furnishes an account of two classes of men, each of which adopts one of these alternatives. The latter class are, so to speak, the multitude; the former are they who sacrifice themselves for the good of the multitude. The study of the laboratory is not the only form of high living—is not even

the most exalted. The profound scholar has commonly suffered in his moral and social affections for the exclusive culture of his intellect. When Newton found himself unconsciously using the thumb of his betrothed as a pipe-stopper, he sorrowfully admitted that the abstraction necessary for his speculations was incompatible with the performance of the duties of domestic life. The ordinary man, therefore, leads in one sense a more natural life than the great student, or the devotee of science. He has a far wider field of view than the other, and is not debarred from participating with eagerness and intelligence in all that concerns the progress or condition of his kind. If we reflect that *to know* is less important than *to be*, we may learn to extend our admiration to the larger number who are not learned, but only desultory.

II. The prime requisite in study, as it is in every form of human occupation, is what has been called the "transcendent capacity of taking pains." It would be wholly superfluous to cite instances where toil without genius has outstripped genius without toil. Every schoolboy has learnt this lesson experimentally as well as theoretically. In study, more than in all other pursuits, is there need for this unremitting and zealous toil; for here, more than elsewhere, is the mind apt to suffer discouragement, and that of the most chilling kind. The progress of the student is marked by no brilliant or glowing triumph;—each new truth acquired or verified, each rising difficulty mastered, is indeed a triumph, but it is one in which he can enjoy little sympathy from others. Consciousness of progress is the only source of a pleasure which, though philosophically great and adequate, is pale and scanty when compared with the pleasures conferred by success in more public fields. Gradually, indeed, the student will come to find as intense a gratification in this tacit consciousness as he ever could have derived from a success discernible by other eyes as well as his own. But this satisfaction is of slow growth, and consequently is attained only by men of a quiet patience, who are willing and able to sacrifice the genial pleasures of much social intercourse for the solitary toil of the continuous reader,—who have felt the splendid inspiration of the poet's injunction,

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

I do not advise the general student to take for his motto the inscription which Zacharias Ursinus of Heidelberg, had painted in forbidding letters over the door of his study:—"My friend, whoever you are, if you come here, please either go away again, or give me some help in my study." But it is well for him to recognise at the outset that no solid advance, even in general learning, can be made by the cleverest man without some surrender of social joys, and without the endurance of much painful labour. The labour will in time cease to be painful, and will assuredly produce a more than adequate reward; but the toil of him who goes forth with harrow, plough, and seed-basket, in order that he may eventually reap a material harvest, is not more unavoidable to the husbandman, than are the self-denial and the plodding which lead to the mental harvest of matured views, expanded emotions, and enlarged principles, to the student who would ponder over in the closet what may make him an intelligent actor in human affairs.

Besides the temptation to halt in the course, arising from this source, there is another secret of discouragement, and one which has been productive of still more failure. It increases a man's confidence in himself to resist the allurements of a comparatively frivolous social intercourse. But there is one frequent stumbling-block known and appreciated by none but those who have been readers, and which is more fatal than this, for the reason that it overthrows a man's confidence in himself: the student will find as he goes on that he seems suddenly to have forgotten that which he began by learning; he will be inexpressibly mortified to discover once and again that truths which had been, as he thought, ineffaceably impressed upon his mind, have vanished away from it, and that long trains of important reasoning which he had taken much pains to master, and which he had seemed to make part of his very mental existence, have utterly deserted him, perhaps at the very moment when they would have stood him in most stead. This mortification in many minds produces a severe shock, and spreads to the dimensions of intellectual despair. There are a few men of unusually powerful memory, who, perhaps, have never known the bitter force of this discouragement, but they are exceptional.

Here, again, the only rule is the persevering maintenance of a quiet patience. We find ourselves weak in some point

where we had deemed ourselves strong. Our only proper course is to leave the task on which we are presently engaged, and to employ our energies in repairing the breach which time has made in our knowledge, or which is to be explained by want of care in our first construction of that particular portion of the fabric. Again and again does an earnest student sally back on this unpleasing enterprise; again and again he returns to perfect his previous labour. To the wildly enthusiastic this is a sorry drudgery; but the man of sober and fixed purpose will waste no moments in repining over what is inevitable. If the reader is really in earnest, he will no sooner discover that he has forgotten somewhat of moment of what he once knew, than he will in all haste recur to it, until the rent be thoroughly repaired. As Milton has put it—"It is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle-ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion."

We may rest assured that no man of any note in the world of letters or politics, has been able to attain his position without much sustained labour. In many cases this labour has been stupendous, and not even in those instances where success would appear to be principally owing to innate brilliance, has it been light or very intermittent. The same law holds good, in a slightly diminished degree, with those who do not propose fame as the goal of their labours, but only aim after a moderate measure of culture. Patience, soberness, and sedulous industry—these are the three essentials for all who aspire after a culture which, though it may lead to no brilliant external position, is in accordance with the law of their nature.

III. All books should be read in a critical spirit. The author will be more likely to write well and thoughtfully if he has this fact before his eyes; while, as I think, the reader will derive little benefit, and will read neither well nor thoughtfully, unless he obeys this rule. I am far from designing to encourage either a presumptuous or a cavilling frame of mind. Such would indeed be a strangely-mistaken purpose in connection with culture, whose end is to reveal to the mind the harmonies by which we are environed,

rather than fill it with discord, and that self-complacent acrimony which is more discordant than anything else besides. Baxter said of Sir Matthew Hale—"His very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions." The candid and fair-minded man who reads in what I have called a critical spirit, will find himself asking such questions and raising such objections as shall help him to at least as much light as the solutions of his author. Everybody who reads with his mind, in ever so small a degree, on the alert, and with ever so small a vivacity, must assimilate the thoughts of the writer with whom he is engaged to those which circumstances are suggesting to him. If my reader has ever had occasion to write an essay, the composition of which has been spread over a considerable length of time, he will know what I mean by this, and will remember how everything that fell in his way during the intervals of such composition, seemed to have a bearing upon it. So in ordinary instances, a man will read with his eye unconsciously glancing at events in which he is interested, and between which and the volume before him he will not fail to detect some tolerably close relation. Such a relation may be fanciful, but it will import a reality and an interest into the matter which will enable him to put questions that may serve to illuminate what he is reading with a clear light, such as the author would have found it beyond his power to produce. As Barrow said, all reading ought to be of the nature of consultation; and in consulting any authority, we put our own case more clearly than if we had kept it unsifted; while by raising such reasonable objections, and asking such pertinent questions as present themselves, we at once gain a more lucid apprehension of our own position, and a more decided recognition of the decision which has been given upon it. If reading be truly a consulting, it is obvious that we ought to criticise, unless the author chooses to be consulted on the terms of the Delphic oracle. Happily, Delphic oracles are not few in number, and can boast but few votaries. The intelligent man in search of an oracle is stayed by the oracular response, "Know thyself," which makes a man in the main his own teacher and adviser. Nobody but a fool supposes that he is the best or wisest person living; and it may be said that in this case we ought always to be on the look-out for some wiser or better than ourselves,

whether in the flesh or in the pages of books. To which I would reply, that as much harm comes from following good advice without having previously criticised it, as from acting on one's own folly. Mr. Carlyle, who has probably given in his books more good counsels than any living man, talks in his last work of "perfect advice having become so plentiful in this our epoch, with little but pavement to a certain locality as the consequence."* The reason why good advice falls so powerless, and has its end in good resolutions, is, that it is given and accepted on a wrong footing —on the theory, namely, that it is neither to be questioned nor criticised. Men are too apt to take their views as Tristram Shandy's father did:—"He would pick up an opinion, sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple; it becomes his own, and if he is a man of spirit, he would lose his life rather than give it up."

The critical spirit involves two elements. In the first place, the reader must place the author's views in the best possible light, and must regard him as inspired by the best motives. The position must be, first of all, considered in its most favourable aspect, and we must throw ourselves, as entirely as our education and breadth of mind will permit, into the author's philosophy. Having assured ourselves not only that we distinctly apprehend his meaning, but that to a certain extent we can realise how he came by such a doctrine, we ought then to change our position, and having, as advocate, placed the author's cause in its best light, to assume the function of the judge, and pronounce whether he have spoken well or ill.†

Professor Max Muller, in considering the diametrically opposed doctrines of Adam Smith and Leibnitz, as to whether the first names were general or particular, makes the following admirable observations:—"There are two ways of judging former philosophers. One is to put aside their opinions as simply erroneous when they differ from our own. . . . . Another way is to try to enter fully into

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* "Frederick the Great," iii. 748.

† "A doctrine is not judged at all until it is judged in its best form."—J. S. MILL.

"No character, we may affirm, was ever rightly understood till it had first been regarded with a certain feeling not of tolerance only, but of sympathy."—CARLYLE, "Essay on Voltaire."

the opinions of those from whom we differ—to make them, for a time at least, our own, till at last we discover the point of view from which each philosopher looked at the facts before him, and catch the light in which he regarded them. We shall then find that there is much less of downright error in the history of philosophy, than is commonly supposed; nay, we shall find nothing so conducive to a right appreciation of truth, as a right appreciation of the error by which it is surrounded."

The object of all reading being to impart a maturity and vigour to the understanding, and ultimately to fit the student for the wise discharge of the various duties of life, it is evident that the standard of his criticism will be practical truth and applicability. So far as a doctrine can endure this test, it will gain his approbation, endorsement and adherence. So far as a character, as disclosed to him in biography, illustrates and enforces some doctrine of this kind, it will secure his respect or admiration. And so far as any literary production operates as a stimulus to the growth of those sentiments and emotions which exercise a salutary influence upon practice, it will engage his sympathy.

No one who values truth at its right worth, will accuse me of demanding a preterhuman impartiality, or an unnatural candour. Most men are entirely responsible for their own mental tone. Bigotry, stupid self-confidence, and a wholesale disrespect for adversaries, are vices from which a man may as certainly preserve himself as from drunkenness or indolence; and yet it is very rarely that we encounter a man of judicial candour. Those who are able to tolerate a difference of opinion in most points, will generally be discovered to retain some one subject on which a difference of opinion is synonymous with ignorance, obstinacy, and wickedness. How many persons does any one of us know who could be safely trusted with absolute and despotic power over his neighbours for a week? Very few, I fear. But all this, while it shows that the vice of one-sided unfairness is widely prevalent, is no argument that the strength and dominance of such a vice are irresistible. It only proves the necessity for stronger and more persevering effort. Candour in literature is as important as charity in the scheme of Christianity. It is the keystone of that symmetrical arch which it is the office of culture to construct, and whence we are enabled to look with security

upon the turbulent waters of a life that knows no culture, and only diffuses itself in unregulated waste.

This section may be conveniently summed up in the following precepts, which, though not novel, are yet sufficiently remote from being universally adopted to bear reproducing. Concern yourself only with the attainment of truth, without respect to the ultimate conclusions which may be derived from it. Be not misled from this by the traditional respect or disrespect paid to writers, but form your own judgment. Adopt no principle, endorse no doctrine, without careful examination on your own part. Finally, respect all opinions which are supported by argument, however untenable they may seem. And above all, bear in mind Sir Thomas Browne's old saying—"I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, nor be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, within a few days, I should dissent myself." *

IV. Reading the most general should still be in some measure systematic.

It is a common error to suppose that general reading means reading which is carried on without an eye to the acquisition of any branch of knowledge, and simply implies the taking up of one book after another just as they come to our hand. By "general reader," we commonly mean a person who subscribes to a library and a literary periodical, and who gets out of the former all the books recommended by the latter, skims their contents without criticism, and without instruction; whose reading is so general, that this week he is busy with Darwin on the "Origin of Species;" next he will be buried in "The Woman in White;" and perhaps the week after that, will divide his attention between the "Life of Edward Irving," and the current number of the "Cornhill Magazine." This is indeed general reading, and may possibly be the only kind of *pabulum* which many stomachs can retain; but whether any substantial or permanent benefit is obtained from so miscellaneous a diet, may well be doubted. Ill-educated young ladies may find a reputable pastime in this promiscuous literary disporting, and may derive from it material enough to enable them to talk with more than ordinary

* "Religio Medici," p. 13.

credit and success at dinner parties. Young men, too, acquire a high reputation for intelligence and mental activity if they are able to converse on the current books of the day; but beyond this transient social advantage, it is very questionable how far the indiscriminating perusal of books *de omni scibili* is really advantageous: selected without method, and read without reference to anything else, or to one another, they flow out of the reader's mind as fast as they enter, and beyond a few isolated, and therefore for the most part useless, facts, leave no residuum behind.

I can scarcely do more than state barely, that the chief principle upon which we should devise a system of reading for ourselves is, to select books and subjects as different as possible in their nature and tendency from the ordinary conditions by which we are surrounded: that is to say, our aim being to maintain a balance of character, we should choose for our leisure hours pursuits calculated to modify the preponderance of the spirit of our business avocations. I may illustrate this precept by a general example. The most prominent characteristic of these times is the increased slrength of the money-getting desire, and its spread to classes which have heretofore been free from its influences, and which constituted therefore a powerful barrier against the evil portion of those influences. That this particular desire is in itself calculated to promote human welfare—affording as it does the best possible incitement to labour, self-denial, and forethought, and the best possible guarantee for the diffusion in ever-widening circles of the material benefits of our present stage of civilisation—nothing but the blindest antipathy to the spirit of commerce would attempt to deny. The advantages, however, arising from the pursuit of wealth to all whom it affects, are not at all likely to be overlooked or understated. We are much more apt to lose sight of the evils which, as if by some curious law of malicious compensation, never fail to flow from every source of good, and from this among the rest. But though liable to escape our observation, these evils lie really upon the very surface. Selfishness, and a tendency to postpone purer and loftier considerations to those of the lowest private welfare, are the most immediate and obvious effects of an excessive desire to amass wealth. And wealth being in most cases amassed with the further object of ostentation and display, a disposition is begotten to measure worth by

the extent of this barbaric parade. Public spirit, or that which prompts private sacrifice for the sake of some large principle of human well-being, naturally degenerates and becomes enfeebled in a condition of society in which material development and material enjoyments of the vulgarest description, are the most striking phenomena that present themselves. That which we desiderate among the generality of people is, something which shall temper this inordinate lust after wealth and worldly advancement, and carry them above and beyond such objects. Men will continue—and it is in all respects desirable that they should—to make success in the world the chief aim of existence. I say, the maintenance of such an aim is desirable, because, in a general way, success is the stamp of some genuinely meritorious qualities in those whom it attends. As a rule, the merchant who, by his acuteness, industry, and self-denial, makes an annual income which may be counted by tens of thousands, possesses qualities that are more beneficial to the world, and more admirable in themselves, than the sluggish curate, or the timid trader, whose salary may be counted by tens. Exceptions there are, no doubt; but the fact that, in spite of all that philosophers and moralists have urged to the contrary, the majority of people *do* go through life with this as their chief object, is some sort of sign that nature prompts this as the best means for evoking human faculties. The day has long gone past since St. Simeon Stylites perched on his pillar, or the vermin-covered hermit wearing life away in a cell, could be regarded as more adequately fulfilling the duties of his existence than a busy merchant or a worldly-minded politician.

But there are other things than worldly advancement which should enter into every man's conception of the real meaning of existence, and the real use of his manifold powers. Apart from religion and the duty of preparing for a future state, which it is not necessary for me here to insist on,—though I may express an opinion that the best preparation for the future is a sedulous attention to the many-sided objects of interest and duty which seem to terminate in the present,—apart from these considerations, I believe that the main object of literary culture at the present time ought to be to counteract the dominant tendencies flowing from the money-getting pursuits of the age, and so, without lessening the energy and attention at present devoted to

those pursuits, to check the evil consequences apt to result from them, by the cultivation of tastes and habits of thought of an opposite, or rather, perhaps I should say, of a wholly different kind. As the ardent longing after money inclines a man to be self-seeking to an excessive extent, he should, if he would preserve a proper mental balance, devote as much time as he can spare, after the performance of his money-getting labours, to the investigation of subjects which may teach him the worth of money, and the fact that there are gifts which mere wealth can never purchase, nor mere opulence ever enjoy; that his interests as a human being are not confined to the narrow circle of his own business, but are co-extensive with those of the race to which he belongs; and that such interests are only promoted by a careful adherence to generous principles and the purest rectitude.

There are, then, two subjects particularly fitted for general readers in this age:—Politics, on the one hand, in the broadest sense of the term, including history and political economy; and on the other, the various branches of literature concerned in the cultivation of Refinement and Taste, in which poetry and the better sort of fiction will be naturally the principal agents. I cannot enter into further detail; but I have said enough to illustrate what I mean by systematic general reading. It is reading which, though not conducted after any red-tape model, is regulated by a principle.

I may remind you, finally, that the important element is not the amount that a man reads, but the amount that he remembers. People may read a book with no more effect than when water is passed through a sieve. It does not leave the least particle of residuum; and in this case, of course, it is a matter of indifference whether the books are selected systematically, or taken just as accident presents them: the object being simply to drench the mind in a certain quantity of words, which, with the ideas they express, disappear as fast as they enter, it is of no moment out of which particular vessel the drenching medium is drawn. There is no more benefit for this sort of reader to be derived from Bacon or Shakespere, than from Martin Tupper or Ralph Waldo Emerson; and Mrs. S. C. Hall's writings will do him as much good as, and prove not less agreeable than, "Vanity Fair" or "Pickwick." Where

persons read not to learn nor to remember, it cannot be a matter of any concern whether they are fed on good literature or on that of inferior quality. The present is always viewed, and not unjustly, as a great reading age; but there is no proportionate increase of learning. More persons read, but fewer read with effect.

V. In conclusion, let me remark that the consolation of reading is not futile nor imaginary. It is no chimera of the recluse or the bookworm, but a potent reality. As a stimulus to flagging energies, as an inspirer of lofty aims, literature stands unrivalled. In the life of all, blank days come when we are inclined to envy those who say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" when the spirit of our youthful enthusiasm, like the ghost of some betrayed love, rises up and stands reproachfully before us, recalling the resolutions and aspirations of the past; reminding us how base and unworthy we should in those times have deemed the indolence and want of faith of these; and mutely asking if age, instead of ripening our wisdom and strengthening our will, has drawn a thick film over the eyes of our faith, and paralysed the right hand of our purpose. In moments like these, the lofty themes of poetry, the grandeur of history, and the noble examples of biography, kindle in those who will have recourse to them, a new energy and a fresh heart. This powerful quality of literature is not sufficiently recognised nor employed. Men know not the great agent of restoration which lies so near their hand. Other resources are not available in every circumstance, at all times, and at all ages; but literature—the song of the poet, the meditations of the philosopher, the records of the historian, and the lives of men who have left great names upon the earth—this is at once the instructor and guide of youth, and the comfort and grace of our riper years; it is an adornment to prosperity, a refuge and a solace in adversity; in private it is our delight, in public our help; and whether at home or abroad, whether in town or country, by day or by night, it remains an abiding joy and employment.

"Nam ceteræ neque temporum sunt neque ætatum omnium neque locorum; at hæc studia adolescentiam acuunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium prebent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrenantur, rusticantur."—CICERO, *Pro. Archiâ.*

THE GREAT CENTRE OF TRUTH.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS RAGG.

[ABRIDGED.]

IT was towards the end of summer. The day was calm and lovely. The sun had passed its zenith, and was hastening down the steep. A student, driven by the plague from the seats of learning on the banks of the Cam, was sitting in an orchard at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, and reflecting upon certain propositions in the Cartesian philosophy, by which the elements of Euclid were then for a season thrown into the shade. Upon his pallid brow deep lines of thought were gathering, when suddenly an apple fell from a lofty branch upon the earth. The wrinkles of that student's brow soon changed their position, and his eye was lit with an unusual fire. What brought that apple *straight* upon the earth, when the earth looked *sideways* towards the orb of day? The student rises; he walks a few paces, stops, and walks again. His humble heart was bursting with emotion. Speechless he sank upon his knees, and breathed an inaudible thanksgiving in His ears who made and who controls the forces of the universe. The mighty secret was discovered. In all its glorious magnificence, with all its wide and wonderful results, the vision of a universal law had burst on NEWTON'S soul.

Since that day rapid had been the advance of discovery in a right direction; all things were proved to be converging towards a centre, or revolving round one, under the same great law of gravitation. Thought had been compelled to take a wider range, and not only had discovered satellites revolving round their planets, and planets with their satellites around their suns, but had spread her invigorating wings for a bolder flight, and had watched those suns with their attendant systems revolving round another and a mightier centre—the centre of a constellation or a galaxy; yea, and had even conceived of those galaxies revolving round another central point—the dazzling throne

of the Eternal. The physical universe was full of startling truths or facts, and by the powers of investigation, and by the aid of the exact sciences, man ascertained these truths. All these truths, whether arithmetical or mathematical, revolved round and converged towards one central truth—the law of gravitation. Although numbers, measures, weights, and distances were not fictions, yet they could have taught us nothing of the physical universe with any great degree of certainty, beyond the earthly home to which our bodies were confined, if the great central truth—the law of gravitation—had not been discovered. Unlocked by that truth, the mysteries of the universe were mysteries no longer; and by its aid man tracked his way by an unerring line over the pathless abysses of infinitude: and there was a strong resemblance between the universe of matter and the universe of mind and morals. Good and evil, vice and virtue, pain and pleasure, were no less real than distances and weights and measures; nor were the problems they presented less wonderful than those of algebra and geometry. The truths and facts of moral science, like those of physical science, were only to be discovered by aid of the great master law or central truth, which took the place in the moral world that is held by gravitation in the world of matter. And that central truth—the master law, that common centre towards which all other moral truths converged—he should show them was Christianity, which threw light on moral darkness, cleared up moral mysteries, united what seemed discordant into one great whole, and was to nature as the translation of a mystic hieroglyph, the great converging centre of every moral truth the creation unfolded. The universe held forth many truths for our apprehension and enlightenment; but among them were four great moral ones which stood out in bold relief like the salient points of a landscape—gigantic mountains which brought their broad breasts to the sunlight, though their lofty peaks reached high above the clouds. They were—1st. The power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity; 2nd. The creature's imbecility; 3rd. Aberration and restoration; 4th. The Goodness triumphant. These were not only taught by the visible creation, but were also the basal truths on which all the doctrines of revelation rested; and since in this position they were often objected to by man, he would endeavour to

show that the teachings of nature were in these respects consentaneous with those of revelation. The wide regions of immensity teemed with evidences of GOD'S wisdom, power, and goodness. Orbs innumerable as the sand on ocean's shore, testified to the greatness of Him who called them into being, and some of these were so large that our earth was but as an atom to a mountain in comparison.

It was impossible for the human mind to attain to an adequate conception of the material universe that stood prominently forth, projected, as it were, from the mind of Deity, an enduring witness of His creative power. Thirty drops of water might be placed in an ordinary teaspoon, and in every one of those drops millions of living creatures (monad animalcula) could not only live, but enjoy life; but yet if the Atlantic Ocean could be severed into teaspoonfuls, and those teaspoonfuls into drops, and those drops multiplied by the hundreds of millions of living beings for which they provided means of exuberant enjoyment, the vast total would scarcely approximate to the numbers of the radiant orbs that stud the regions of immensity, and there pursued their destined orbits as witnesses of His almighty power who called them into being. What was displayed here? Was it simply almighty potentiality, which could act as it pleased, or had we not the manifest exertion of almighty power? But was there only power? The elements of the motions of these orbs were composed of two forces—the projectile impulse that hurled them into space; and gravitation, that drew them towards the centre around which they revolved; so that they were prevented on the one hand from wandering vagrantly into space, and, on the other, from rushing headlong on the body of their central orb. And could the proper balance be calculated for untold millions of worlds without the exertion not only of power, but also of infinite wisdom?

This was not all. The echoes of nature gave, in ever-recurring utterances, their testimony to the truth that the creatures GOD had formed were guarded with a loving Father's care. In most poetical language, Mr. Ragg dwelt at length upon the evidences of Divine goodness, as found in nature, and summed up this part of his lecture by saying, that as the flower gathered up from earth and air the separate principles which unite in its rich perfume, even so revelation appeared to have combined nature's ten thousand

times ten thousand voices, and given them forth the utterance of GOD's power, wisdom, and love.

The imbecility of the creature was the next point dwelt upon, in which the liability of animated nature to the universal law of death was set forth in glowing imagery, and the inability of man to control the powers of nature was eloquently described as showing the imbecility of the highest of material creatures. Although man was a co-worker with GOD, and was enabled to make use of and enjoy all things, yet the moment he sought to command or to alter, his impotency made it evident that he was not their lord, and that the elements of matter were not under his control. This great truth was consentaneous with the written Word of GOD. The accidents, disease, and death which man was liable to through the infraction of physical laws, were but the outward symbols of the moral law, by breaking which he had become so sunk in moral imbecility. And as nature had not only an Ordainer but an Administrator, the Holy Scriptures agreed with the embodied declaration of its innumbered voices, and whatever was the secondary cause of accidents, referred them to the first, in the permissive or active will of the Administrator—"Thou takest away their breath, they die."

On the third great subject the rev. lecturer spoke at length, showing that aberration or departure from righteousness, against which the pride of the human heart so constantly rebelled, had its parallel in the physical world. Everywhere we had exhibitions of instability; immutability and stability being attributes of GOD alone. Change was written everywhere—on the atmosphere with its varying clouds, the unstable bosom of the restless deep, and the upheavals, depressions, and oscillations of the solid earth. The stalwart frame was wearied by daily toil; "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," completed the restoration. Some of the lower animals slept for long periods in the winter, yet these periods alternated with others of active life—thus completing the aberration and restoration. The deterioration and renewal of the atmosphere, the deviations of the planets and satellites from their orbits, also pointed us analogically to man's divergence from the path of right, and that counter-attraction—the attraction of the Cross—which won him back to the rectitude in which, and for which, he was first created.

There was yet another subject—Goodness triumphant, and the crowning act of aberration and restoration he left to be developed there. Everywhere scenes of evil, physical and moral, were abundant; but these were constantly attended by an ever-living stream of goodness—goodness modifying the evil, and rendering its existence subservient to benevolent ends. Sleep, death's forerunner, was also life's restorer. Exhaustion contributed to the pleasure of replenishment, and the pangs of hunger to the enjoyment of food. The thunderstorm refreshed the parched earth; the boisterous wind dispersed the poisonous exhalations; while every convulsion through which our earth had passed had been productive of benefits to man, under the guidance of Him who "weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." The rev. lecturer then sketched, in eloquent terms, ideal landscapes of geological formations long passed away, describing how successive change, in the earth's crust, each upheaval of ocean's bed, and each depression of continent and island, had tended to produce the present formation of the surface of the globe, and to deposit great mineral treasures for the use of man. And (said the lecturer) let these exhibitions of triumphant goodness in physical phenomena point us to the greatest of exhibitions that ever occupied the stage of time—point us to its highest development in Christianity; for these physical transactions and phenomena are but the visible transcripts of a great moral truth—goodness triumphant over evil.

THE MISSION OF SONG.

BY

MR. J. C. FARN.

[Delivered at the Eccles Mechanics' Institute.]

MANY people suppose that song-singing is very well as an amusement, but worthless in the practical conduct of life. We are of a different opinion, and are fully assured that song has its mission in common with every other literary effort, and only needs wise direction for that mission to do its work. There is very great need for a sweeping reform musically, metrically, and morally, in our song-singing efforts, and that reform is being aided by the public meetings of our literary institutions. The words and the tunes of our popular songs are frequently of the most contemptible character—few of them being worth the wretched paper upon which they are printed. Few of them teach anything worth anybody's while to learn, whilst many of them are ridiculous failures considered as attempts at wit, or the expression of opinion or feeling. Doubtless as education spreads among us, many of them will die a natural death; and the sooner the better, for many of them have already lived far too long for the mental and moral culture of those who use them. There is one merit about our new songs—they are never indecent—which is more than can be said of some of our old ones. There are songs often sung in public-houses and in workshops which it is positive pollution to sing or hear. Only low, uncultivated, sensual natures can appreciate them. If there were no other songs to choose from than the class we have mentioned, the matter would not be mended. It is not better to have bad songs than none at all; but we are not driven to this, for even out of our common song-books, some good ones, or, at all events, some far above the average, may be selected; to adopt the worst is an unmistakable evidence of an execrable taste. If we cannot select those in praise of virtue, let us at least *not* select those which pander to vice. Such songs cannot be said or sung without exciting contempt and

disgust in any properly constituted mind. Our convivial songs in drinking life are open to other objections; they are mere jingle, there is no melody in them; and instead of rectifying the moral nature, are far more likely to lead it astray.

In asking for a better selection of songs, we proceed upon the assumption that the love of music is natural to all in a greater or less degree—from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. We are not asking that the songs selected shall be gems of poetic or musical art. If they were so all at once, they would not be appreciated. But we do ask, that they shall not be thoroughly nonsensical or revoltingly impure;—that they shall be something above that taste so well described by Blair—"No younker on the green laughs louder or tells a smuttier tale when drunkards meet." Our concert songs are of a higher class than those we have been describing. They fail, however, as much in maudlin sentiment and fantastical quavering as the others do in poetry and morals. But what is to be the end of all this grumbling? We want such songs, for the most part, as those which have been sung from our local literary platforms—songs which teach something, songs which are free from the leaven of moral evil, songs worth learning, and which can easily be learned by those who stand in need of them for their hours of recreation. There is sense in music as well as sense in poetry, and therefore there is no necessity for one being a mere quavering jingle, any more than the other should be a jingle of words. Oh for a reformer of our music and song, on the principle of making them promote the great purpose of life—the happiness of all! The songs of the Indians answer the purpose intended—that of arousing the courage necessary for daring deeds, and, in defeat, bidding defiance to the victorious foe. It is not because they are beautiful in composition, either metrically or musically, but because they breathe with a purpose. The same may be said of national songs. Our own "Britons never shall be slaves," utter the sentiment of the national heart, and we all sing heartily—

> "The nations not so blest as thee,
> Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
> Whilst thou shall flourish great and free,
> The dread and envy of them all."

Would that our abhorrence of slavery extended itself to all its forms!

From the earliest times we have been rich in the element of ballad and song, and they at one time had far more influence upon the popular mind than they have in our day. Many of our literary men have written regretfully of what we may call the decline and fall of the influence of song, and some of our poets have attempted many times to restore that influence, but they have only been successful in a very inconsiderable degree; and yet their names are great in the world of lyric, epic, and dramatic composition. The man who would deny the influence of sacred song in creating devotional feeling, would be as one who had not noticed that which had grown up and gone on around him. It is for those who deride or despise the power of song to show that moral feeling, moral aspirations, and moral devotion *cannot* be nursed, cultured, developed, and maintained by it. They should not despise the day of small things—

> "Smallest help, if rightly given,
> Make the impulse stronger;
> It will be strong enough one day,—
> Wait a little longer."

Henry Russell, by the aid of a good publisher, has done much to furnish us with a budget of good songs, adapted chiefly to easily sung tunes; and nearly the whole of them breathe a purpose. We do not say that these songs of his are of the highest order either in words or music, but they are quite sufficient for our present purpose, and it will be time enough to depreciate them when we are better in practice than they are in theory. There is in them a fund of moral philosophy wrapped in the garb of rational amusement, that we have never been favoured with by any other collector, singer, or publisher. Russell, we are told, has made a fortune by his concertist experiments; if so, so much the better. It shows that it will pay as well to improve the public taste as to care nothing about it. It is a collection of which we have long stood in need, and may do for us what Burns has done for Scotland: there is about both a sound and healthy tone of moral feeling. Burns is sung extensively in Scotland, but not to the extent he deserves. Who amongst us feels indisposed to join in "Auld

Lang Syne," "John Anderson my Joe," or "Banks o' Doon?" What a fund of mirth we have in "Green grow the Rushes, O," "My heart is breaking, dear Tittie," "O for ane-and-twenty, Tam," "What can a young lassie do with an auld man," "Duncan Gray," and others, which might be easily named. If we turn to his other pieces not adapted to music, but used as recitations, the same merry pleasure may be culled, and is even extracted by him from the toothache. All depends upon rendering them in the spirit they are written. Just in proportion to this do they gain or lose in power.

A Cyclopædia of songs selected for the purpose of moral instruction, would be a compendium of moral philosophy far more valuable than the treatises of Paley and Smith, albeit, the phases of the subject might not be so learnedly illustrated. Yet people seem afraid of touching the subject in this form. The books published by the Irish Educational Board are of a very high class in moral purpose, and yet, in the selection of songs, there are only two or three sufficiently adapted for singing in the domestic circle,—"The Mariner's Wife," and the "Mariners of England," being almost the only exceptions. The songs of our literary seasons have been always of a harmless, often an improving character, and there has been some to suit all good tastes. Away at once with all perverting songs from the public-house or the workshop! It is moral mischief to have them in our memories, or brought before our notice at any time. 1st. It is clear that the bulk of our popular songs are utterly worthless, and many of them positively pernicious. 2nd. That the means of a much better selection abound on every hand; and were it not so —if the public taste required larger resources—our song-makers would soon supply all that could be required. 3rd. That the taste for song is a thoroughly natural taste, and only errs through misdirection, or the absence of thoughtful tendencies to guide it. 4th. That the remedy is not to be found in denunciation or prohibition of songs, but by selections being made from those worth learning and hearing; dismissing those of a contrary character with contempt.

THE PENNY POWER.—The magical penny has dethroned the splendid shilling. This is a revolution more important and wonderful in its practical results than many which have been immortalised in history. It is a bloodless convulsion, which has conferred the most substantial benefits on mankind. Mind and matter have alike profited by its triumph. Bodies may travel for a penny-a-mile by the parliamentary train; and a penny postage stamp gives thought full liberty to travel from one end f the kingdom to the other. The artizan can recruit his strength with penny bowls of soup, and cool his parched thirst with penny ices. The physical understanding of man is rendered lustrous by penny shoeblacks, and his intellectual understanding is polished by penny papers. It is true that there are still some old stagers who cling to the belief that dearness is the test of excellence. These folks are a great blessing to certain tradesmen. They buy with delight at a high price the same goods which they would reject with scorn if they were offered to them for the much smaller amount paid for them by the knowing ones. Their champagne at half-a-guinea a bottle comes out of the same bin as that which the worldly-wise buy at three and sixpence. They insist upon wearing French lawns and muslins, which have been exported from their native Irish looms, and doubled in nominal value by the imposition of a foreign trade-mark; and French gloves from Woodstock, and French ribbons from Coventry, which have derived similar benefit from a trip across the channel. In the matter of literature their prejudices are still more obdurate. The old three-volume novel at a guinea and a-half, with its purling brook of type meandering through a prairie of margin, is, in their sight, the only respectable institution in the shape of fiction. Give them precisely the same matter in a shilling railway volume, and they will suspect that it has been adulterated, and will refuse to have anything to do with it. Newspapers, they hold, must be high-priced, or they are nothing. A leading article at 3d. inspires them with respect—not so fervent, however, as if the daily broadsheet had remained at its primary 7d.; but a leading article at 1d. they laugh to scorn. It is vain to demonstrate to them that for the smaller coin they buy as much information, as much ability—and, perhaps, in some

cases, a trifle more of some other qualities not altogether worthless. Nothing will shake their devotion to the expensive. These good people do not deserve to be hardly dealt with. They are, for the most part, well-meaning enough; and their gravest fault is, that they are stupid. They will die out, and the victorious penny will march triumphantly over their sepulchres in its conquering way. Nobody can say what fresh conquests await it in the future. Penny theatres have hitherto been disreputable, and penny concerts have been equally open to legitimate reprobation. But it is by no means impossible that both may come within the pale of respectability. It must have seemed as little likely a century ago that a man would ever be able to buy one of Shakspere's plays for a penny, as it now appears that he will ever have it in his power to see it acted for a similar outlay. But progress is ever onward, and each year sees developed some new and unlooked-for wonder. But already the penny has become a mighty power. Grave financiers regard it with deserved reverence, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is penny-wise enough to add a coin of that value to the income-tax, can scarcely feel pound-foolish enough when, at the end of the year, he finds himself in possession of an additional million sterling.—*The Morning Star.*

LADY PIGOT ON "EDUCATION."—A public meeting was lately convened at Cowlings, Suffolk, by this estimable lady, who earnestly advocated the cause of education in that neglected parish. She observed, that the school was of primary importance, since without education the life of an Englishman would be but slightly removed from that of the savage—she had almost said slave; but the slave-master had far greater consideration for his slave than in free England a farmer has for his men. A man cannot work unfed. In the North of England wages are 12s. and 14s. a week; a man does work there, but does not altogether neglect his education. I am surprised (said Lady Pigot) we do not follow in these parts the better system of other counties. Education, consistent with the station of life God has seen fit to place him in, must raise a man morally and physically. You give him a power of recreation which will [illegible]ly, even though slowly, raise him from his animal stupidity

to a life of thoughtfulness and thankfulness. How many curse in their despair the GOD who made them! How many curse the day that gave them life, because they have no knowledge of GOD, no feeling, and no knowledge of any life beyond the present! But the man possessing a fair share of knowledge, has a power of enjoyment which his uneducated neighbour knows nothing of. He can beguile weary hours by reading. He can read and learn and judge for himself GOD's Word; he can read works which tell him of the wonders of the world he is living in; he can read to his less-favoured neighbours, thanks to education. Lady Pigot then went on to state that in that parish there were 840 souls, and no school, no resident clergyman, no library, nowhere for a young man on leaving work to go but the public-house. They were in a deplorable condition. Their children were sent to schools far from home, and inferior to what their own might be if they undertook to have one, and, by GOD's blessing to keep it as it ought to be. The want of education led man, in the sullen ignorance of his poor neglected intellect, away from the peace and comfort of his home, to the beershop and the society of men equally ignorant and weak in moral and religious character. Such men too often went from bad to worse, till they became convicted thieves, poachers, burglars, or incendiaries. I want (continued Lady Pigot) to give to the poor man an education suited to his wants, and thereby to give him also an interest in his daily occupations. I want to tighten the bonds of fellowship and friendship between the rich and the poor, between the labourer and his master. We can do nothing without each other; one labours with his hands, and the others should labour with their heads for him. We must strive to better his state, to make him feel that he is not a mere beast of burden, worth so many shillings a-week to his employer, but a fellow-creature with ourselves, with a soul to be saved, with feelings to be considered, and with an intellect given to him by GOD to be turned to account.

THE BLACKBIRD.

OH! BLACKBIRD, sing me something well!
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine; the range of lawn and park;
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill,
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young.

And, in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse;
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse,
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning!—he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

TENNYSON.

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A DAY WITH THE IGUANODON;

A LONG TIME AGO.

BY THE

REV. PROFESSOR GRIFFITH,

President of the Liverpool Geological Society.

THE LECTURER began by apologising for the fiction-like title of the lecture. It was meant, not as a license for capricious invention, but strictly as a help to the picturing of literal truth. In the year 1820, the late Dr. Mantell picked up in Tilgate Forest an immense tooth, very unlike anything that had ever before come under his notice. He afterwards showed it to Baron Cuvier, who pronounced it to be constructed on a type unknown to science, belonging as he suspected to an extinct monstrous herb-eating reptile, bearing similar relations to the crocodile as an elephant does to the lion or tiger. One day, while puzzling over this hint, he was asked to look at the skeleton of a little Iguana, when, to his unspeakable delight, he found that its teeth looked like a miniature edition of his celebrated fossil. This gave him a foundation fact on which to proceed. The unknown was a colossus with a tooth like the modern Iguana. To emphasize the discovery, he appended the Greek termination for tooth. Hence the easily remembered *Iguan-odon*, no longer "a gentle meeting of lights without a name," but the definite hero of a thousand songs! The next move was to search the world for Iguanas, and learn everything possible about their structure, varieties, and habits. About 150 different species are known in the West Indies, most of them strongly remind-

ing us in outline of the common water newt, and averaging from four to five feet in length. Closely allied to them is the Amblyrhyncus Cristanus, the only existing reptile that can be strictly styled marine. Its food is deep-water sea-weed, hunting for which it is often seen far out at sea. Yet, strange to say, though possessed of the most perfect powers for swimming or diving, if frightened, nothing can induce it to enter or stay in the water. Darwin tells us of catching one and throwing it as far as he could into the sea. It instantly returned in a direct line. This was done repeatedly, and always with the same result. The lecturer supposed that as the land is comparatively free from enemies, while the sea abounds in sharks, and kindred desperadoes, Mama has often told him the shore is the safest place; so he always runs to it, whatever the emergency. The principle is good, but he applies it wrongly. Interesting, to watch the effect of a better acquaintance with persecuting man, on the logical instincts of his descendants!

Carrying these pictures with them, the audience were now prepared for a closer introduction to their hero. In the British Museum was a bone 22 inches in girth in the smallest part, more than twenty times that of the corresponding bone of the Iguana, indicating a length upwards of 100 feet. Much larger ones may be seen elsewhere. It has been hotly disputed of late, whether a "horn" found in the same quarry, belonged to his nose or to his foot. Probably the foot had the best of the argument, though the inference shocked popular notions little less than if we robbed Queen Bess of her frills and ruffles, or summarily transferred them to her ankles! The main controversy was about the shape of the after part of the body, of which no specimen had yet been produced. Professor Owen makes him a kind of Manx cat, with only the ghost of a rear-guard; whilst Dr. Mantell paints him as a reputable tabby, with an appendage nearly as long as the trunk, growing less by degrees and beautifully fine. The speaker would not pretend to adjudicate between such authorities. For himself he could do "admirably with either, were but the other dear charmer away." Many of them had seen a model of the animal at Sydenham, in the stomach of which 22 gentlemen dined together in December, 1853. As compared with any existing reptile, he stood remarkably high above ground, and far exceeded in bulk our largest herb-

iverous mammalia. There is a well-known thigh bone, which, if covered with suitable integuments, would form a limb seven feet in circumference. The toes were armed with claws more than five inches long, and three inches wide at the roots. No wonder Dr. Buckland irreverently but admiringly dubbed him "Old Scratch!" Pretty sight, a troop of them weeding turnips, or digging for earth nuts! What they charged per diem is not in the record. These remains, however plentiful in museums, are not to be picked up at random. They belong to what our maps call the Wealden, seen a little south of London, stretching thence to the English Channel, passing under the sea and reappearing at the surface in Germany. The whole of this was simply a mud-bank thrown up at the mouth of a tremendous river, which once poured into the ocean in these latitudes. Of that they were as certain as of any fact in the world's history. A beautiful section is to be seen at Brook Point, Isle of Wight, where at low water are exposed hundreds of tons of enormous petrified pine trees, with a perfect network of snags and brushwood, the remains of a raft floated thither in the days of the Iguanodon. In not a few of them, the annular lines of growth are quite distinct, showing a variation of climate of which they are the crystalised outcome and memorial,—Nature's imperishable self-registering barometers!

The lecturer now told an amusing story of his being there with a party of geologists on a hot day in 1855, when they found what somebody jocularly called the egg of an Iguanodon, adding that if the patent incubator would but hatch it into life, their fortunes were made for ever. Alas! it proved to be a 68-pounder cannon ball! Truth is sure to show herself ultimately, however for a time she may seem to play with us at bo-peep. He next passed on to inquire about the darling's birth-place. Who welcomed the little stranger into life? In what circumstances did his young ideas first shoot into definite shape? It was clear from the condition in which the relics are found, that they must have been floated and rolled by currents over immense distances, before they became finally imbedded. A very beautiful map was here presented, of the supposed geography of the globe at the time. Like the Mississippi or the Amazon, the mighty stream which flowed through Iguanada, had its source thousands of miles off from its

deltoid accumulations at the mouth. Where is now that river with its multitudinous spoils? Where the land from whose springs its waters were fed? All we can say with confidence is, that it was Atlanticwards, that it enjoyed a higher temperature than any part of modern Europe, that it was specially rich in vegetation, and crowded with inhabitants the like of which are no longer on earth. It is especially noteworthy, that among them was a microscopic genus, built on a cold-climate type, showing that however warm as a whole, there were lofty ranges, near the snow line of which those little creatures had appropriate homes, before the floods swept them down to the river. Strange, though so long dead, they still speak, giving unmistakable lessons on physical geography!

This brought them to the subject of *food*. One way of learning what sort of table a gentleman keeps, is occasionally to dine with him. That we cannot do with the Iguanodon, as he rides a "sulky," and neither gives nor receives invitations to pot-luck. Another is to go among his butchers and bakers, &c., and learn what they are accustomed to send to his house; and the third is, to examine the bones in the cinder heap, to which the cook throws the sweepings of the kitchen. That we can easily do with the Iguanodon, who fortunately was buried in his own ash-pit, in fact "grounded on his own beef-bones." His teeth demonstrate that he was a strict vegetarian; while the fragmentary specimens scattered around him as "he lies in his glory," show the normal productions of the country on whose treasures he fed. The recipe for his everyday salad prescribed several strong, rank grasses, rushes, and water-flags, with gigantic fern trees, pines, and abietites bearing cones more than a foot long, and an incomprehensible species of dragon's blood asparagus, on the pine-apple type (Clathraria Lyelli), some of the remains of which are too heavy for a man to lift. A hundred-weight each of these, mashed carefully in a hogshead of water, "and when taken to be well shaken." On grand occasions there were at least 74 others, the unmouthable names of which are familiar to geologists. Nor did they seem to disagree with his digestion; at any rate they did not stop his growth, made no Tom Thumb of him, despite any possible qualms of dyspepsia. His precise age when he died is not known, though probably certain assertions hazarded thereon about

a "thousand years," are not as proofless as is sometimes imagined. Another very important question is the *time* when he lived. That is difficult to be determined, not from any fault in the parish register, but from our not having a convenient measurer for expressing it. Suppose a geographer wished to give you an idea of the size of the Pacific or Mediterranean: would it help you to be told that it contained so many gallons or drops? Would it not rather be absurd—nay, positively impertinent—to talk of drops or gallons in such a connection? Not a whit less impertinent to talk of centuries when trying to fix the Iguanodon era. Put a row of closely-packed numerals extending from John-o'-Groats to Lands-end, and ask Sir C. Lyell if they go back to the Wealden. He will answer "very possibly, but I can't be sure." If you must have some number, say "ten times ten hundred thousand million of centuries," or anything else you please, so long as we can attach no meaning to it. The geologist will be the last to contradict you, as he no more thinks of calculating it by centuries, than a merchant does of selling sugar by the particle, or an astronomer of tabulating the milky way by a pocket microscope. Be it ever so long, there was still anterior to it a GOD-filled eternity, of which it is not even an algebraical fraction.

A rapid glance was now taken of the Iguanodon's contemporaries. There were countless multitudes of shells of above 40 different kinds, allied to still existing land or fresh-water forms. Crustacæa were numerous individually, but limited in species, the chief being an aquatic wood-louse, and a diminutive Cyclops with only one eye in the middle of its head. With these are found above 30 sorts of insects, belonging mostly to the beetle, grasshopper, gnat, dragon-fly, and the bug. Fishes also were numerous, and extending over a wide range of species, the nearest living representatives of which are the sturgeon and the shark. The estuary of the Wealden, however picturesque, was hardly to be recommended as a bathing-place. Everywhere it abounds with teeth horribly reminiscent of poor Red Riding Hood, or the Dragon of Wantley! His real companions must be looked for among the reptilia, the undoubted aristocracy of the day. At the bottom of the scale came hosts of marine and fresh-water turtles and tortoises; but as these were only 3 or 4 feet long, it is enough to mention

them. Next appeared crocodiles innumerable (Teleosaurs and Steneosaurs) with elongated snouts, like the Gavial of the Ganges, bristling with long lines of teeth, specially adapted for fish-hunting. These were the Arabs of the coast line—"and round about the cauldron stout they danced right merrily." Among those approaching his own rank stood first the terrible fish-like lizard, called Ichthyosaur, from 40 to 60 feet long, with four strong paddles, and a back as flexible as that of an eel. Anatomists tell us his speed in the water must have equalled our best carrier pigeons. Such was the size of the eyes, that it requires a string of 5 feet to surround the cavity of one in the British Museum. Next, the crane-like lizard Plesiosaur, of which 17 species are known. This Cuvier thought the most heteroclite of all known animals, possessing the trunk of a quadruped, a neck resembling the body of a serpent, the head of a lizard, the stomach of a shark, and the ribs of a chameleon. He reminded the lecturer of a celebrated politician, described as an "American-Jew-Greek of Scottish extraction brought up in Ireland!" Alongside these appeared the sea-horse lizards, known as the Pleiosaurs, of still enormously greater size, and making their home farther out in the sea; and next to them, the great whale lizards or Cetiosaur, about whose size or shape the lecturer feared to be particular, lest the audience should pronounce him gone clean daft. He was, in fact, the veritable sea-serpent of science, having a crocodile's head, a shark's tail, a whale's body, the legs of an otter, and a digestive apparatus that would fill a good-sized church. On land, reptiles were equally predominant. The heavens were actually full of flying dragons. Of the Pterodactyle alone, or wing-fingered lizard, there were 8 well-known species. This hideous creature was equally fitted for flying, running, climbing escarpments, or diving in deep water. Never was another such a "Jack-of-all-Trades!" We picture him as a sort of Hippogrif alligator; and a more fearful vision, "sailing with obscene wing (more than 18 feet from tip to tip) athwart the moon," it would be difficult to imagine. He was no fit companion for man. Father Adam did well to wait till such folks were out of the way. Still higher in rank stood the stupendous Hylæosaur, or lizard of the weald, a little less crinolined in the trunk, but quite as long as the Iguanodon. We reach the climax in the awe-inspir-

ing Megalosaur—the very Bluebeard of comparative anatomy, probably the most formidable creature that ever appeared on the earth. This was a kind of panther lizard, or, if you like the combination better, a wolf-like boa constrictor, a fierce land flesh-eater, at once singularly agile and massive, to whose rapacity there seemed no limits. Think of encountering such a spectre, "beneath the abbey walls," "shimmering in the pale glimpses of the moon!" As a watch-dog for Gog and Magog, he might have done admirably; but he was decidedly too much of a good thing for his degenerate descendants—worse than Byron's Tiglath Pelezer in the halls of Oxford. "Dread Tyrant, go where glory waits thee!"—to the tombs of the Capulets. We prefer thy room to thy company.

After these preliminaries, the audience were asked to fetch out their Pegasus, and dash backwards in time, thinking no more of centuries than a telegraphic message does of the sand dust over which it flashes. Having promised them "a day with the Iguanodon," he would now "call his spirit from the vasty deep," and put them as livingly as possible in mesmeric rapport with his worship for the remainder of the evening. A long and humorous, but most carefully-drawn word-picture was then given, of his awaking at sunrise, with a growl-grunt like the muttering of a young earthquake, and tramping off to the forest for breakfast, where, after gulping a waggon-load in the "Robin-a-Bobbin-a-Bilbery-Hen" fashion, he still complained he had not enough. He then goes down to the river side, and watches the carnage going on among the sharks and crocodiles, "thick as leaves in Val Ambrosa." A Pterodactyle pounces on a Pike—a Teleosaur on the Pterodactyle—a Plesiosaur on the Teleosaur, &c., in glorious Donnybrook fair scramble. Next he climbs the top of a mountain—"sich a getting up stairs,"—whence he has a view of the oolitic ocean. Encrinites munched by a Pycnodont—avenged by a Port Jackson cestracionf, and reavenged by the Icthyosaur, who swallows the swallower as a pilule. After him starts the Pleiosaur, and after the Pleiosaur the almost unimaginable Cetiosaur, whose great shark-shaped tail, many fathoms behind, rocked and plunged like a locomotive run mad! A little before sunset the Iguanodon comes down to dinner. On his way he meets the Hylaceosaur, to whom he gives battle, the particulars of which could be described

only by the "genius of Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar and mighty Obrian to boot." The Hylaceosaur failing in weight rather than pluck, is got under, when a horrible Megalosaur with a tiger-like spring leaps on the back of the Iguanodon, and at a stroke buries his fangs deep in the vertebræ! See what a rent the envious Casca made! With the suddenness of a pistol shot, the story is over. Alas! poor Yoric is dead! The wheel of destiny moves onwards. Mighty Samson Agonistes, fare-thee-well! "Nunc dimittimus." The reptile reign is closed—that of the mammal dawns!

And all the birds of the air fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll for great Cock Robin!

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS OF SHAKSPERE.

BY THE

REV. F. N. Y. KEMBLE.

THE LECTURER commenced by speaking of the boldness of any person selecting Shakspere as the subject of a lecture; but as he was not prompted by a spirit of criticism, but simply with the desire still further to extend the poet's wide-spread fame, he should not lay himself open to the charge of presumption. Some of the most eminent literary men of modern times had shown themselves inadequate to the task of criticising Shakspere: far be it from him, then, to intrude his infant strength within the arena where giants had been vanquished. His design did not go beyond the gratification of his audience, and to diffuse more widely the knowledge of that great poet. He would not venture to discuss his merits, for he felt himself utterly disqualified to do so; and he regretted, for their sakes, his incapacity to set the subject before them with that power of language and elevation of sentiment of which the subject was so worthy. He had undertaken to lecture upon the Historical Plays; but as they were *ten* in number, he should confine this lecture to that of "King John." Aware that he who tried to represent Shakspere by select quotations would succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when

he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen; and also, that his real power was not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenour of his dialogue; still, nevertheless, he had no alternative but to make extracts. Before doing this, however, he would remark upon Shakspere's writings generally, and upon his historical plays in particular. They were neither tragedies nor comedies, properly so-called. There was a striking difference between them and the plays of the Ancients. Shakspere delighted in mixture and combinations. He blended together nature and art, poetry and prose, seriousness and mirth, recollection and anticipation, spirituality and sensuality, terrestrial and celestial, life and death. All the ancient poetry was, as it were, a rhythmetical law—a promulgation of permanently established rules, and reflected in itself the eternal image of things. But romantic poetry disdained the trammels of prescribed laws; and was perpetually striving after new and marvellous births. One was conception—the other, feeling; and while conception could only comprise each object separately, feeling could take in all at one and the same glance. The one kind of poetry was sometimes compared with sculpture, and the other with painting.

Shakspere was evidently careless of fame, to judge from the vicissitudes to which he wilfully exposed his first compositions. His was indeed the poetry of nature; his characters were the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world would always supply, and observation always select. It was, then, to the praise of Shakspere that his drama was the mirror of life. He has, however, been censured by men of no mean capacity for the wildness and irregularity of his compositions. Hume preferred Pope to Milton, Addison to Shakspere; whilst Voltaire has in the height of his presumption designated Shakspere a barbarian. But these men were so wedded to the rules of the Greek schools of composition, that they could not appreciate the great bard: they seemed to forget the object of the drama was to furnish a faithful picture of human life as it was; or, in Shakspere's own words—"to hold the mirror up to nature." The fact was, that Shakspere's contempt for the petty proprieties contended for by these prejudiced critics, constituted the chief grandeur of his plays. The more we examined them the more we were

convinced that those stirring scenes of his, which now delighted and astonished us, could not have been produced had he observed the rules for dramatic composition which his predecessors had never dared to violate.

The historic plays are ten in number:—1. King John; 2. Richard II.; 3 and 4. Henry IV.; 5. Henry V.; 6, 7, 8. Henry VI.; 9. Richard III.; and the last, not least, 10. Henry VIII. In writing historical dramas, a certain poetical license was allowed, of which Shakspere did not scruple to avail himself. He seems to have studied the old English chronicles with great diligence; and when it was appropriate, even followed Hollinshed so closely as to introduce into his plays whole speeches from that author's book. He of course took the liberty of moulding the facts of history to suit his purpose; but he always gave a true picture of the times he delineated. It has been said as a reproach that our youth derived their history from Shakspere, but he should take care to refer to other sources upon all points where he thought the Bard was untrustworthy; and it must be borne in mind that the dramatist intended his representation not to be a history, but a play, the very name of which implies a fictitious narrative. For his part (said the lecturer) he felt truly grateful to those men who by indulging us with an account of what they saw and felt while on their aerial flights, though their sensations were but fancies, raised us—in imagination, at least—above the common-places around us, and enabled us for the moment to forget our relation to the dust. It was refreshing now and then to be set dreaming and castle building; for he reckoned that a castle in the air was better than no castle at all; and he was thankful to those who could afford him such refreshment. There were limits, no doubt: it was Shakspere's productions which dealt with probabilities that were generally most appreciated; that was the secret of the influence he exercised over us, and by which he had kept for two centuries and a-half the admiration of the world.

The object of Shakspere in the historical plays was to revive the past; to bring the mighty dead once more before the eyes of the living; and, like the Prophet of Israel, to cause the shadow to go backwards on the dial-plate of time. The mists that gathered round the dead could not obscure his vision. His was a genius capable of

re-illumining the darkest and most distant periods of our history—of awakening the monarch from his slumbers, of raising the hero from his tomb, of captivating the lover anew, of restoring the beauty in all her former loveliness. His plays were real, living, breathing history, and they afforded us a better conception of England in the olden time, than all the laborious volumes which the subject had called forth. They might be regarded as the interpreters of the mind of the nation in the Elizabethan era; and from them we learnt with pride what a fine race the old English people were. How they delighted in the remembrance of their ancient kings, statesmen, and warriors; how they gloried in the recollection of Agincourt; and how proud they were of the high position which they occupied in the world; and how fully conscious, even then, of their destiny to become the first of all nations in politics, philosophy, literature, and commerce, arms and arts; and to be in every age the leaders in the vanguard of civilisation. In this "history," too, the author appeared not only as a great poet and a great philosopher, by whom the deepest recesses of the human heart had been explored, but also as a true patriot, striving to familiarise his countrymen with the noblest passages of their history—to fill their minds with lofty aspirations—to teach them to regard their native isle as the nursery of a race destined to play a great part in the world—to conquer and to rule—and to whose keeping was entrusted the dearest interests of humanity. Those noble lines in praise of England, which Shakspere put into the mouth of "Old John of Gaunt," ought to be engraven on the hearts of all her sons:—

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, this demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for himself
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat, defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

(Feared by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service, and true chivalry,
As in the sepulchre of stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;)
This land of dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.

None but a real patriot could have written this of his fatherland.—Mr. Kemble went on to review the history of the era in which Shakspere was born, of which he gave a graphic description; and which alone, he said, could be compared with the present times. The mists of the middle ages had just rolled away; and civilisation, like the sun just emerged from the dark cloud, was shining with renewed brilliancy upon regions hitherto unvisited by its rays. The mind of man, escaped from the fetters of superstition and tyranny, which had so long enchained it, was exulting in its new-found freedom. The art of printing had been recently discovered, and the printing press was doing its work in the diffusion of knowledge among the people.

Archimedes once said—"Give me a lever long enough, and a fulcrum strong enough, and with my own weight I will move the earth." In the age in which Shakspere lived, the requisite lever and fulcrum were found, and the earth was moved. Luther was the Archimedes, and the printing press was the lever; the mind of man was the fulcrum; and the combined force of these powers proved irresistible. At the very first outset, the stronghold of superstition, tyranny, ignorance, and misery, was levelled with the dust. Wherever Luther and the printing press appeared, a new life sprung into existence; the desert was no longer barren—the dungeon was no longer a place of gloom. The first boon of the printing press was the Reformation. This great educator of the people set men reasoning, thinking, and exercising the right of private judgment; and the history of the world was changed. Of this age Shakspere's works were the truest history; and whoever would acquire a general knowledge of "England and the English" during those exciting times, and would judge of the hopes, fears, and aspirations to which the stirring events of that day gave rise, should study Shak-

spere's "Historical Plays." They formed the noblest History of England that ever was written, for if they were not an exposition of minute events, they were the pictures of life. For, as in human existence itself, which in its alternations of joy and sorrow resembled the ever-changing aspect of an April day—now sunshine and now showers—so tears and laughter by turns affected us as we perused those just portraits of the vicissitudes of life. As we proceeded in the examination of those works, we should become acquainted with many characters that really existed, and with circumstances which really occurred in the world. By the aid of that Great Magician, we should be able to summon into our presence men who had long since made their final exit from the world's stage. We should seem to see them play over again the parts which they had gone to answer for before Him who takes no account of the lapse of ages—with whom "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." The object of his lecture was to follow their history with a view to their own profit; to understand their follies and quarrels; and to weep over their sorrows, their wickedness, and their crimes. Human life, of which ourselves were partakers, and which was so vividly and truthfully pourtrayed in the dramas they were considering, was environed with wonders. Behind us was an eternity—before us was an eternity: like a star shooting through the sky—like a wave breaking on the shore—man appeared for a moment in existence, and in a moment again disappeared.

After this eloquent introduction, the lecturer described the histories of Shakspere more in detail, observing that eight out of thirteen were so linked together as to embrace an uninterrupted period of nearly one hundred years of English history;—"King John" being the prologue, and "Henry VIII." the epilogue to the other eight. The play of "King John" was the only one which he proposed to deal with on the present occasion. He traced the life of the craven-hearted tyrant, by Shakspere's narrative, from the commencement of his reign, to his death at Swinstead Abbey. It was in that play that we first heard of the grumblings of the storm which, bursting forth in a later age, separated for ever the Church of England from the Church of Rome. Turning from considerations such as

these, the lecturer examined the play in detail, contrasting the description of the story as Shakspere hath it, with the real history by admitted authorities. In passing, he pointed out an anachronism, where John was made to speak of the "thunder of his cannon;" whereas gunpowder was not invented till a hundred years later, and the first battle in which cannon was used was said to have been that of Cressy, fought in the reign of Edward III.

In speaking of the cordial hatred which Eleanor, the mother of King John, displayed towards Constance, the mother of Prince Arthur, the lecturer remarked that the enmity did not appear to have arisen solely out of the still prevailing fashion of mothers to dislike their daughters-in-law, but was to be explained by her jealousy of the power which Constance would exercise within the realm of England during Arthur's minority. Referring to the character of "the Bastard,"—King Richard's illegitimate son—the lecturer said that Shakspere, while reviewing the scenes he was describing with consummate skill—the spirit of these chivalrous times of high words and base acts—furnished us also with a running commentary on the whole in the witty sarcasms of the Bastard, who ridiculed the secret springs of politics, without repudiating them; for he owned that it was his object to make his fortune by similar means. He wound up the second act with a railing speech upon "commoding," that is expediency, which, in his bantering fashion he alluded to thus:—

Bast.—"Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say, there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commoding,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee."

Then, as to Constance, the lecturer quoted Mrs. Jameson's true and beautiful conception of her character. "This which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance," she says, "is power—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride; the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest—is deficient; or, rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical

colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears,—are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance, not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while, neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure." The lecturer pointed out, by reference to the text, how well the feminine critic had pourtrayed the character. John's bold repudiation of the Pope's interference by the mission of the legate Pandulph, was illustrated by a quotation of the text wherein he questions the right of the "meddling priest" to demand any explanation of his conduct. The Bastard's ridicule of the Duke of Austria's lion's skin, which the Bastard thought with Constance should be a calf's skin, was well handled; and Constance's poignant grief for her "pretty Arthur," when taken prisoner, was likewise signalised by a quotation from the text. With this lament she quits the scene, but Shakspere throughout the play did not allow her to be forgotten; for wherever Arthur appeared, there too was the spirit of Constance, like a guardian angel, watching over him. In this way did the lecturer bring his audience to the last scene in the act and the close of his lecture, quoting as he progressed the finest and most pathetic passages of the play. Shakspere, up to a certain point, though leading the sympathies of the audience to Constance and her son, had not influenced their feelings to hatred towards John. But when he treacherously sought the murder of the youth, and showed his devilish disposition in endeavouring to compass the dastardly act, all sympathy was gone. He was no longer looked upon as a king, but as the cowardly assassin wanting the courage to perpetrate the deed which his heart approved. The moving incident of the visit of Hubert to Arthur in his prison, for the purpose of putting out his eyes with the red-hot irons, was given in detail, and with quotations by the lecturer

with great effect upon the audience: and so also in the terrible self-accusing denunciation of royal wrath against the supposed murderer of the Prince—Hubert. To attempt, however, to pursue the drama to the end, or even to convey a faint notion of the ability of the representation of the various characters by the lecturer, would be vain in so inadequate a notice. Before closing his lecture, he remarked upon the absence of all allusion to the *Magna Charta*, which he considered an extraordinary omission in such a play as Richard III. Finally, the lecturer said that the world within which we lived was a world of progress and of change, and it not unfrequently happened that the trifles of to-day expanded in a succeeding age into questions of grave importance, whilst the absorbing interests of the present hour sometimes lost their significance in the generation that followed. What one age esteemed as wisdom, the next often regarded as folly. It was possible, therefore, nay probable, that a day would arrive when we, who accounted ourselves so wise, might come to be considered fools. Man was a proud and short-sighted being. He believed that he governed the world, when in reality the world governed him. When Galileo first taught that the planet which we inhabited revolved round the sun, the then Pope published a decree declaring the theory to be false. But that did not make it the less true. The world did not any the less steadily and surely perform its annual revolution; nor could the Pope himself, as Paschal remarks, notwithstanding his credulity, help going round with it. Things must and would take their appointed courses, regulated by One who was above all earthly powers. The lecturer wished to give a short history of the *Magna Charta* and its provisions, and show the liberties and privileges it had secured to this country, but he refrained from doing so at that late hour of the evening. To have produced it, to have preserved it, to have matured it—constituted the immortal claim of England to the esteem of mankind. Her Bacons and Shaksperes, her Miltons and Newtons, with all the truth which they had revealed, and all the generous virtue which they had inspired, were of inferior value when compared with the subjection of men and their rulers to the principles of justice; if, indeed, it were not more true, that those mighty spirits could not have been formed except under equal laws, nor roused to

full activity without the influence of that spirit which the "Great Charter" breathed over their forefathers. After what they had heard, they might conclude that John was an unmanly, base, and cruel king; the most contemptible monarch, perhaps, that ever occupied the throne of England, and utterly unworthy of a place in the memory of posterity; but two works had contributed to render his name immortal—the deed of the "*Magna Charta*," and the Drama of William Shakspere.

Shakspere:

BY MR. J. W. LUCAS.

[Recited at the Manchester Free Grammar School.]

SHAKSPERE!—'midst many who, with rapid wing,
Have sought far-famed Parnassus' lofty steep;
'Midst many who at Helicon's clear spring
Have deeply drank,—yet none as thou so deep;
'Midst many who in honour's eager race
Have fiercely struggled,—thou, with mighty soul,
And mighty mind, hast won the foremost place,
And with unmeasured stride has passed the goal.
No lordly line was thine; yet many a king
Whose name is found in history's chequered page,
Bends before thee, whose brow the signet ring
O Genius stamps: in presence of the sage,
Power and glory wane; the Tyrian dye
Pales; and of regal pomp the mightiest plan
Is tinselled mockery: nor can empires vie
With the great mind, true majesty of man!
Far from the turmoil of the busy town,
In humble Stratford, thy first breath was drawn;
There the bard destined to such high renown—
The future poet of the world—was born:
So says, at least, tradition; nor shall we
Disturb the sweet belief. When we survey

The lonely room once tenanted by thee,
The myriad-minded,—even the very clay
Beneath our feet seems animate: the walls
Inscribed with names which many a fav'rite line
Or well-known verse to memory recalls;
The massy beams, the ribs of oak and pine,
Agèd and eaten,—all seem to conspire
To still the tongue, to hush the coming breath,
To banish from the mind each vain desire,
And give the place the sanctity of death.
As when we enter some fair chapel fane,
Adown whose vaulted aisles the organ peals,—
Now bursts into some loud and joyful strain,
And now in soft melodious numbers steals;
While on the altar the rich incense burns,
And to the ceiling the smoke curling dense,
Wreathes the tall columns with its spiral turns,
And by its very fragrance palls the sense;—
So when we breathe the consecrated air
That now surrounds and fills thy humble cot,
It overpowers us, and we linger there,
And dare not to profane the hallowed spot.
And now, though many a year has onward roll'd
Since first fair Juliet met her hapless fate;—
Since Shylock* first refus'd the proffered gold,
And fell Iago prov'd his matchless hate;
Though many a noble head is bowed in death,
And envious time has tarnished many a name;—
No passing cloud, no fierce polluting breath,
Has dimm'd the snowy brightness of thy fame.
Like the grey pyramid which on Egypt's sands,
Unscathed by ages, rears its lofty head,
Alone, and towering to the heavens it stands,
The mighty charnel of the kingly dead:†
And as we upward turn our wondering gaze,
And view this monster record of the past,

* "Since Shylock first refused the proffered gold."—*Merchant of Venice.* Act. IV. Scene I.

† The kings of Egypt are buried in the Pyramids.

We marvel that a mortal hand could raise,
Or mortal mind could image, aught so vast!
Full many a noble palace meets the eye
In lordly Athens, and imperial Rome;
But none with Egypt's sepulchres can vie,
So calm and stately in their desert home:
For Athens' sculptured shrines have felt decay—
Mere ruins of the past those temples stand;
While these huge piles are fresh as if to-day‡
The mighty pile had left the builder's hand.
So now, though near three hundred years have fled,
Thy name still sheds a radiance bright and clear;
Time has but heaped fresh honours on thy head,—
Thy fame has ripened with each added year.
As when we gaze upon a gorgeous scene,
The work of some famed limner's skilful hand,—
Perchance fair Venice, Ocean's azure queen,
City of palaces, whom with lavish hand
Art has adorned, and Nature none the less
Has richly dowried,—the mind wanders o'er
Climes far remote from our dark wilderness;
We dream we tread that silver-sanded shore:—
Thus, as thy heaven-inspired page we view,
We seem to stand within Verona's walls;
We hear the plaint of love-lorn Montague,§
And pace the haughty Capel's‖ marble halls;
We mark Othello with his kingly mien;
Stern Cassius stem the raging Tiber's flood;¶
We see the face of Egypt's syren queen,**
The dagger crimsoned with great Cæsar's blood.
Immortal SHAKSPERE! never can we find
A bard as thou so skilled in every art,

‡ "While these huge piles," &c. The Pyramids are in a wonderful state of preservation.

§ "We hear the plaint of love-lorn Montague." Romeo was of the House of Montague.

‖ "And pace the haughty Capel's marble halls." *Capels*—Capulets: the sworn foes of the Montagues.

¶ "Stern Cassius," &c.—*Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Scene I.

** "We see the face of Egypt's syren queen," *i.e.*, Cleopatra.

To fill with glowing images the mind,
And wake the slumbering passions of the heart.
As when we stand in some deep-stretching bay,
And watch the billows that with sullen roar
Fling from their snow-capped crests the feathery spray,
And break in crystals on the pebbly shore,—
Some wave far towering o'er the rest we see,
High on the shingle leave its limpid sign,
While none successive, giant though he be,
Can reach the level of that quivering line;—
So now, though many a minstrel there has been,
Since first thy fingers held the golden quill,
The laurels on thy brow are yet as green,—
As conqueror then, we hail thee conqueror still:
And though immortal radiance has shone
On many a great and many a storied name,
The imperial bay is judged to thee alone,
And earth does homage to thy deathless fame.

FABLES AND PROVERBS,

AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

BY

MR. WILLIAM BRIDGES,

Master of St. Paul's School, Cambridge.

WE have met this evening to spend an hour in the region of FABLE and PROVERB. What an air of antiquity hangs about the familiar Fables and Proverbs of our early days! how quickly fond memory flies back to the days of yore, when we sat and listened to the story of "The Dog in the Manger," or "The Wolf and the Lamb;" and were taught to abhor selfishness and tyranny as despicable and unworthy dispositions, unfit for a place in the human breast:—or the repetition of those short, crisp, pithy sayings of our ancestors, that contain so much poetry and richness—are so easy to be remembered, and put to present

use—that always seem to fit into so many points and turns of conversation. It is not my province to-night to enter into a disquisition upon Fables and Proverbs, but to see what practical lessons may be drawn from them.

Proverbs show the morals and thoughts of a people: all nations delight in them. They have their origin from various causes, and become the legends of past generations. We are frequently hearing them from the pulpit, the platform, the judicial bench—in the markets, and on 'Change—in chance meetings in the street, and by the family hearth. They breathe a thrilling poètry that charms the intellect and strikes the mind. They pass from mouth to mouth, down the stream of time, on and on, for ever. They are gems, worthy of the greatest care.

So much, by way of introduction about the Proverbs. Now I must have a few words about the Fables. And when we speak of them, the mind naturally enough turns to old Æsop, who was once a slave, and lived about 550 B.C. He found his way to the court of Crœsus, a very rich king of Lydia; and although he was a slave, he has a fame more universal and lasting than the Seven Wise Men of Greece. This may lead us to value intellectual gifts, and not allow ourselves to be carried away by the mere externals of anyone. We must learn to discriminate, and keep constantly in mind that he who lives to learn, will learn to live. Æsop forced his way into the courts of princes by his own natural wit, working his way to fame by an honourable road: he seems, we are told, a stepping stone between the poetry which had gone before, and the prose that followed, clothing his lectures in the garb of imagination and fancy. He grew quickly into favour with Crœsus, a king whose name has passed into a proverb—"As rich as Crœsus," being often heard when speaking of a man of unbounded wealth. He grew, we are told, quickly into his favour, by the mode in which he imparted his knowledge: he went to amuse, but he remained to instruct. He was sent by Crœsus as a commissioner to Delphi, to distribute some payment which was due to the Delphians; and in the discharge of this duty he incurred the displeasure of the citizens, who, from fear of his wit, raised a cry against him of impiety and sacrilege. They hurled him from one of the Phædrian precipices, when he was dashed to pieces, and this gave rise to the proverb of

"Æsop's blood;" for the Delphians were punished for the deed, and paid a compensation to Iadmun, the grandson of his old master.

About 200 years after his death, a statue was erected at Athens, and placed in front of the statues of the Seven Sages of Greece. His personal deformity and swarthy complexion have not the slightest testimony from ancient authority. He was not the inventor of Fable, for the oldest on record is that of "The Trees and the Bramble," which is to be found in the Bible, in the 9th chapter of Judges, and 7th verse. The Book of Fables forms a moral and political class-book, more than 2,000 years old; and you may look upon each fable and proverb that will be introduced to you this evening, as a good text whereon to found moral and religious truths. The minds of men should be cleansed by the moralist before they can be fitted for religion. We do not learn morality from the brute creation, it is true; but we view the great family of nature, and observe that she has connected the happiness of all living creatures with the unchangeable and eternal law of effort; and we take example by the lower orders of God's creation, and do as Solomon has told us, for we "go to the ant, and learn her ways to be wise."

A Fable consists properly of two parts, viz.:—the symbolical representation which you see before you; and the application or the instruction that is intended to be deduced from it, and which is called the moral of the tale. The consideration of fables and proverbs has afforded pleasure to the mind from time immemorial; and mirth, you know, is to be encouraged at times: everybody ought to bathe in it now and then; for an old writer says—"The rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth: it is medicine to the mind." Another says, that—"A man without mirth is like a waggon without springs, in which one is caused to jolt disagreeably, by every pebble over which it runs; but a man with mirth is like a chariot with springs, in which one can ride over the roughest road, and scarcely feel anything but a pleasant rocking motion." I do not believe, my friends, that a man or woman need always wear a frown on the brow; the truth can be told in a pleasant way, as many of the works of great men show us: and this proves to a demonstration that lofty intellects need not be like some of ıgh mountains that we read of, covered with perpetual

ice. So much by way of preface. I shall now introduce you to No. I., but before I do so, I may perhaps just be permitted to say, once for all, that whatever may be advanced by me to-night, by way of illustration of my subject, nothing personal will be intended, as you are nearly all strangers to me, and your habits of life unknown by me: but, speaking in proverbs, I must say that "whenever the cap fits, you may wear it," so as to profit thereby.

The first, then, that I shall introduce to your notice is THE FOX AND THE CROW:—A crow had snatched a goodly piece of cheese out of a window, and flew into a high tree, intent on enjoying her prize. A fox spied the dainty morsel, and thus he planned his approaches—"O, crow," said he, "how beautiful are thy wings, how bright thine eye! how graceful thy neck! thy breast is the breast of an eagle! thy claws—I beg pardon—thy talons are a match for all the beasts of the field. O, that such a bird should be dumb, and want only a voice!" The crow, pleased with the flattery, and chuckling to think how she would surprise the fox with her *caw*, opened her mouth;—down dropped the cheese! which the fox snapped up and walked away with, observing that whatever he had remarked of her beauty, he had said nothing yet of her brains! Now, we learn three things at least by the foregoing, viz.:—I. Flattery; II. Obtaining goods by false pretences; and III. Trap. Flattery is used by some men when they have some private end in view; they seldom flatter without it, and some deal in it from very early life. A new scholar was introduced the other day into a play-ground among the school-boys, before school commenced; when one of the bigger boys went up to him, and perceiving the breast pocket of his jacket was rather bulky, and fancying that it contained something good, commenced his operations like the fox:—Well, what's your name—you seem a nice lad; you will be a credit to us, I can see—very respectable—good head—rather shy—never mind the fellows here, they shan't meddle with ye—you keep near me—got an apple or two in your pocket?—there's a brick—give us one—jolly fellow—bring some more another day!! Now this youngster began early to play his cards. O how few can stand against flattery! Diogenes being asked what beasts are apt to bite the worst, said—"Of all wild beasts the slanderer, and of all tame ones the flatterer." King Solo-

mon says—"A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet (PROVERBS xxix. 5.) "As a wolf is like a dog, so is a flatterer like a friend." There is a just love of praise—a discreet and modest desire to emulate our fellows—a desire to excel in our trade or calling; but we must remember at the same time that the things which the world usually admire and praise the most, are not the things in their own natures the most valuable; they relate to the present life and terminate with it. Avoid flattery, for it has been said—"He who paints me before, blackens me behind." I heard of the following conundrum the other day—What is that which makes everybody sick but the person who swallows it? Answer—Flattery! Another proverb from Solomon—"A flattering mouth worketh ruin" (PROVERBS xxvi. 28). And one from old England—"He who knows himself best, esteems himself least. Of all flatterers, self-love is the greatest." When Benjamin Franklin was a boy, a neighbour, by flattery, induced him to turn the handle of his father's grindstone, while he (the neighbour) sharpened a new axe. He was called a nice little curly-headed boy during the operation of grinding the axe, but the moment the man's turn was served, he called Ben a young rascal, and bade him make haste to school. "Whenever a stranger came to me in after-life with very sweet words, I always fancied he had an axe to grind," says Franklin. We have an admirable example in history of the rebuke given to flatterers by Canute, so ably rendered by Dr. Aikin, for the benefit of school boys. Again I say —beware of flattery, for few can stand against it; and we know that Christian virtues are of a silent, modest, and retiring nature, approved by God and good angels, but too often overlooked by the busy world.

I proceed now to notice the second part suggested by this fable, namely—obtaining goods by false pretences. And here let me say, that a fox is not the only animal that obtains goods in this way; for the daily press informs us of the tricks of Londoners who have obtained jewels and money in this way; who live, as it were, upon the blood and vitals of their fellow-citizens, because they are too idle and too proud to obtain a living by honest industry: it demeans them, they think; so they set their wits to work to outwit their fellows; and they succeed for a time, but in the end they are sure to be the losers, for we shall see

in the next fable that "Honesty is the best policy." A young man was indicted the other day for obtaining by means of false pretences two sovereigns, the monies of a contractor, with intent to cheat and defraud. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. I read the other day of a man who obtained a piano from a music warehouse, upon hire, for a private evening concert; but, instead of amusing his friends with its tones, he amused himself by placing it at "My Uncle's," to raise the wind!

In the third place, the idea of Trap presents itself to the mind. Now, we all know that there are legitimate trappers, who endure hardships, and sometimes wants, in the vast plains of America, to procure the furs of the various animals that frequent those regions, in order that the ladies of Europe may envelope themselves in them. But the Traps that I wish to warn you against, are those that are set by designing men and women to lure the young of both sexes into the vortex of dissipation, viz.:—Singing halls—dancing saloons—supper rooms. Beware of them, my young friends: spend your evenings so well that the amusements of those hours of leisure may bear the reflections of the coming day. Perhaps you may have seen written up in some public place—"*Pro bono publico;*" "Alarming sacrifice!" "Make haste or you will be too late!" "Fifty per cent. under prime cost!" "Goods given away!" "Clearing out!" &c. &c. Now this is another kind of Trap; and I would say to you, in the words of the old proverbs—"At a cheap pennyworth pause awhile." "When the fox preaches take care of the lambs." "Look before you leap." "Look twice before you determine once." Some people have a sort of mania for bargains, and will purchase whether they want the things or not, just because they are dirt cheap, as they say. I would warn you never to buy because an article is low priced, or from the mere whim of the passing moment. Consider well before you part with your money whether you really need it or not. There is another kind of trapper against whom I would warn you—the tramping vendors of small wares—who are seldom or never seen twice in the same town or village, because their articles are merely made to sell, not for use; they are the men of whom Jeremiah speaks (chap. v., 26)—"They lay wait and set a trap, they catch men." When

such persons come in your way, you should remember the proverb which says—"I'll trust him no further than I can throw him." Now, I will just give you a little anecdote by way of illustration. One of these travelling designers of Trap went, some time ago, to a village in Herts with his box of tinsel goods, and calling at the house of an elderly woman, who was reading by the aid of an old pair of silver-mounted spectacles, which were a relic of the past, set his trap, and caught his prey in the following manner:—"Buy a pair of spectacles, mum?" "No—I—think—not—to-day." "Got a good pair here, mum—sell them cheap—real pebbles, mum! Quite a bargain—never have such a chance again!" "Well—then, if I should want to buy—how much might you want for them?" "Only 10s. 6d., mum—wonderful cheap!" "No—I—can't buy them."—"Well, look here, mum—I see you have an old pair on the table—now, s'pose you give me them and the pair you have on, and 4s. to boot, and you shall have these pebbles!!"—"No; that is too much." "Well, say 2s., then." "No."—"Well, look here, then, mum—give me the two pairs of specks, and leave the 2s. till I come round again: will that do?"

The bait took; the two pairs were given for the so-called pebbles, and the 2s. were left till he called again. But he forgot to call again; and when the tale was told me by the poor dupe herself, several years had rolled by, and still he never called for his 2s.! And why did he never call? Answer—They were only a common pair, with common glass in them, worth about 1s. 6d., or 2s. at the most. "Trap!" I said to myself—"Trap!!" I might dwell on this subject much longer, and dilate upon the Trap which those crafty Jews laid for our blessed Saviour, with the tribute money, and instance another kind of Trapper; but time warns me to proceed to No. 2 of the diagrams before you—"THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING." A wolf clothing himself in the skin of a sheep, and getting in among the flock, by this means took the opportunity to devour many of them. At last the shepherd discovered him, and cunningly fastening a rope about his neck, tied him up to a tree. Some other shepherds happening to pass that way, and observing what he was about, drew near, and expressed their surprise at it. "What!" says one of them, "do you like hanging sheep, brother?" "No," replies the

other; "but I like hanging a wolf whenever I catch him, though in the habit and garb of a sheep." Then he showed them their mistake, and they applauded the execution.—We learn by this fable that we are not to be led away by the mere dress or outside of any person; that no regard is to be had to the mere habit of a man, for we may be—aye, and we often are—mistaken in our notions of good and evil, and are too often guided by externals: whereas we ought to consider undisguised worth and intrinsic virtue as essentials of character. The old proverb says—"It's not the gay coat that makes the gentleman;" but truth obliges us to say, that people generally are too apt to look upon externals as a test of respectability. The wolf in the fable was acting the hypocrite. Now, we know that hypocrisy is cured with difficulty; but the best means to cure it is a steadfast belief in the pure and all-seeing God, who sees sin wherever it is, and will bring it into judgment; and this leads us seriously to consider what Solomon says (PROV. xi. 9)—"An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour; but through knowledge shall the just be delivered." Out of a vast number of good old proverbs that force themselves upon the memory, the following seem to me to be particularly applicable to the present subject:—"Truth hath always a fast foundation." "Show me a liar and I will show you a thief." "Virtue ne'er grows old." "Truth will aye stand without a prop," but "A lie has no legs to stand upon." What a string of pearls these old proverbs always appear to my mind's eye; and what sterling truth do they contain! Now let us prove one or two; for you all know that a lie acted is as bad as a lie spoken. The old wolf in the fable, although he had four legs, could not stand upon one, for he was caught in his own device, and treated as he deserved to be; and so it is with some men in the long run, they are deep in their way, but not too deep to be found out, and they are looked upon as all bad people should be—with coldness and neglect.

The following little incident occurred in my native town of Cambridge some years ago, which will illustrate the last proverb that I mentioned:—An old gentleman, as he was passing down Trumlington-street one day, picked up 1s. near the Bull Hotel, and was about to put it into his pocket when a man, who was lounging near the inn, called out

"That's my shilling. "Oh, is it," said the old gent. "Yes, it is," replied the fellow, "and you give it to me." "Stop sir, if you please—pray had your shilling a hole in it?" "Yes, it had," said the rogue. "Ah, well then," said the old gent, "this has not got a hole in it, so it cannot be your shilling." This caused a laugh at the fellow's expense, and proves that "a biter may sometimes be bitten." Again: a farmer one day had a horse stolen, which he found exhibited some time after at a horse fair, held at a market town some 14 miles off. He went up to the man who had it for sale, and stated that it was the horse which he had had stolen some short time before. "No such thing," said the horse-dealer, "I've had that *Os* these two years, so it can't be yourn." "Had it two years, have you?" said the farmer, and at the same time he went up to the horse and placed both his hands over the horse's eyes; "Well then," said he, "if you have had this horse for two years you must know something about it; now then, tell me which eye is he blind with?" "The left," said the horse-stealer. "No," said the farmer, "this horse is not blind with the left eye." "No, no," said the rogue, "I meant the right." "Ah, well, but this horse is not blind with the right eye neither, so it appears you know nothing about it, and it cannot be your horse." Whereupon the fellow was taken up and punished, as he was found out to be a horse-stealer as well as a horse-dealer.

An old man once said to his grandson—"'Honesty is the best policy,' Jem, my boy, for I've tried both." Another old proverb says—"Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper." —"Of all studies, study your present condition."

[To be continued.]

THE BREWERY.

As you pass up the Thames through London, two immense masses of buildings strike your vision, each towering far above the surrounding masonry. The first is St. Paul's Cathedral, on your right; and the second is Barclay and Co.'s brewery, on your left. Both are sublime in their way: how much opposition there may be between them I do not discuss at present. Which is the largest I am not able to decide, not having gone over the brewery as I always intended to do. Let no other American procrastinate, but seize the earliest opportunity to see Barclay and Co.'s brewhouse, if he sees nothing else in London. He will there get a better idea of the power that governs England, than in either St. Paul's or St. Stephen's, or St. Lucre's in Threadneedle-street. There are perhaps twelve great breweries in London, of which I saw the fourth in size, not quite half as large as Barclay's, I believe. It was Whitbread and Co.'s. It is the same which belonged to the Thrales, when George the Third dined, and reckoned that the barrels of beer, placed end to end, would reach to Windsor; and when, according to Boswell, Dr. Sam Johnson, playing the auctioneer, with pen and inkhorn by his side, spoke of its coppers and vats as "potentiality of amassing wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

Our first introduction, after visiting the counting-room of the very gentlemanly overseer of the concern, was to an old steam-engine, set up by Watt himself, and still as useful as ever in stirring up and pumping the broth that is to drown that glorious essence in man which invented steam-engines among other things. I could have wished the sublime old servant better business. Then we were shown mills for grinding the malt; mashtubs, where the water first meets it—whether pure water, or that in which dead cats have already been brewed, I did not ascertain, nor is it a point of any consequence—great coppers, where the stuff is cooked. Elephants in droves might swim in these. They were once heated by fires underneath, but now by high steam, generated by a series of seven boilers, and at an expense of 4,000 tons of coal per annum. We were shown all manner of fermenting vats, and great tubs. One great fermenting room reminded me strongly of a church.

The vast galleries were filled with vats, in which the liquid was reeking and foaming up its filthy yeast in the first stage of fermentation. The body of the house was occupied by a regular congregation of tubs, each twice as big as a common hogshead, arranged along a sort of aisles, which were boarded up half-way to catch the spruce. This great multitude of tubs seemed to me like underling devils piously worshipping the great one, who was doubtless the presiding divinity of the place, and doing it in a very emblematical way, for each, with a broad lip stuck out, was spewing over into the aisle. When this process arrives at a certain stage, the liquid is drawn off into the room below, where it is bunged up for service. In another place we were shown much larger vats, in which the process was commencing. Our whole party of twenty or more stood together on the head of one of them, and one after another looked down through a glass skylight into the tormented liquor below. We saw the cooperage, where barrels and butts are made of solid oak staves two inches thick. We saw the vast storehouses of malt and hops. They use half-a-million bushels of malt in a year, and how many hops I have forgotten. Of the latter they keep a large supply on hand, so as not to be unfavourably affected with fluctuations of the price. In these lofty storehouses, the hop bales, larger than cotton bales, were piled in masses fifteen or twenty feet high. The greatest wonder came next, the building in which the beer is stored; to say nothing of its subterranean regions, in which there are interminable ranges of butts, barrels, and kegs, ready to be hauled off to supply customers, and an invisible cistern of beer, holding 4,000 barrels, sunk in the ground. Above ground were in one room eight iron-hooped top and bottom puncheons or tubs, standing on end, into each of which might have been let down a pretty good-sized four-storey house, so as to be headed in with two chimneys standing. They held, however, only two thousand barrels a-piece, making about 16,000 barrels, or 130,000 dollars' worth of beer in this one room.

You notice, ever and anon, in the streets of London a gigantic horse, with great shaggy fetlocks, not much encumbered with harness, drawing a narrow and low vehicle, like a sled, mounted on little wheels or rollers, and loaded with two or three kegs. It is a chance if a lubberly biped is

not on his back. It is a brewer's man and horse supplying his customers. We saw one of the stables where these monstrous horses are at home. Each has his name painted on japanned tin, like a lawyer's sign, and stuck up over his manger. The names of all the horses bought the same year begin with the same letter of the alphabet, that the proprietors may know how long they have had any horse in their service. These horses cost about 300 dollars apiece, are in fine case, and drink no beer. Our guide made a point of telling us that these horses were kept and well fed when unable to work. If he could have said as much of the people whose money went to buy hay for them, and palaces and splendour for their owners, it would have been still more to the credit of the latter.

Such is a hasty look through the fourth brewery in London, one which is ancient, conservative, and behind the age, in its means of stupefying the people. What must that vast pile be which looks down upon the Thames, where three million dollars' worth of beer are turned out every year, or about 400,000 barrels! Is St. Paul's or any other church likely to draw mankind heavenward as fast and as far as that establishment of Barclay and Co. will pull them in the opposite direction?—*American Paper.*

THE OUTCAST CHILDREN'S CRY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces,
Spite of all that mars and sears;
To the inmost heart appealing,
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling,
Steeping all the soul in tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith—
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death!

Give us light amidst our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill:
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Save us—lead us—shew us kindness;
You can make us what you will!

We are willing—we are ready;
  We would learn if you would teach:
We have hearts that yearn towards duty,
We have minds alive to beauty,
  Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
  Consecrate to man our powers:
Let us take our proper station—
We, the rising generation,
  Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be whate'er ye make us:
  Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial,
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
  Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Train us! try us! Days slide onward—
  We can ne'er be young again!
Save us! save from our undoing;
Save from ignorance and ruin;
  Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
  Angel-stamp'd in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers
  In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing:
  All my inmost soul was stirr'd,
And my heart was bow'd with sadness—
When a cry, like summer gladness,
  Said—"The children's prayer is heard!"

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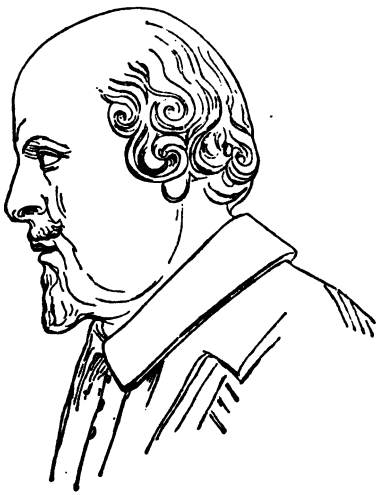
SHAKSPERE'S PORTRAITS CONSIDERED PHRENOLOGICALLY.

BY
E. T. CRAIG.

With Illustrations.



SHAKSPERE.
From a Photograph of the Bust in Stratford Church.

Shakspere and Art.

THE GENIUS of SHAKSPERE is a marvel to the many, while the thoughtful recall his wisdom and revere his memory. It is proposed to embody this admiration of his countrymen in a tangible artistic memorial. His sculptured form will thus become history cut in stone, telling future ages of the spirit and intelligence of the people at the Ter-centenary of his birthday. A monument to the memory of Shakspere will confer honour on the nation rather than extend the fame of the bard. But a statue that gives no truthful indication of the "form and stature" of the poet as he lived, would prove a source of disappointment and indifference in the future.

A faithful copy of the head of a man of genius is his most reliable biography,—indicating as it does, in bold and graphic outlines, the character the Creator hath impressed upon the noble yet delicate instrument of thought—the brain. It tells in a few brief lines the story of his life, his racial parentage, his emotional proclivities, and the bias of his mental powers. Hence, portraiture affords universal gratification, and physiognomy becomes a captivating study; while both acquire increased interest and greater practical utility, when the relations between organisation and character are fully understood. Which, therefore, among the many portraits of Shakspere, is the genuine likeness of the bard, is a subject of great interest, worthy of investigation, and, if possible, of discovery.

The question respecting the genuineness of the portraits of Shakspere as likenesses, has long remained vague and unsatisfactory. The pedigrees of several have been given, but no satisfactory examination of the portraits has hitherto been published; and as the only way to arrive at a sound conclusion was by comparing them with each other, in their facial and cranial contour, in accordance with established principles, an exhibition of Shakspere's Portraits and pictures, to be held in the town of Stratford during the Ter-centenary Festival of the poet's birthday, was advocated in the local press.* The suggestion was approved, and a number of portraits and pictures were lent by various noblemen and gentlemen for the purpose: the

* By the writer, in the "Stratford Herald," June 11 and 22, 1863.

whole were very judiciously arranged under the superintendence of Mr. Hogarth, of the Haymarket; and constituted one of the most interesting features of the festival at Stratford-on-Avon. This collection of Shakspere portraits, which had never before been exhibited together, was both unique and suggestive,—leading to results of higher importance than could possibly be anticipated; for careful and repeated examinations and comparisons of the portraits with the bust and mask taken after death, led to the conclusion that a genuine portrait of Shakspere exists; and moreover, that several of the portraits have emanated from one characteristic source.

Some of the best authenticated portraits are the productions of inferior artists; others are disputed; while several are frauds and impositions. It is therefore desirable to ascertain, as far as practicable, which portrait approximates the nearest to the "counterpart presentment" of the poet; and the light of modern science will enable us to arrive at a nearer point of truth and exactness than has hitherto been possible.

It is only within the present century that the discovery has been made—a discovery which modern artists only could apply—that special characteristics are connected with particular portions of the head, and that mental greatness mainly depends on the size, form, and condition or quality of the brain. There is also a correspondence between the thorax and the abdomen, and the brain. We seldom find that a large anterior lobe and narrow base of the brain are combined with large lungs and a large abdomen; and we as rarely see that a large base and small anterior lobe are combined with small lungs and a small abdomen. There is, therefore, a language, so to speak, pervading the whole corporeal frame of man, which bears a relation to the size, form, and condition of the brain; while every part of the visible surface expresses the quality as well as the quantity of the mental power that pervades and animates it. Biographic portraiture, therefore, requires a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, phrenology, and ethnic physiognomy, as well as of art to perceive, delineate, and preserve the true, distinct, racial, and special type; and also to estimate the relationship in form between the body, the brain, and the moral and mental character and capability of a man of mark or talent.

Genius, by its intuitions, as in Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, often realises the truth at once, in its creations; while the ordinary mind fails to attain it but by slow and oft-repeated efforts.

A sculptor may mould a face, or turn a joint; the painter may tint a lip, or foreshorten a limb, and yet fail to delineate the head accurately, because indifferent to the law which shows that the nervous system reigns supreme over physical development, and determines the elements of shape, contour, and physiognomy, as well as indicates special idiosyncracies of character and capacity. If a Bacchus requires one style of muscular development, Hercules another, and Diana a third,—so there is one form of head for the poet, another for the brutal criminal, and a different one for the clown. It is the imperfection in the brain that leaves the idiot a driveller; it is its form and quality that exalts the poet in his temple, and raises the throne of the patriot in the hearts of the people. Men are eloquent on the bones of extinct animals, but silent on the convolutions of the brain, and their resulting forms on the head; and yet the forehead of the highly-gifted musician differs from that of the mathematician; that of the portrait-painter must vary from that of the linguist, engineer, and the landscape artist; while men like Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Shakspere, and Goëthe, possessing universality of power, must require well-balanced brains and finely-organised nervous constitutions, to accomplish their mission.

Thus the interest awakened by a portrait, bust, or statue of Shakspere, is in proportion to the probable exactness of the artist in making the portraits special, biographic, and individually true as a likeness of the bard. But there was no painter of eminence in England at the commencement of the 17th century, for repeated efforts were made by Henry, Prince of Wales, through Sir Edward Conway, to induce "the painter of Delft" to visit England, but he failed: although £40 were offered to this artist to meet the expenses of the voyage, he could not be induced to leave his Dutch patrons, or undertake the journey, in 1611. It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that no artist of eminence was at that time in England, to paint a portrait of Shakspere from life. Portrait painting was a luxury enjoyed only by the nobility or the very wealthy. The art-

'al of Jansen in 1618 extended the taste and increased the ›pportunity for the possession of portraits among those of he class to which Ben Jonson belonged; and we find a ikeness of him by Jansen about this period. It is quite ›ossible, too, that he saw and copied a cast of Shakspere vhile painting his portrait. Jansen was followed by Mytens, Oliver, and others, till the arrival of Rubens and Vandyke. In the interval Shakspere's popularity had increased and his portraits multiplied. There are now likenesses by the modellers, the engravers, the sculptors, and he painters. How the mere artist would be likely to treat he portrait of the popular idol, we may learn from what Gainsborough was inclined to do, as stated by himself in his letter to David Garrick, on the subject of a portrait of the poet, when he says :—

"'Shakeſpeare ſhall come forth forthwith,' as the lawyer says. Damn the original picture of him, *with your leave;* for I think a ſtupider face I never beheld, except D—k's.

"I intend, with your approbation, my dear friend, to take the form from his pictures and ſtatues, juſt enough to preſerve his likeneſs paſt the doubt of all blockheads at firſt ſight, and ſupply a *ſoul* from his works: it is impoſsible that ſuch a mind and ray of heaven could ſhine with ſuch a face and pair of eyes as that picture has."

This blunt yet characteristic condemnation of the popular portraits of Shakspere, by one of our best English portrait painters, together with the evidence presented by the portraits themselves, lead to the conclusion that most of them are idealised creations of the painter, from very slight materials as a foundation for a likeness. To arrive at a satisfactory approximation to the truth, we must apply higher and severer criteria than art, and adopt the more certain tests of science and cerebral physiology, as far as practicable, in examining the likenesses of the poet. The collection of thirty different portraits of Shakspere, and their juxta-position on the walls of the Town Hall, afforded a good opportunity for judging of the great variety of forms various artists have given to the head of the bard, when compelled, without a model, to

"Weave their vagaries around it."

It is this great difference in the various portraits—in the essential and distinguishing elements of the poet and the man—which renders a selection of the possible and the

real from the imaginary and the false, absolutely necessary to eliminate the truth in relation to the portraiture of the poet.

The exhibition was a severe ordeal to the popular favourites. One or two of the portraits are monstrous exaggerations; others are delineated, as Shakspere says, with foreheads "villainously low;" while in some pictures the expression in the face is in contradiction to the size and form of the brain, and we must turn them to the wall of oblivion, as unworthy of consideration.

I shall confine myself, therefore, to the examination of those only which have the best claims to authenticity and general approval, and those are:—

1. The BUST ON THE MONUMENT near the tomb of Shakspere, in the Chancel of the Church at Stratford-on-Avon.
2. The ENGRAVED PORTRAIT, by MARTIN DROESHOUT, and first published with the folio edition of Shakspere's works, in 1623.
3. The STRATFORD PORTRAIT, at the birthplace.
4. The CHANDOS PORTRAIT (at the National Portrait Gallery).
5. The JANSEN PORTRAITS (J. Staunton, Esq. and others).
6. The FELTON HEAD (at the birthplace).
7. The LUMLEY LIKENESS (at Mrs. Rippon's, N. Shields).
8. The ZETLAND PORTRAIT (the Countess of Zetland's).
9. The WARWICK PORTRAIT (Warwick Castle): and lastly,
10. The CAST, said to be from the face and forehead of Shakspere after death, and lent from the British Museum during the Exhibition at Stratford, and the Festival of the Ter-centenary of his birthday.

The Stratford Bust.

The Bust in the Stratford Church first claims our attention, because it possesses the greatest authenticity as a monumental effigy of the poet, and was erected within a few years after his death, under the superintendence and direction of the poet's family—Dr. and Mrs. Hall.

The bust is the size of life, cut out of a single block of soft stone. The hands are resting on a cushion, with a pen, as if in the act of writing. The figure, represented in the dress of the period, presents a stout, heavy appearance, and is executed without much artistic taste or skill. As a

work of art, it is far inferior to the monuments of the period in the neighbourhood—such as those on the tombs of the Cloptons, Sir Thomas Lucy, and others. After the manner of the times, the monument was painted—the hair, beard, and moustache of an auburn colour, and the eyes hazel; the dress consisting of a scarlet doublet, over which was a tabard, or loose black gown, without sleeves. These details would lead to the supposition of an attempt to obtain an exact likeness. Having a cast taken from the face of it now before me, I can appreciate its effect on those who are prepared to accept as truth what has so strong a resemblance of life and reality. Sir F. Chantry, himself a sculptor; Hugh Miller, a stonemason; Bullock and Fairholt, artists—all speak in approval of the monument; but they look at it from a limited point of view, and without being qualified to perceive the incongruities that are apparent to the ethnic student, the physiologist, and phrenologist. On the other hand, Mr. Skottowe declares that the bust "is not only at variance with the tradition of Shakspere's appearance having been prepossessing, but irreconcilable with the belief of its ever having borne a striking resemblance to any human being."

This is a sweeping conclusion, with which I do not altogether agree; but I have no theory to advocate as to Shakspere's personal appearance or beauty, except that which harmonises with the relation of nervous power and capacity, and the law that all beauty is organic. Th world owes much of its civilisation and advancement to men whose intellect and moral beauty lie beyond the range of the mental vision of the multitude. It is not in the most regular features, most beautiful faces, or fairest complexions, that we find the greatest power of mind or of character.

Boswell tells us that Mrs. Boswell considered Dr. Johnson more like a bear than a beauty; Mirabeau was, according to his own description of himself to a lady, "like a tiger pitted with the small pox." In the portrait of Goldsmith there is nothing to indicate the man who "could write like an angel, yet talk like a fool." We do not look for beauty of facial contour in a Michael Angelo, a Cromwell, a Luther, a Brougham, or a Garibaldi. Those who have exercised the greatest influence over humanity were not, physically speaking, the most handsome of their race. It

SIR THOMAS LUCY.

From the Effigy on the Tomb in Charlecote Church.

is the size, quality, and proportions of the brain that constitute the sources of power and the cause of our admiration. Our attraction to them does not originate in their features, but in their works--their deeds, prompted by their brains—the true source of all their beauty. When we find in them high moral organisms, we see that even yet beauty "rides with the lion-hearted;" for it is the beauty and harmony existing in the brain, embodied in great and generous actions and noble work, that wins the heart's worship, and commands its lasting sympathy: and our task is to ascertain, if possible, what Shakspere was in form and stature, in relation to his character as a poet and a man.

According to Dugdale, Gerard Johnson, the "tombe-maker," was employed to erect the monument of Shakspere in the Stratford Church. Wheeler states that he resided in London, and employed a number of journeymen and apprentices. He appears to have been much engaged, and probably made his own designs, and left the details to be elaborated by one of his journeymen.

It is the opinion of Chantrey, Bell, and others, that the tomb-maker worked from a cast of the face taken after

death. The face of the bust belongs to the true Warwickshire type of physiognomy, found among the mass of the people. It is broad, and the cheek bones are low; the jaw heavy, and rather massive; the cheeks round, full, fleshy, and flaccid. The upper lip is very long, and the moustache coarsely cut; the tuft on the chin rather thick, and rudely indicated by the tool of the workman. The face has a cheerful, jovial, life-like look in the expression, but the features are not indicative of sensibility or refinement. The head runs up high towards Firmness: it is broad across the perceptive region, and expands towards Acquisitiveness and Ideality—a feature not accurately given in some of the engraved portraits of the monument. Hain Frizwell says—"The skull is a mere block, and a phrenologist would be puzzled at its smoothness and roundness. It has no more individuality than a boy's marble!" It is the facial and cranial contour that renders the bust, as a portrait, enigmatical.

The face of a man of great intellectual and moral power generally bears deep traces of thought and feeling in its habitual expressions, form, and texture; while soft, round, undefined fat cheeks, drowsy eyes and expressions, speak of feeble mental powers and slothful habits. These effects arise from the action of the brain on the nerves, which expand themselves on the face and the eye, and where the mind finds its most responsive and sympathetic indicators. When viewed from the floor of the chancel, the fleshy character of the face of the bust predominates. To be able to do it justice, the spectator must be placed in a position where he can examine it in a line before him. It is very evident that the tomb-maker had not the cast from the British Museum to guide him. Mr. Fairholt, F.S.A., says—"The whole of the face has been sculptured with singular delicacy and remarkable care, except in one instance, which indeed still more strongly confirms the position now assumed. The eyes are not only badly executed, but are untrue to nature: they are mere eliptical openings, exhibiting none of the delicate curvatures which ought to be expressed; the ciliary cartilages are straight, hard, and unmeaning; and the glands at the corners next to the nose entirely omitted." The inartistic manner of dealing with the eyelids leads him to conclude that the artist followed a good model in other parts of the

face. But, on the other hand, it will be admitted that a cast taken after death could not give that fulness to the upper eyelids here indicated. A form prostrated by fever, and wasted by disease, would give to the eyes a sunken aspect; and if he worked after such a model, the artist has taken great liberties, not only with the eyes, but other parts of the face. The forehead is large, and has, from large Comparison, a preponderance in the upper part; while Causality and Wit are the least indicated. Individuality and other perceptive powers are only moderate in their development.

The openings in the eyes show that they were made on a cast which served as the model for the bust: but I am inclined to think the cast was taken during life, and from some other living person than the poet, and modelled to harmonise with the recollections of the friends of the bard; especially as it was not made till about the time when the first edition of the plays was published in 1623, and presents several other doubtful features. The tomb-maker was probably required, as is often the case in the present day, to make a mere monumental effigy, possessing a general resemblance, rather than an exact likeness of the departed poet, leaving, as I have said, the details to be carried out by his assistants, sent into the provinces to execute the work.

It was the custom of artists in Shakspere's time to take casts after death from the face and forehead of persons belonging to the nobility. Johnson's model was from a plaster mould; and the fulness of the fleshy parts of the cheeks, the eyes, and the drawn-up nostrils, would all mark themselves on a mould from a living person. The face of the original cast was probably without a moustache, which was very inartistically supplied by the tomb-maker, either in applying his material to the face of his model, or in chiseling it from his fancy. It is rudely cut, and curled up. If taken after death, neither the moustache nor the hair of the head would have retained their curls, as it is necessary to reduce them to a smooth, even surface in taking a cast, as indicated in the case of Sir Thomas Lucy, a sketch of whose profile is given above. They have been added by the artist, to make the bust 'easing, life-like, and "picturesque." The full and heavy 'earance of the face and figure lead to the conclusion

that the original would not be able to sustain long and continued mental exertion—would be rather fond of ease and the gratification of the appetites—liable to fits of impulsive good nature and passionate utterance.

The chief value of the bust lies in the illustration of the fact that the head was rather large, and the complexion fair, and that the forehead was expanded at the sides above the temples. The dress was that of the day, and the hair and eyes were coloured in harmony with nature. But the temperament indicated—sanguine lympathetic—was not that of Shakspere.

It is difficult for artists to realise a faithful likeness from mere verbal descriptions of the features. This is especially the case with those who have not become acquainted with the varying forms of the brain, in relation to special tendencies; and is repeatedly illustrated in the works of painters and sculptors of the present day. I have seen four busts of the poet Montgomery, all modelled about the same period of life, yet all different, and only one appears true to nature. On the other hand, any special and prominent feature is liable to a little exaggeration. In 1843, a clever artist brought out a humourous cartoon relating to the movements of the Free Church party in Edinburgh, in which there were several groups, and excellent portraits of well-known literary characters—Professor Wilson (Christopher North), George Combe, Lord Jeffery, Rev. Robert Montgomery, James Simpson, the Lord Provost, Lord Cunningham, Sheriff Thomson, Lord Murray, Dr. Classon, and others; and while every portrait was an admirable likeness, every prominent feature was exaggerated, and to such an extent that the central figure has repeatedly been declared, by intelligent artists, as merely wanting the collar, the moustache, and the tuft, to make it a Shakspere!—showing that an exaggerated forehead is the popular ideal of the poet; whereas the chief elements of his power lay in his happy cerebral combinations, and a fine temperament—quality added to keen perceptive faculty.

The Portraits of Shakspere.

Although the portraits of Shakspere are numerous, and a general character of a high forehead and sedate expression prevails throughout, there are differences and con-

trasts which are perplexing, both to the artist and the public. As it becomes necessary to make a selection of those which have the best claim to examination, it will reduce the series of portraits to those reputed to be the work of Droeshout; that of Taylor, or Burbage, called the Chandos, and now belonging to the National Portrait Gallery; the Zetland, the Lumley, and the Jansen Portraits. These have formed the materials out of which many pictures have been painted—such as the Warwick, the Felton, and other portraits.

Several of the portraits exhibited differ very much in some essential features; while other elements could not exist together in the same head, or in that of a poet of Shakspere's proclivities. The forms of the head are as various as the physiognomies are perplexing; while the colours of the complexion are equally contradictory. If we are to rely on one artist, then Shakspere had a head enormously enlarged in the coronal region, as in the Felton head; while other portraits indicate the brain deficient in the moral sentiments. According to the painters, the eyes of the poet were, at the same time, black, brown, and blue; his nose, too, in one portrait is Roman, in another Grecian, a third aquiline, a fourth snub, and others are of the composite order. The upper lip in one likeness is very short, in another very long. The hair, moustache, and beard are painted by one as black, another brown, a third reddish-brown, and by others flaxen; and the complexion all shades from very fair and light to very dark. These opposite attributes reduce the range of view to the elements of form and proportion in the facial contour, the cerebral developments, and the physical conformation of the body. The temperament was evidently a combination in which the mental, the nervous, and sanguine predominated, imparting great susceptibility, quickness, and love of action, which were undoubtedly attributes and characteristics of Shakspere's physical tendencies.

The Droeshout Portrait.

Next to the bust in the church, the engraved portrait by Droeshout claims our attention. It was prefixed to the first edition of Shakspere's plays, published by Heminge and Condell in 1623, and is believed by Mr. Halliwell to

have been engraved from an original picture. Heminge and Condell were "fellow-players" with Shakspere, and knew him well and intimately. The portrait has the further testimony in its favour in the following lines by Ben Jonson, a friend and companion of the poet, and inscribed on the page opposite to the engraving :—

The figure thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakspere cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdoe the life;
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse;
But since he cannot—Reader, looke,
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.—B. J.

These lines indicate that the face was represented with some degree of truth and faithfulness. It may, however, be observed, that Droeshout could scarcely have delineated Shakspere from his own knowledge, as the artist was not in England until after the death of the poet. He did not copy the cast from the face now in the British Museum, and probably relied either on Ben Jonson or Burbage for a portrait and description, or he took the Stratford bust for his model. But this is very doubtful, because he was a faithful copyist, and the engraved portrait and the bust are materially different.

It may be observed that the collar is not of the fashion of Shakspere's class at that period. Artists have, until the present century, paid greater attention to the face and costume than to the head. They are, with a few exceptions, even yet less exact and minute in the delineation of the head than the face. Now, the configuration of the head is the best biography of a man of intellect, talent, and character. The Droeshout head appears too high for its breadth, and inclines to a greater resemblance of form seen in Scott than Byron, Canova than Chantry, West than Flaxman, of Wordsworth than Burns. If there is a slight similarity to the general form in the face of the Stratford bust, there are striking differences in particular features. The nose is more prominent, well defined, and finely marked, with a flowing outline, and the nostrils rather

large. There is the long upper lip, and a general correspondence with the mouth of the cast and the bust. The eyes are large, and in life would be full and lustrous, but not so prominent as in the bust, the Stratford, or the Chandos portraits. The head, however, is comparatively narrow, and so very marked in this respect that it indicates not only weakness in the portrait, but feebleness in the character, and tends to diminish my reliance on its accuracy as a faithful likeness, at least as regards this portion of the picture. The organ of Secretiveness, so essential to the actor, the critic, and the student of character, is indicated as very small. If Shakspere was not the best of actors, he was acknowledged to be a successful teacher of those players who sought his instructions as a tutor, as in the case of Taylor and others, who became eminent on the stage in their elocutionary delivery. The organ of Destructiveness, which forms so important an element in energy and force of character, depth of utterance and action, is very small in the engraving. Constructiveness, manifestly a great power in the mental structure of the poet's composition, is also indicated as deficient. Acquisitiveness, too, is small, and yet Shakspere was the only actor of his day, besides Alleyn, who retired with a competency, and who afterwards showed a prudent regard for the accumulation of property. As it is doubtful whether the engraver ever saw the living form of Shakspere, this feebleness in the breadth of the head would enable him to pourtray other marked features to the satisfaction of Jonson, Heminge, and Condell, and thus the imaginative faculties are represented as very prominent. Ideality, Wit, Wonder, Imitation, Comparison, and Causality are all very conspicuously indicated as very large. The perceptive faculties are scarcely so well marked as to accord with the power of keen observation and vast command in range of view in dealing with physical objects, so evident in his works. This may be the fault of the engraver. The relative deficiency is partially visible in the bust and the Warwick portrait, but does not exist in the Jansen, the Lumley, the Felton, or in the Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery. It is still more strikingly different in this feature to the mask from the face of Shakspere.

Although these characteristics in the engraving do not all harmonise with what we know of Shakspere's career

and character, there is one feature that agrees well with Jonson's worship, Spenser's admiration, and Milton's praise —the engraver has given a large endowment of Benevolence and Veneration in addition to all those faculties which delight in the gay, lively, and cheerful aspect of things; while the passions and propensities are only small, tending to that kind and benignant expression indicated by the endearing epithets, "Sweet Will;" "My gentle Shakspere." But then, with such a narrow brain there would be a lack of force to deal with those powerful and passionate dramas so terrible and terrifying in their life-like realities, where we see rage, jealousy, and revenge, bursting all the ties of affection, pride, and ambition, and using poniards and the deadly poison to gratify their vengeance—all working with an intensity and power irresistibly illustrative of the breadth and energy of the poet.

It is, however, probable that the bard's full forehead would be graphically sketched or described by Jonson and the players as being large and high; the artist would mark the feature, and indeed—

"had a strife
With nature to outdo the life."

The engraver seems to have had some knowledge of the regulation of Henry VIII., who "excluded beards from the great table under penalty of paying double commons;" or of the decree imposed in the first year of Elizabeth, when they were limited to a "fortnight's growth, under penalty of 3s. 4d." The few hairs under the bottom lip of Droeshout's engraving lead to the impression that the artist, not having the original before him, filled in the few signs of a beard in accordance with his own fancy, which in this feature makes the portrait unlike others of the poet and his contemporaries.

The physical proportions of the Droeshout figure harmonise better with a fine temperament and an intellectual head, than either the Stratford bust or portrait; and the same relative proportions are observable in the mezzotinto portrait by Wivell, the Lumley likeness, the Zetland, the Warwick, and especially so in the Jansen portraits.

The Stratford Portrait.

This painting, considered by some persons as an interesting portrait of Shakspere and now preserved in the

birthplace of the poet, was formerly in the possession of Mr. Hunt, the town-clerk of Stratford, and belonged to his grandfather, a gentleman who took a prominent part in the affairs of the Garrick Jubilee in 1769; but there the pedigree ends. Although often seen in a lobby in Mr. Hunt's house, it had remained unnoticed and unknown, and passed scores of times by Mr. Halliwell without any idea of its importance, until it had been shown to Mr. Collins, a picture restorer, who was, in 1861, employed in cleaning and restoring the tints of the monumental effigy in the church. On removing a ferocious looking beard and moustache, there was discovered a portrait of Shakspere!—a result that recalls the experiment made on Talma's Shakspere, painted on the bellows, which when cleaned proved to be an old lady in a cap and kerchief!

Mr. Hunt is too sincere and disinterested in his wish to do honour to the memory of Shakspere, to be concerned in any deception as to the picture, or to wish to deprecate any criticism upon it. Its position among the other portraits exhibited, and its preservation at the house in Henley Street, rather call for a closer examination than would be otherwise accorded to it from the first glance at its glossy, glowing surfaces, and rotund outlines. In examining its claims to be considered a portrait, we find it bears a strong resemblance in its general form to the bust in the church, both in the dress, the moustache, imperial, and the curls in the hair. The style, as well as the tints of the dress, are in every detail a copy of the bust; in fact, it is an old portrait with a new face, called a Shakspere,—but no more like what Shakspere was than a Dutch dray-horse is to a racer, or a Solan goose to a skylark.

The full round globular forms which make the bust doubtful as a copy of Shakspere, are here exaggerated, and render the facial and cranial contour of the portrait inferior to the bust. The heads of all great masters of verse have the group of organs essential to the poet of imagination and fancy *large*, as seen in the portraits of Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, Chaucer, Spenser, Fenelon, Milton, Pope, Schiller, Wordsworth, and others; and yet Shakspere, greater than all, is here pourtrayed without the poetic organisation, either in form or condition. Wonder, Ideality, and Wit are only very moderately indicated, and the stronger passions are marked with prominence, while there are no salient

angles in the coronal region as moral bulwarks to resist the attacks of the grosser feelings. It would be a great mistake to take any feature in this portrait as a model for a statue of the bard. Shakspere himself has shown us that he understood the relation between the inward conditions and the outward signs. He makes Thurio, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, say :—

> If I had my will, the painter should take me at my prayers: there is then a heavenly beauty in the face; *the soul moves in the superfices.*

The clown in *Twelfth Night*, on assuming the gown of the priest as a disguise, shows his knowledge of the relation of form and capacity, in saying :—

> I'm *not fat enough* to become the function well; nor *lean* enough to be *thought a good student;* but to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar.

Shakspere is still more emphatic when he makes Cæsar say :—

> Let me have men about me *that are fat,*
> *Sleek-headed men,* and such as sleep o' nights.
> Yon Cassius has *a lean and hungry look;*
> *He thinks too much:* such men are dangerous.
>
> *Antony.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
> He is a noble Roman, and well given.
>
> *Cæsar. Would he were fatter!*—but I fear him not;
> Yet if my name were liable to fear,
> I do not know the man I should avoid
> So soon as that spare Cassius. *He reads too much;*
> *He is a great observer, and he looks*
> *Quite through the deeds of men.*

The Chandos Portrait.

This portrait is the most attractive, the most picturesque, and as a photograph finds the greatest favour with the public. But whatever the portrait originally may have been like, it comes with a questionable pedigree before it belonged to Betterton; and since his day it appears to have been much altered and improved. Sir Godfrey Kneller copied it; Ozias Humphrey amended and improved it; Sir Joshua Reynolds retouched it; and it is said, too, that Sir Thomas Clarges got a young man, who was thought to be like Shakspere, to sit for the portrait. It is impossible to trace any traditional resemblance to Shakspere in the

portrait in the National Portrait Gallery; and unfortunately it carries its own condemnation on the face of it. It looks like a composition made to please the eye, and it has not the slightest heritage of the Warwickshire physiognomies—either those of the Shaksperes or the Hathaways—so far as I can trace them in their living representatives.

The forehead of the Chandos in the National Portrait Gallery is high, square, and noble in its proportions, but the face is somewhat dark, and the lips are thick, prominent and sensual. The eyes are large, and the nose also is large. There is a moustache, a full beard and whiskers, in the style introduced by Rubens in his portraits after his arrival in England in 1630. In this feature there is a great contrast to the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving. Besides, Shakspere's complexion was not dark, but fair and light. The form of the head, too, is carried too much into the abstract and metaphysical type to belong to the practical character of Shakspere.

The Jansen Portrait.

Three portraits of Shakspere, by Jansen, were exhibited in the collection at Stratford,—one belonging to Mr. Staunton, another to Mr. Flack, a third to Sir J. L. Kaye, besides other copies after this painter. The Countess of Zetland exhibited a very interesting portrait, considered to be original. The Earl of Warwick had two portraits said to be of Shakspere. The Somerset Jansen has the date agreeing with the poet's age—"æt. 46, 1610." This portrait is a valuable work of art, and is regarded as a genuine portrait of Shakspere. Two of the above Jansens in the exhibition have the poet's name, and age 47, across the upper part of the picture.

The portraits by Jansen introduce a different type of head to those hitherto described. The best of these represent a refined, intellectual, and handsome man. The facial contour is aquiline, and the complexion fair. It is a singular fact that one or two of the portraits, and especially that belonging to Mr. Flack, agree with the mask almost in every particular. There is the same oval face and fair complexion in both, the well-defined forehead, and very prominent yet evenly arched eye-brows. The upper lip is shorter than in the mask, but the moustache is separated in a similar manner. They both singularly agree in their

phrenological characteristics; but the eyes are blueish-grey. This seems to be an objection against the painting being from life, if the colours given to the bust at Stratford be true to nature, as they probably are, for they were painted under the direction of the poet's friends. As Jansen did not arrive in England till 1618, two years after the poet's death, he could not from personal observation know what colour the eyes of Shakspere were. But if he painted his beautiful portrait from the cast of the poet's face, then he would use the painter's license, and give the colour to the eyes to suit the temperament and complexion, which is generally blue in the xanthous or fair-haired sons of Scandinavia.

It is a curious fact that seven other portraits exhibited in this gallery had the aquiline physiognomy, making eleven out of thirty. That belonging to the Countess of Zetland has the same oval face, arched eyebrow, and sandy or light auburn hair; and when the mask taken from the face was placed near the portraits, it seemed to say in the words of the poet:—

"Compare our faces, and be judge yourselves."

And it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the best of the Jansens has been painted either from this mask or one marvellously like it. In either case the difficulties which have hitherto hung around the portraits of Shakspere seem to vanish, and we begin to see him in his form and feature as he lived, finely organised in his mental combinations, with an ardent and highly impressionable nature and constitution, and all harmonious with his comely physical proportions, his handsome features, mental activity, and, above all, with a cerebral sensibility increased by the temperament of genius.

There is at Stratford an old painting of a group of figures representing a scene from Shakspere's *Taming of the Shrew*, which is said to have been painted by Thomas Hart, a nephew of Shakspere. In this group is the figure of Shakspere himself. The painting is in the possession of Mrs. James, who owns several other relics which belonged to the Hornbys, relations of the Harts. In this old picture Shakspere has the physical proportions and physiognomy indicated both by the mask and the Janser portraits—a singular confirmation, for Thomas Hart, as see

painter, must have been familiar with Shakspere's general appearance, either from knowledge or tradition. He has pictured him more true, physically speaking, to what is possible for the player, the writer, and the man of incessant activity and industry, than the rotund effigy, or the plump picture called the Stratford portrait.

The Cast from Shakspere's Face.

In the British Museum.

Accurate casts of the whole head are the best and most reliable biographic memorial portraitures of men of note; and ere long these will be held in higher estimation than the fading colours of the decaying canvass. Even the antique busts of the Greeks and Romans, with their quiet smile, or austere glance, yet truthful contours, awaken a vivid sympathy with the distant and forgotten members of the great family of man, and convey a fuller conviction of the identity of our species, and bring the past nearer to the present, than volumes of heavy historic records; because

they appeal to sight and perception of form, proportion, and fitness in character.

It is rather remarkable, in connection with this Exhibition of Portraits of Shakspere in the town where he was born, lived, married, died, and lies buried, that a cast, taken it is said from his face after death, should, after 250 years' absence, be exhibited side by side with portraits by artists of various periods. The test was a severe one, but highly important in its results, if we are enabled thereby to show that certain popular portraits are not likenesses of Shakspere, while others have a strong if not an undeniable claim to be considered true and genuine portraits of the poet.

The cast from the face was brought to light about 15 years ago. It is alleged to have been originally purchased by a German nobleman attached to the Court of James I., and preserved as a relic of Shakspere in the family of Kesselstadt, until the last of the race, Count von Kesselstadt, a canon of Cologne Cathedral, died in 1843, when his collection of curiosities was sold and dispersed. Dr. Becker purchased the cast and the miniature copy of it, and brought both to this country. On leaving England for Australia, he left the mask in the care of Professor Owen, at the British Museum. Becker was an enthusiastic botanist, who, joining the expedition under Burke, perished with him on the return from their Overland journeyings and discoveries. On the back of the mask is the inscription—"A.D. 1616." The miniature which has accompanied it has a wreath around the head intimating that it is the likeness of a poet. Hain Friswell justly observes that "the cast bears some resemblance to the more refined portraits of the poet;" and I propose to direct attention to a few of these points of agreement or difference. There is no ground for the statement of those who think this mask furnished the tomb-maker with his model for the monument in the church. It is utterly impossible; for in nearly every facial and cranial outline where a comparison can be instituted, they are dissimilar.

When I first saw the mask lying flat under its glass cover, I was doubtful of its genuineness, because it was at variance with the ethnic type of the Warwickshire physiognomy indicated by the Stratford monument, and to a considerable extent belonging to a majority of the peopl

in the district. I was allowed to raise the mask to a position level with the line of sight, and the face and forehead then presented much more harmonious proportions—very remarkable in their combinations. The mask has strongly marked, yet regular and finely formed features. The brain is the most prominent over the lower part of the forehead, and at the sides. It is well and harmoniously developed in the region of the perceptive faculties, which are very large, as indicated by the sketch of the profile of the cast, and differs in this respect from the Bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the Warwick portraits, but singularly agrees with most of the facial and cranial outlines of the Jansen portrait. On the mask the hairs of the head, eyelashes, moustache, and beard, still adhere to the plaster, and are a reddish-brown or auburn colour, corresponding with the portraits by Jansen, and in some measure with that of the Stratford bust. It was objected that the hairs could scarcely be so repeated on a cast. This has repeatedly occurred in my own experience, and is very easily explained. On taking a mould of the head of Dr. King, at the request of the late Lady Noel Byron, I found several hairs adhered to the plaster, and reappeared on the cast, and so also in other cases. These hairs in the cast of Shakspere's face are an additional corroboration of the possible temperament and complexion, and, if genuine, an argument against the truth of the Chandos. *Both* cannot be genuine.

It was the custom in those days to take faithful impressions of the faces of the nobility, and probably in some cases in wax, which may account for the marked and characteristic features on many of the monuments of the period, as seen in those of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family in Charlecote Church. The cast in the British Museum was probably taken from a mould of wax, and certainly by an experienced artist; which accounts for the sharpness of the work, the clearness of the outlines, the flesh-like appearance of the surface, and the undisturbed hairs imbedded in the moustache, and tuft on the chin. There are markings of the workman's tool on the surface of parts of the moustache and beard; but there has been no mould taken from this cast, as is evident from the condition it presents, nor is it very likely that another cast was taken out of the "waste" mould. It has been suggested that the artist might work from this as a model, and then sell it. The

monument at Stratford could not possibly, as previously stated, be made from this cast, nor did it offer any suggestion to the tomb-maker. The body had so far wasted, that the cartilages or nasal bones have been marked in the mould, and the eyes are sunken.

The mask has a mournful aspect, and sensitive persons are affected by its apparent reality. It is said that Fanny Kemble, on looking at it, burst into tears. It is utterly destitute of the jovial physiognomy of the Stratford bust, and it bears the impress of one who was gifted with a most extraordinary range of perceptive observation and ready memory, great facility of expression, varied power of enjoyment, much sensibility, and great depth of feeling. On the upper part of the forehead, near to the left side of the organ of Comparison, there is, I observed, a slight depression, as if produced by a blow inflicting a wound on the skull at some early period of life. It has the appearance likely to be presented after receiving a right-handed blow from a stick or falling body. Those of a lively fancy may recall the Fulbrooke deer-stealing, and the gamekeeper of Sir Thomas Lucy, as an explanation. I simply direct the attention of the curious to the cast in the British Museum in confirmation of the statement. Presuming that the whole head was organised in proportion to the frontal portion indicated in the mask, it would be a little above average, but not of the largest size and the favourable combinations of the observing powers, and sensibility would give extraordinary facility and executive skill; and if not the cast from Shakspere, it is from one who could have succeeded in any department of practical art, science, mechanics, music, painting, sculpture, or literature.

Phrenology is a severe test to apply, and the mask and the Jansen portraits pass the ordeal well and satisfactorily, while all the others fail in some essential feature or combination.

The sides of the head in the cast are well developed, and are large. The perceptive faculties are still more decidedly marked in the size of their organs: thus Form, Size, Colour, Weight, Locality, Number, Order, Eventuality, Time, and Constructiveness, are all very large; and Ideality, Wit, Language, Comparison, Causality, Benevolence, Veneration, Secretiveness, and Acquisitiveness, are large; the

Imitation, Wonder, and Alimentiveness, are a little less indicated.

The forehead belongs to that class of men who have shown extraordinary skill in dealing with the actual and the practical, rather than the abstract, either as philosophers, artists, statesmen, or generals, such as Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Henry IV., Loyola, Luther, Poussin, Adam Smith, John Hampden, Selden, Audubon, Napoleon, and Washington.

Shakspere was eminently practical, artistic, executive, and constructive, and only began to be dubious, abstract, or metaphysically theoretic, as he progressed in the development of his powers of mind and experience. He neither wanders with Plato in his Republic, nor with More in his Utopia, but takes the world as he finds it, with all its lights and shadows; and, with the intuition of genius, opens to view the human heart and its passions —their longings and conflicting aspirations; their varying and shifting phases, and pourtrays them with all the force of a profound psychologist.

The face of the cast, like the Jansen portrait, has a sharp oval form; that of the Stratford bust is a blunt or round one, as indicated by the respective illustrations. The chin is narrow and pointed, yet firm; that of the bust well-rounded. The cheeks are thin and sunken in the cast; in the bust and portrait full, fat, and coarse, as if there was great vitality, and a

"Good digestion waiting on appetite,"

without much thought, fancy, or feeling disturbing either. The mask has a forehead finely formed; the bust is ill-defined; and the Stratford portrait is still more indefinite. The mask has a full-sized upper lip; the bust a very large one, although Sir W. Scott lost his wager in maintaining that it was larger than his own; for it was demonstrated, by the application of the compasses, that the advantage in length of lip was on the side of the wizard—the worthy Knight of Abbotsford. The nose of the mask is large and finely indicated; that of the bust is short, straight, and small. The nostrils are slightly drawn up in the

cast,—a feature exaggerated in the bust. Their ethnic physiognomies and cranial contours are utterly at variance with each other. The bust is a good example of the Teutonic face prevailing in the Warwickshire type. The mask is a union of the Norman grafted on the Saxon stock—the aquiline nose and oval face are united with the long upper lip and fair complexion existing in a limited proportion of the inhabitants in the poet's native county, as slightly illustrated by the fine head of Sir Thomas Lucy. The cast indicates the man of keen observation, quick perception, with great executive faculty. There would be a fine sense of physical and artistic beauty and fitness, with a sensibility that would make the original a man of emotion, feeling, and probably of suffering. The Stratford bust, on the contrary, bespeaks the man of ease, enjoyment, keen appetites, and self-satisfaction. There would be latent force of character in the bust, with much good nature, yet ever ready to give occasional outbursts of passion. In the portrait, there is a good vital constitution, with great tenacity of property; cherishing the pleasures of life and existence. The mask and the Jansen portrait indicate the nervous sanguine temperament—the temperament of genius; the bust and the portrait the sanguine-lymphatic. There might be latent power to enjoy the productions of others, but there would be a lack of inspiration to create original idealisations of truth and beauty.

The answer phrenology would give to those who still believe the Stratford portrait and bust are the true image of the bard, is—that the forms are impossible with a poet like Shakspere. Death does not alter the language once written on the ivory wall around the temple of thought by the hand of the Creator. A monumental effigy of Shakspere, bearing the characteristics of the bust or the portrait, would deservedly become the scorn and scoff of future ages, for both artists and the general public are beginning to perceive and appreciate the relation between given forms, capability, and character.

The relationship between organisation, capacity, and character, has long been a subject of investigation with me, and I have never yet found a case to controvert the great principles illustrated in the philosophy which assigns a distinct and separate organ for each faculty of the mind. Men of mark, men of thought, men of action, and those of

special power, have alike been illustrative of this grand and important revelation of truth.

"Men," says George Combe, "the great masters of painting and sculpture, have been distinguished for high-nervous, or nervous-bilious, or nervous-sanguine temperament. Very rarely is a nervous-lymphatic temperament met with among them; and I do not recollect to have observed among them any one in whom the nervous was not present in a large proportion." Then why should Shakspere be an exception? It would be more consistent for us to believe that he was a striking confirmation of the law, and that he had the advantage of a happy union of a well-balanced brain and a finely-constituted nervous system. Michael Angelo was a master of painting, sculpture, and architecture; Da Vinci showed a genius not only for painting, but for music and engineering; Shakspere was still more comprehensive;—and men of such kindred powers must have had some features in common, and they agree in the possession of a fine temperament, large perceptive powers, and a well-developed cerebral combination—the organisation of genius.

Discovery of Portraits of Shakspere's Family.

In the course of some recent enquiries about the descendants of Shakspere, I was incidentally made aware of the existence of a portrait, said to be that of Susanna, the daughter of the poet. On further investigation I found it belonged to the wife of an agricultural labourer residing a short distance from Stratford. The owner is a descendant of one of the Hathaways that first brought the picture from Shottery, on her marriage to a respectable and prosperous tradesman at Darlingcote. This lady gave the portrait to her grand-daughter, Mrs. Attwood, who always told her children that the picture was invariably described as "Susanna Hall, the daughter of Shakspere" She also stated that it was formerly sent by a relative from London to Shottery, and that it was not kept on account of its money value, but simply because it was a likeness of one of the family.

Mrs. Attwood gave the portrait to her grand-daughter and godchild, Hannah Ward, while the latter was very young, and her mother, Mrs. Ward, brought the portrait away

from Darlingcote to her house at Treddington, where it has remained until lately. I have seen persons who have resided all their lives in the neighbourhood, where it has been known that this picture was in the possession of the Wards for more than thirty years, and was always considered as a heir-loom from Shottery. Mrs. Attwood died in 1848, aged 85 years, but her statements and testimony are still remembered by members of the family who are living in different parts of the county, whom I have visited, and whose statements agree with each other without the knowledge of these parties of the information obtained elsewhere.

When Hannah Ward died, she left the portrait and other relics to her sister, the present owner. While the children of Mrs. Ward were young, they looked upon the picture with some degree of fear, for the portrait has a life-like appearance, and the eyes, having a direction different from the nose, the girls said "the picture was always looking at them," and hence, during a few years, its face was turned to the wall.

During the recent Ter-centenary Festival, the portrait was brought to Stratford, and when placed by the side of two other portraits, which were formerly at the birthplace in Henley-street, I discovered a singular resemblance between them in style, execution, and physiognomy, as if painted by the same artist.

The two portraits referred to consist of a young lady and a gentleman, and are now in the possession of Mrs. James, grand-daughter of the Hornbys, who formerly occupied the house in Henley-street, the birthplace of Shakspere. The Hornbys were relatives of the Harts, who occupied the house from the time of Shakspere's sister Joan, who was married to William Hart. The Hornbys bought the two portraits with other relics at a valuation in 1793, and they remained as tenants in Henley-street till 1820, and both portraits and relics have remained till now in the possession of their daughter. They were executed in a style and size far superior to pictures adapted to the lowly rooms in the birthplace, and the probability is, they once belonged to Shakspere's family at New Place, and on the death of Mrs. Hall, or on the sale of the premises, were transferred to the nearest relations of the deceased, who were the Harts in Henley-street. No one can say with any certainty whom

SUSANNA HALL, DAUGHTER OF SHAKSPERE.

the pictures represent, but there was a tradition that they came from another branch of the family, and that they represent Dr. Hall and his wife.

Both the pictures are fine old paintings, in oval, carved, gilt frames, alike in size and pattern, and executed with considerable breadth and skill, in the style of Sir Peter Lely. The gentleman is pourtrayed with the full flowing wig, rich single-breasted coat, and cravat of the period, similar to other portraits of that day by the same artist. Now, the singular fact to be noticed here is—not only that the Susanna portrait is in an oval frame of the same size, with the pattern on the carving a little more elaborate, but that when placed by the side of the female portrait from Henley-street, the pictures present the appearance of being two likenesses of the same person taken at different periods of life, or one represents the daughter of the other. In look, complexion, pose, and both in facial and cranial contour, they are portraits of the same person, differing in age, and but slightly in costume. The portraits present fine intelligent features, high square foreheads, and graceful and handsome proportions. There is the aquiline contour, long upper lip, and temperament of the mask and the Jansen portraits. The existence of the Susanna portrait has remained unknown, except to a few, until the present time; the other two portraits have been seen by many thousands.

It is a remarkable fact that not only the features of the two females resemble each other, but that the three have a

strong family likeness! This has been observed by others whose attention has been since drawn to this peculiarity.

It has been suggested that the two portraits from Henley-street are probably those of Dr. Hall and his wife Susanna before she was married, and that the picture recently discovered is a likeness of the same lady at a later period of life. There is, however, another way of explaining the singular family resemblance in the portraits. One may be Dr. Hall and his wife, and the young lady their daughter Elizabeth. Or, is it possible that Mr. Nash, to whom the grand-daughter of Shakspere was first married, may be represented in the portrait of the gentleman? I am inclined to rely on the tradition that has hitherto considered it that of Dr. Hall, and that the young lady is Elizabeth Hall, the daughter, who married Mr. Nash of Welcome; in that case, the recently-discovered portrait may be a likeness of the same lady at a later period of life, or a likeness of her mother. It is, however, very singular that while the portrait was in the possession of the Attwoods and the Wards, it was always designated "Susanna Hall, the daughter of Shakspere;" and now, after an interval of two centuries, the portrait, when placed beside others from Henley-street, and probably New Place, clearly shows that it belongs to the same family group.

Dr. Hall died in 1635, leaving his property to his wife and daughter. Susanna died 11th July, 1649. Elizabeth, the daughter, was married to her first husband, Thomas Nash, in 1626. She afterwards married Sir John Bernard, who was knighted by Charles II. in 1661. Lady Bernard died at Abington, near Northampton, in February, 1669–70.

Now, from several well-established facts, it is known that Lady Bernard manifested great affection and regard for her relatives, the Harts in Henley-street, and also for the family of her grandmother, the Hathaways of Shottery. By her will, Lady Bernard bequeathed legacies of forty and fifty pounds each to six members of the Hathaway family, thereby testifying to her respect for the memory of her ancestor Anne Shakspere. She also left two houses in Henley-street—one of them the birthplace of her grandfather—to Thomas Hart, grandson of Shakspere's brother-in-law, William Hart; and to her kinsman, Edward Bagley, citizen of London, she bequeathed the residue of her property. It is possible, and indeed probable, that

Lady Bernard would take the portrait of her mother in preference to her own, and that the portrait of Susanna was part of the personal property conveyed to London, from whence it was ultimately sent to the Hathaways at Shottery, and has remained in obscurity till the present day; and when placed beside other portraits that have hitherto been treated with indifference and neglect, they all in a most singular and unexpected way prove their relationship.

This pedigree of the three portraits is a simple history of their existence in the families of the descendants of the Harts and the Hathaways—of all persons the most likely to possess such relics. They have nothing about them indicative of the picture-dealer's restorations. They are portraits painted by the hand of a master, and are in a style suited to persons of wealth and condition beyond those living either in Henley-street or at Shottery. The height of each picture is, with the frame, 39 inches, and in breadth 34 inches. They would not be purchased as ornaments, as they are too large for the walls of such tenements; nor would they be bought on speculation, because the owners could never find purchasers for them as unknown portraits. It is more reasonable to consider them as heir-looms left among a family that has from various causes lost not only its former wealth and position, but also the associations by which the relics were once surrounded.

The portrait called Susanna Hall belongs to persons unacquainted with the value of pictures, as the husband, an agricultural labourer, can only earn 10s. a-week, and when attending a thrashing-machine, a little more; and being unable to read or write, he is not likely to know the value of the picture, either as a luxury, as a work of art, or as a Shaksperian relic; and values it merely as a memento of his wife's family descent from the Hathaways of Shottery. As the pedigree of the Susanna portrait is traced back to the end of the 17th century, there is only a comparatively brief period between the death of Lady Bernard and the appearance of the portrait at Shottery; after which I have, for the first time, traced it to Darlingcote, Treddington, Alveston, and now again at Stratford. As the three portraits have a strong family likeness, and as the Susanna portrait has a singular resemblance to the Jansens and to the mask, their similarity will be a strange and

rather marvellous coincidence, if they are not likenesses of Shakspere's family.

It may be asked—How is it that those who have devoted some thirty years attention to this subject have not hitherto discovered any connection between these portraits and the children of Shakspere? The answer is, the portraits have never previously been compared with each other; the Susanna has till now remained in obscurity, and unknown, and those from Henley-street have been viewed with prejudice, or treated with indifference. They are still at Stratford to challenge investigation by the committee of the Shakspere Museum, where, if possible, these portraits, with their pedigrees, ought to be preserved. If I have succeeded in establishing the claims of those from Henley-street, or that from Shottery, to belong to the family of Shakspere, I shall be rewarded for the trouble which has been necessary to ascertain the facts establishing the authenticity of these interesting and beautiful portraits; which, if genuine, tend to confirm by their physiognomies the accuracy of the views already recorded in favour of the Jansen Portrait and the Mask of Shakspere.

The Ethnic Physiognomies of Warwickshire.

As the facial contour of the two races of Warwickshire have been cited in reference to the portraits of Shakspere, an explanation may be necessary. It will be admitted that there are features so marked, distinct, and characteristic among men, that they may be classed under typical names, such as the Roman, the Grecian, the Aquiline, the Teuton, or the Celtic. These are some of the signs of racial origin, and easily distinguished.

History tells us that the earliest inhabitants of Britain were the Belgæ or Celtic, who were visited by the trade-venturers from the shores of the Mediterranean. The tide-wave of civilisation and power brought Cæsar and the Roman Eagles to settle and brood on the island. The result may be seen in the stern features, wiry frames, and cranial characteristics of those in whom the governing element is predominant. Although the Saxons ultimately gained the ascendant, the Roman legionaries remained long enough to establish their race and leave their blood behind them. The Northmen followed, bringing their

lofty stature, their great strength and courage; and then came the Norman as a second branch of the Norseman.

The military adventurers who followed the fortunes of the Conqueror were mostly of Gothic extraction, the descendants of the military order who vanquished the Romans. These admixtures of the Celt, the Phœnician, the Teuton, and the Roman, have left a mixed people. The various elements were destined in process of time to amalgamate and become a racial type; and the Anglo-Saxon has a composite character, in which are found the well-known characteristics of Englishmen. The features become marked, prominent, and distinct, or otherwise, according as the original racial types unite, amalgamate, or separate.

These various races, which have conjoined to form the English nation, appear to have met in the midland districts, and as the baronial castles of Warwick and Kenilworth would be awarded to the followers of the Conqueror, to make them lords over "tower and town," they would attract numerous dependants in their train; these again would ultimately become blended with the Anglo-Saxon race, and will serve in some degree to explain the apparent anomalous facial contours seen in the Warwickshire people and their neighbours in the midland counties.

The Mask said to be from the face of Shakspere does not possess the broad characteristics of the Warwickshire type. The majority of the people have the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic physiognomy—a broad-set body, full face, long upper lip, straight or composite nose, hazel eyes, and auburn hair. There is, however, another though less numerous type, blending elements of the Norman with the Anglo-Saxon characteristics, where the aquiline feature in the nose unites with other traits in the long upper lip and fair complexion of the Teuton or Frisian race. These are the marked characteristics of the Jansen portrait, and the mask said to be taken from the face of Shakspere, and also belong to the portraits to which I have drawn attention as likenesses of the family of Shakspere, and which formerly belonged on one side to the Harts, and on the other to the Hathaways.

(To be continued.)

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POETRY AND RELIGIOUS FEELING,

ILLUSTRATED BY THE WRITINGS OF BYRON AND SHELLEY.

BY THE

REV. F. W. KITTERMASTER, M.A.

[Continued from the close of Vol. 8, 1863.]

I HAVE spoken so much of Byron that I have but little time left for Shelley. I may refer you, however, to his comparison of Sleep and Death, and his description of Night, both in "Queen Mab."

How wonderful is Death,—
Death and his brother Sleep!—
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When thron'd on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires

Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

Let us also take "The Cloud" and "The Skylark," which, for true poetry, stand unrivalled. It is seldom a poet is so happy in continuous conceptions as Shelley has been in both these poems. He thus speaks for the cloud:—

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits:
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me;
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea:
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
  And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
  When the morning star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
  Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
  In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
  Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
  From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
  As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
  Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
  By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer:
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
  And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
  When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
  Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
  The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
  With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
  In the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
  While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die:
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

I conclude my selections from Shelley with "The Skylark."

Hail to thee, blythe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance,
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,—
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

This, again, is true poetry, yet he who wrote these exquisite verses wrote also passages too blasphemous to be read by any religious man without a shudder;—another proof that poetry itself has no relationship to religious feeling.

Let me now give you one or two examples of poetry joined with religious feeling; but this is not because poetry has any connection with it, but because the mind of the poet is religious, and consequently everything connected with him becomes so. Take the verses of Keble for Christmas Day:—

> What sudden blaze of song
> Spreads o'er th' expanse of heaven?
> In waves of light it thrills along,
> Th' angelic signal given,—
> "Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
> Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire;
>
> Like circles widening round
> Upon a clear blue river,
> Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
> Is echoed on for ever:
> Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
> And love towards men of love—salvation and release.

Here we have not only expanding light and spreading waves, but we have them as the messengers of God, carrying the glad tidings of salvation through the world. And with true poetic feeling the cold grey garb of winter is taken from the river by the introduction of the little word "blue," which represents it to us as sleeping beneath a sky of June. In the third line of the first verse, had the word "swells" been substituted for "thrills," so that the line would have read "In waves of light it swells along," it would have given us a truer representation of the motion of the waves, and also of that rapturous yet dreamy joy which music and song can produce in the soul.

Again: take the following verses from the same author:—

> The Pascal moon above
> Seems like a saint to rove,
> Left shining in the world with Christ alone;

Below, the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terrac'd high with mossy stone.

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of love that never die;
Among the olives kneel,
The chill night blast to feel,
And watch the moon that saw thy Master's agony.

This is not the moon of the man without religious feeling that "looks a spirit or a spirit's world," nor the "orbed maiden" treading with unseen feet the great fields of space; but it becomes the saint watching with the Redeemer, and pouring soothing light upon his agony. Here again, perhaps, the substitution of the word "moaning" for "chill night" would have been an improvement. The fifth line of the second verse would then read thus—"The moaning blast to feel;" and the cold uncomfortable feeling of the chill night would be removed, and we should have in its stead the breath of the universe expressing audibly its grief for its suffering Lord.

Again, there is much poetry, as well as religious feeling, in the "Evening Hymn:"—

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes:

for we have the clear and "dewy morn" vividly imaged, as well as the cloudless life of the Christian, bright with the Sun of Righteousness.

My last quotation shall be from Pollok, one full of the deepest religious feeling and the truest poetry: it is from his "Course of Time." Book 5.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;
The corn fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Her Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.

On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outstretch'd sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper look'd forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the East, unclouded rode the moon,
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

I would say a few words, ere I close, to those who feel the spirit of poetry within giving them a keen relish for the beautiful. Mistake it not for religious feeling; it is not that, and has no relationship to it. Cultivate it for the innocent natural feelings it can inspire. The earth will be like another earth to you, if you look upon it with a poet's eye. Is it nothing to gaze on the starry heavens until the soul is filled with wonder—to float on the crimson hues of sunset—to rest on that one lone cloud at eventide—to leap with the morning's lightning—to ride on the crest-wave of the ocean—to listen to the music of the wild waves, or the dash of the breakers? Is it nothing to climb the "trackless mountain all alone"—to hang above the chasm and look down into its depths—to see the spanning rainbow, and hear the rush of the cataract—to tread the ledge-path of the precipice till the brain is well nigh sick, not with giddiness, but delight; and, while there is yet a height untrodden, to hear the whispers of that mysterious voice which cries "Excelsior!" and to feel a spirit within answering to the call; and then at last to stand upon that mountain top surrounded only by immensity and God? Is it nothing to hear music in the brook's murmurs—to see a smile in the bending flower, and feel nature speaking to the inmost soul? Is there no joy to you in all this, or any of this? Ah! then you know not what poetry means; and probably you never will. If these feelings are not implanted by nature, they cannot be acquired, for the poet is born, not made.

But there is something you may have which is not yours by nature—something nature has not implanted, but which yet may be acquired, and it is something better than all that of which I have been speaking; for that of which I have spoken will pass away, but this will not. What, then, is this something better which may be acquired? —this something which is better than the grand, and

beautiful, and rapturous of nature? What is it? It is rest and peace in Jesus. Yes!—it is better; for it is perfect and imperishable. All the poetry of nature will fail and pass away. The "sanguine sunrise" and his golden setting—the myriad splendours of his lightning beams will grow dim and fade; for in that world to come, of which we read, there will be no need of the sun, for the Lord God will be the glory, and the Lamb the light thereof. The "deep blue noon of night," and all the "poetry of heaven"—the orbèd maiden looking from her throne of pearl, or, like "a spirit or a spirit's world," sailing onward still through silence and immensity, will be seen no more, for there will be no night there. The lashing of the breakers and the music of the wild waves will subside in the Alleluias of the multitude, and the song of the redeemed around the throne, for there will be no more sea. And all that charms us now in the heaven above, or in the earth below—all that holds us with instinctive power—that gathers beauty from the natural world, will change into that which is perfect, and more beautiful still; for there will be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. What the joys of that world to come will be, we know not, for eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. B t we do know that change and decay and separation are written on all things earthly—that there is no hope which may not be blighted—no "dream of joy" which may not be invaded—no happiness which may not be broken up. Set your affections, therefore, on things above: rise from the earthly to the heavenly—from the joys of nature to the joys of the Spirit: make Jesus the Redeemer your Friend, and seek for rest and peace in God.

The Lecturer seemed to enter fully into his subject, reciting from memory most of the passages referred to.—A vote of thanks was given to him, and the meeting concluded with the Doxology and Benediction.

FABLES AND PROVERBS,

AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

BY

MR. WILLIAM BRIDGES.

[Concluded from p. 188.]

I SHALL now introduce you to No. 3—THE SOW AND THE WOLF:—A sow had just farrowed, and lay in the sty with her whole litter of pigs about her. A wolf, who longed for one of them, but knew not how to come at it, endeavoured to insinuate himself into the sow's good graces; and accordingly, coming up to her, said—"How does the good woman in the straw do to-day? Can I be of any service to your little family here? If you have a mind to go abroad and air yourself a little or so, you may depend upon it I will take as much care of your pigs as you could do yourself." "Your humble servant," says the sow; "I thoroughly understand your meaning; and to let you know I do, I must be so free as to tell you I would rather have your room than your company; and, therefore, if you would act like a wolf of honour, and oblige me, I beg I may never see your face again."

What a host of thoughts come crowding themselves upon the mind at the recital of such a fable as this! and foremost amongst them are the following weighty proverbs:—"Better known than trusted;" "Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone;" "Never carry two faces under one hood;" "Old birds are not to be caught with chaff." The three following ideas present themselves to our notice:—1. Sympathy; 2. In search of a dinner; and 3. Politeness. What a beautiful quality of the mind is true and genuine sympathy! and what noble instances are recorded of John Howard, and Elizabeth Fry, and others, who went about like their Divine Master, doing good. And what a striking contrast do they present to that false and maudlin sympathy we too often meet with in the selfish world around us. When people are officiously good natured, and very, *very* civil, we fancy some-

thing is wrong—a screw loose somewhere—because it is so uncommon in the world. Again: when a person who is comparatively a stranger, or of whom we know but little, comes to us and makes offers of service and assistance, it becomes us, like the sow in the fable, to look to ourselves, to be on our guard, and take all such sympathy just for what it is worth; and remember the words of David, who says—"The words of his mouth were as butter, but war was in his heart." (PSALM lv. 21.)

A young man was once very anxious for his father to retire from business, and enjoy the eve of life in some quiet retreat. He was sure the old gentleman would live very much longer if he got away from trade altogether; there was no necessity for him to work at all now, as he had realised a competency; therefore he might quietly take his name from the firm, and let the son carry on business alone. This was all very kind of the son, and was also for the father's benefit, you might suppose. Not so: the son very much wanted to step into the old gent's shoes, so to speak—to branch out in a grander style—to cut a dash; and this he thought he could do if he had all the business! This puts us in mind of the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found the thread! It is all for your benefit! It is nothing to me, my dear sir. "Neither deal falsely nor lie one to another." (LEV. xix. 11.)

We will now consider the second part suggested by the fable, viz.:—How to procure a dinner! In some people's creed "the end sanctifies the means." Some live by their wits—and why? Pride, Vanity, Idleness, and Gaiety enter too much into their composition; so they become the parasites of society. A criminal statist has declared that in Paris there are 20,000 individuals who begin the day without knowing how to procure a dinner by honest means. Now, if when evening arrives these 20,000 persons have dined, we think it clearly follows that a very large number of thefts must have been committed during the day. The following will show, by way of illustration, how some men act to procure a dinner. There is what is called the "Friendly Hug." A Frenchman one day came up to a stranger in the court of the Louvre, and said—"My dear friend, what a happy meeting! How delighted I am to see you once more!" The stranger had no knowledge of

the fellow, and told him so; whereupon he said—"I beg a thousand pardons—I perhaps have made a mistake; but you resemble a friend of mine most wonderfully." He then walked away, and it was soon found that a valuable watch and appendages were gone; but I am happy to add that the thief was caught in attempting to sell the things to a broker.

The second instance which I will give you is called "The Good-day Theft." The houses in Paris which are let off in furnished lodgings, are very accessible. Early one morning a thief ascended the stairs of one of these houses, trying each of the chamber doors as he passed, until he found one which opened. He entered the room, and noiselessly collected all the clothes, trinkets, and other moveables he could find, while the possessor was snugly asleep in bed. An accident occurred to awaken the sleeper, and he naturally exclaimed "Who's there?" Upon which the thief answered, with the utmost politeness, "*Bonjour, Monsieur.* Excuse me for interrupting your rest; it is I, the tailor whom you ordered to be here at this hour." "Pshaw!" cried the other, "you have made a mistake;" and quietly turned to finish his nap. The thief bowed, and made off with his booty; and also in this case, I am told, was captured while trying to sell the things.

We will now briefly consider the third idea that presents itself by this fable—Politeness. Now there is such a thing as being over polite—overdoing the thing—a ludicrous politeness, such as the country carpenter exhibited when a great man went to him about a gallows he had ordered to be made. It was not done to time, so the Don went to see about it himself; when the carpenter made a solemn bow, and begged his Highness's pardon, but he was not aware that it was for his Honour, or it should have been ready to time—indeed it should. Again: insincerity and extravagant adulation often betray people into uttering the most ridiculous absurdities, when they don't mean it. A nobleman, at the death of George III., said, in the House of Lords, that he was sorry to inform their Lordships that it had pleased the Almighty to relieve the king of his sufferings. What an idea!!! A man can be polite without being a sycophant. In what does true politeness consist? I will tell you. Attention to the wants and wishes of others. Never give a blunt Yes or No

if a question be asked you. "Honour to whom honour is due" is a Scripture phrase, and everyone can give it without cringing.

I now introduce you to No. 4 of the Diagrams before you, viz.—THE FOX AND THE COUNTRYMAN:—A fox being hard hunted, and having run a long chase, was quite tired: at last he espied a countryman in a wood, to whom he applied for refuge, entreating that he would give him leave to hide himself in his cottage till the hounds were gone by. The man assented, and the fox went and covered himself up in a corner of the hovel. Presently the hunters came up, and inquired of the man if he had seen the fox? "No," says he, "I have not seen him indeed;" but all the while pointed with his finger to the place where the fox was hid. However, the hunters did not understand him, but called off the dogs, and went another way. Soon after, the fox, creeping out of his hole, was going to sneak off, when the man called after him. and asked him if that was his manners, to go away without thanking him, who had saved his life? Reynard, who had peeped all the while, and seen what passed, answered—"I know what obligations I have to you, well enough; and I assure you, if your actions had been but agreeable to your words, I should have endeavoured, however incapable of it, to have returned you suitable thanks." Proverbs:—"Actions speak louder than words;" "There is as much malice in a wink as in a word;" "Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best in the end;" "An open enemy is not so detestable as a false friend;" "Falsehood makes ne'er a fair hinder end;" "Of all the crafts, to be an honest man is the master craft." Here we have half-a-dozen choice pearls to look at and admire. Now this man was a pretended wit, and showed it off by the language of the hand: consider how well the foregoing proverbs fit the subject of this fable. Never practice duplicity or double dealing; neither speak nor act ambiguously; let your language be so plain that it cannot be misunderstood. Some men have pretended to keep another's counsel, and appeared in his interest, while, underhand, intelligence has been given to enemies: such conduct is treacherous, knavish, and base. Read the account of the Cato-street Conspiracy.

I will now show you what I mean by ambiguous words.

A certain woman one day showed to a gentleman a fiddle which her grandson had made; she said he made it out of his *own head*, and had got wood enough left for another. She did not think he was wooden-headed, though. Again: a young woman came home from service; and when a question was asked about her, a third party cried out, "She is no *better* than she ought to be." Perhaps not; for we are none of us *so good* as we ought to be. Again: I informed some people once that a certain boy who came to my school put nails in his shoes every morning before he left his home, and asked what trade they thought his father was? A lad called out "A shoemaker." Now we see by the foregoing, that where two distinct ideas can be formed of one word, it is best to be plain; for this boy's father was a baker. Remember, "Reputation is often got without merit, and lost without crime."* It is from ambiguous words that some of our Wits have shown off to most advantage: a play upon words is sometimes nice amusement, and affords opportunities for young thinkers to make known their ideas: take, for instance the following, and explain what is meant, viz.:—"Mrs. Plumpton's second boy is a beauty; he beats his brother;" "A man was in trouble, and had a large gathering on his side;" "I know a man who can put his hands into his pocket, and pull out nails whenever he likes." Always let your speech be honest, plain, and easy to be understood,—remembering that genuine virtue will be ready to consult the honour and safety of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes.

I must now introduce you to No. 5—THE FOX IN THE WELL:—A fox having fallen into a well, made shift, by sticking his claws into the sides, to keep his head above water. Soon after, a wolf came, and peeped over the brink, to whom the fox applied himself very earnestly for assistance, entreating that he would help him to a rope, or something of that kind, which might favour his escape. The wolf, moved with compassion at his misfortune, could

* See a little book by the Rev. B. Power, price ½d., entitled "Reports; and the Mischief they do." *One* source of false, and too often painful and mischievous reports, is INUENDO;—a dim hinting at something disparaging to a person, without absolutely saying anything against him.

not forbear expressing his concern. "Ah! poor Reynard," said he; "I am sorry for you, with all my heart. How could you possibly come into this melancholy condition?" "Nay, pray thee, friend," replied the fox, "if you wish me well, do not stand pitying me, but lend me some succour as far as you can; for pity is but cold comfort when one is up to the chin in water, and within a hair's breadth of starving or drowning." The first lesson we learn here is—Cold Pity. Now, the old proverb tells us that "a little help is worth a great deal of pity;" and we all know that pity of itself is but poor comfort at any time, and unless it produces something more substantial than mere words, is rather more troublesome than agreeable. "A favour is doubled by being well timed;" "Much cry and little wool." He is my friend who helps me in my distress—not he who only condoles with me and says he is sorry for my loss, then walks unconcernedly away; for this may be Cruel Neglect.

Some lads enticed another out of his depth, and when he was drowning they called out for help. Don't let a person sink, and then help. We should regard the wants and feelings of others, for we are told that "Kindness, like grain, increaseth by sowing." One day a boy took his Bible to read for half-an-hour to a blind neighbour. Another lad, during a sharp winter, swept the snow away from a poor old woman's door—went to the wood-house for some kindling to make a fire—drew some water from the well to put into the kettle—and what do you think he received for his trouble? I will tell you: the thanks and blessing of a poor but good woman, for praiseworthy actions—the approbation of his own conscience—and the promise of the Word of God, which says (PROV. xix. 17)—"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." The conduct of the Wolf puts us in mind of the "hollow friendship" of the men of the world; theirs is mere companionship—not friendship; for at the first stroke of trouble they are off. "Try your friend before you need him" is another gem for your consideration. King Solomon, in his Proverbs, gives the qualities of a true friend (PROV. xvii. 17)—"A friend loveth, not only in prosperity, but also in adversity." One that sticketh closer than a brother—"Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." I shall close this

fable with the old adage, which says—"Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are."

I shall now introdnce you to the 6th and last fable for this evening—THE WILD BOAR AND THE FOX:—A wild boar was whetting his tusks against a tree, when a fox coming by, asked why he did so? "for," said he, "I see no reason for it; there is neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger, that I can see, at hand." "True," replied the boar; "but when that danger does arise, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons." What a beautiful fable is this—a whole volume might be written about it; and there are so many proverbs connected with it I hardly know which to select for your notice. I wish you to bear in mind that it is not the mere hour we spend here together that is to be improved, but those hours of leisure at your own firesides: talk over, muse upon these jewels of the wise men of all ages—make them part and parcel of your every-day life. Remember, "It is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it;" "Time and tide wait for no man;" "Take time by the forelock;" "Procrastination is the thief of time;" "Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day;' "Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise;" "A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning;" "Timely blossom, timely fruit;" "Think of ease, but work on;" "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." (PROV. xxi. 5.) "He who rises late, never does a good day's work."

Forethought is the first thing that we are to learn here—laying up something for a rainy day. The thoughts of the diligent tend to plenteousness. (PROV. xxi. 5.) Procrastination seems, unfortunately, to be one of the weaknesses of our poor fallen nature; the young are constantly putting off till to-morrow what ought most certainly to be done to-day; *i. e.*, they are repeatedly saying by their actions while at school, that there is time enough yet! But, alas! when it is time to leave school, to do battle with the sturdy world beyond the playground, then they find to their soul's grief the truth of the old proverb, which says—"Life is half spent before we know what it is." Defer not, then, the necessary and important things of early life, till the alarm and cry of the busy, bustling world comes upon you, but begin at once to add something

to your mental store, for as "Little and often fills the purse," so "Little and often fills the mind;" and if that little be of the right sort, you need not be afraid to hold up your heads among the sons of men. We often hear people say—"I did not think of it:" now this is considered by many to be an expression unworthy of a wise man's mouth. Take example by that little, frisky, playful animal, the Squirrel, that lays up acorns and beech-nuts in the autumn for winter use; and when rough winds and cold snows beat upon his little dwelling, he cares nothing for them, for he is snug in his quiet retreat, with his savings around—an ample store till spring returns.

Again: how nice it is to see the children of the working man repairing week by week to the Penny Savings Bank, to deposit their little earnings in a place of safety, to be ready for a time of necessity; or, the young man, who is just entering life, entering an account at the same time in the Post-Office Savings Bank: this would denote that he had moral respectability about him, and a manly independence worthy of all commendation. Or, a little higher still, to know that the professional man and man of business think of the future in a proper way, by assuring their lives in the National Provident, or some other equally valuable institution; so that, if an adverse stroke of Providence should arrive in an unexpected hour, the dear ones of the heart may not be suddenly plunged into poverty and want. Oh! think of this, and spend not every farthing of your income upon the passing day, for gewgaws and things of worthless import.

But there is a higher aim still; and as these Fables and Proverbs are selected to moralise upon, it may not be out of place, in conclusion, to remind you of one thing in particular that the fable now under consideration seems to fit well, viz.:—Preparation for a future state of existence. We know that we must die, and we also know that there are some things necessary for us all to transact before we depart from the world—perhaps some little mementos to leave to others; for, "although you're nothing to the world," as the poet says, yet you may be "all the world to some one." Once more, and above all, there is an account to settle with God! Let it be done at once, for a sudden stroke may prevent you from doing it. The other day a servant in London fell down dead at his mistress's feet

without a moment's warning! The late good General Havelock said—"I have lived for the last forty years in the constant preparation for Death, and I am not afraid to face him now!"

> Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
> Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
> Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life,
> Procrastination is the thief of time;
> Year after year year it steals, till all are fled,
> The vast concerns of an eternal scene. *&c.*

Marsden says, in his poem—

> "What is Time?"
> I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
> Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs.
> "Time is the Warp of Life," he said. "Oh tell
> The young, the fair, the gay, to heed it well!"
> I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
> Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
> From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed:—
> "Time sow'd the seed we reap in this abode!"
> I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
> Of life had left his veins:—"Time!" he replied,
> "I've lost it. Ah! the treasure!" and he died. *&c.*

Ponder over the words of the writer who says—"Time is old in its greatness, yet new to thousands; it has never done with us till it turns us over to Eternity; it is the only true teacher of wisdom—the interpreter of all things—the miracle of life." Another thing that suggests itself from this fable is "*Self-Improvement*," and every man's first duty is to improve, educate, and elevate himself in the social scale; because by the improvement of the mind, a young man not only raises himself and promotes his own interest, but he advances the well-being of society, and raises his fellow workmen as a class. And we know that an enlightened people must be an advancing people. We tread on the earth, yet the earth is but our tent and field, not our everlasting home. Keep therefore the body in subjection to the uses of that conscience which is God's secretary within, that all hearts may beat in sympathy with the heart of humanity, and knowledge be pursued with an ardour proportionate to its intrinsic value.

GEORGE BENT AND JOHN CLARKE.

HOW ONE DRAW'D HIS "DIVI."

A CO-OPERATIVE TALE.

"CAN I draw my dividend to-night, Mr. Catlin?" said one of the members of the L——— Co-operative society to the secretary, as that individual was entering the store one evening just before a meeting of the committee. "I am very poorly off just now, and I want a few shillings to buy some things for myself."

"I dare say you can, if you wish to do so; but it is very wrong to draw your dividend when you are not paying in any capital. You should allow your profit to remain: the business can't be carried on without capital, and you find none, and then want to take away the profit of the trade. If we had many members like you, we must soon shut up shop."

"I will begin to pay in a little weekly, if you will let me have what I want now. I am getting round a bit, and might afford it; and I should have paid some in, but I had a doctor's bill to pay, and that kept me back so long," said Bent:—not that he had ever been troubled about paying anything of the kind, for if any medical man ever did attend a member of Bent's family, he would never have wasted the paper by sending him a bill. The look of the place and inmates would have convinced him of the utter hopelessness of ever being paid in anything more substantial than a surly "thank you, sir."

Bent had joined the society under a vague idea that some profit might be made by being a member, and from the influence of some of his shopmates, but not with the least intention of paying anything, or any idea of responsibility or principle. A few shillings stood to his credit, and now he would, if possible, get it to spend.

The secretary knew him perfectly, and knew his motives in trying to get his money. They had worked together as shopmates for a long time, and when a sixpence was to be had, Bent must spend it or be miserable. Such men as he are not likely to make members of Co-operative societies. Their prin-

ciples are too low, and nothing but trouble and anxiety can flow from their presence.

"Would it not be better to wait a little time for what you want, and allow your profit to remain; it would soon grow into a very handsome sum if you did," said Catlin.

To which Bent sullenly replied—"Oh, I want it bad enough and the children have no clogs to their feet."

"But you must have waited till you could buy them from your wages, if you were not a member. Besides, it shows such a want of principle, and such a lack of right feeling, to draw out, when you pay nothing in," again replied the secretary.

"I pay for my things when I get them, don't I? and I can't see any good in it if a fellow can't get his money when he wants it," said Bent.

"But you can get it," was the rejoinder. "It is for your own sake that I desire you not to act in such a discreditable manner."

Observing Bent was still determined to have the money, Catlin told him to call when the committee were sitting, and he would mention the matter to them, when probably they would pay him. The sum standing to his credit in the books was 19s. 1½d.,—18s. 7½d. of which was profit upon his outlay at the store. The remaining 6d. was all he had paid into the funds of the society.

The sum was very tempting to a man of his habits, and would afford a spree, such as he seldom enjoyed. "How much do you want to draw," said the secretary.

"Oh, I want the whole of it: it isn't much," was the reply.

"But you can't draw all without ceasing to be a member. According to the rules you can't draw your capital below one pound, except in case of great distress."

"Well, I want it, whether I leave or not. I'm getting tired of it, and the old woman says she can get things a good sight better at other places."

"Well, attend the committee, and I will tell them what you say. It is likely they will let you go, as we all consider such members as you do more harm than good to the society."

The secretary then left him, and entered the store to prepare his books and be ready for the meeting of the committee.

Bent, knowing that he would not get his money for more than an hour, sauntered back to the "Bird in Hand," saying to himself as he cast his eye up at the signboard—"Yes, I like that motto. It's a good deal better for a fellow to have his money in his own pocket, than let them coves at the store have it to swagger with. If everybody was of my mind, I'd soon show them a trick that would stop their bounce." He walked into the tap room, and called for another pot, to get over the time.

Bent spent the principal part of his time when not at work, at the "Bird in Hand," and with others like himself, was very free in his criticism upon the few of their fellow-workmen who had started and were managing the store. Catlin the secretary, and Bent, were employed at the same establishment, and in the receipt of the same amount of wages, with the same number of family to support by it; and yet the state of each was as different as it is possible to imagine. One was comfortable and respectable, lived in a good cottage in a decent neighbourhood, and his children were clean and well-clad, and attended a good school. None seemed to take a greater pride in the appearance of their children, in the neighbourhood in which they lived, than did both Catlin and his wife.

The Bents, on the contrary, were always in a state of misery and semi-starvation. The children were generally shoeless and in rags. Both man and wife were slovenly and destitute in appearance; and, no matter what might be his income, would never save a penny, or feel comfortable when they had a shilling unspent. The poor woman did not seem vicious, but her want of energy and force had permitted all the faults of her husband's character to engraft themselves upon her own. During the first year of their wedded life things went on comfortable enough; but after the birth of their first child they had commenced the descent, and were now fast gravitating towards the lowest depth of destitution.

At the meeting of the committee, Catlin mentioned that Bent desired to withdraw what he had in the funds of the ·iety. Some who had known him long, were anxious to

permit him to leave altogether, and were satisfied he was not the kind of material out of which Co-operators could be made; and after some discussion it was decided to pay him, and let him go.

When he made his appearance, the treasurer spoke to him of the folly of his proceeding, and told him of the disheartening effect of such conduct upon men who were striving heart and soul to benefit their fellows, and the disgrace such as he brought upon the working class. He might have spared himself the trouble, for Bent was deficient in the qualities that could be influenced by such an appeal.

He told them they were a set of robbers, for stopping the usual withdrawal fee of 1s.; then walked away to the "Bird in Hand."

Seated in the tap-room of the "Bird in Hand," along with several others of the frequenters of the place, was a fellow-workman of Bent's, named Clarke, who had not joined the store, though his wife, a very worthy woman, had often tried to induce him to do so. Bent sat down beside him, and called for a pint of beer. He then proceeded to tell of the rating he had given them at the store.

"Why, I had made up my mind to join them," said Clarke. "My wife has been at me these three months about it, and she makes it out to be a very good concern. She says Catlin's wife has got above £5 out of it."

"If you take my advice you'll have nothing to do with it," replied Bent. "I'm glad I got clear of it, and a precious deal of trouble I had to get my money, I can tell you. That old Harpin, the treasurer, tried all he could to gammon me, but I'm not to be caught with that sort of chaff. Catlin and he are making a good thing out of it. I met Catlin last Sunday, and he was dressed like a lord, and his wages are only the same as mine: he don't cut it so fine for nothing, I know."

Another quiet, dry old man, who sat in the corner by the fire smoking his pipe, said—"Catlin will get wiser in a bit, and see the folly of trying to make the world better, while there are such boys as you in it, Bent. If he spent the same time and energy to benefit himself, as he does in working for that st' he would sooner be out of your shop. Co-operation and all

schemes are all very well in theory, but they don't fit the people: we're all too selfish, and when we do see a young energetic chap throwing all his powers into a scheme to benefit others, and spending what is given to make his own way good, why, it makes an old fellow sorry for him. Instead of having a chap like you finding fault with him, you ought to be begging a job at his own shop."

This sally rather checked Bent in that direction, but after a few moments he said—"Fellows like him know what they're about, and some day the people would find them out; but he didn't care now, he'd got his money."

"How much had you in, Bent?" said Clarke.

"Only about £1, and they stopped 1s. out of that: there's another nice game! I suppose old Harpin and Catlin bunce that," was the reply.

He forgot to tell them he had paid but 6d. of that, and the remainder was profit upon his outlay. Elated with the amount in his possession, he felt quite in the humour for a spree, as he would call it, when disposed that way; so he proposed they should drop talking about the thing, and have a game at "all fours." The cards were brought out, and four of those present commenced playing. This lasted until eleven o'clock, when the landlord turned them out, and Bent went home with 7s. of his money gone. His wife was sitting up for him, and seeing the muddled state he was in, commenced her usual complaint—"as he ought to be ashamed of himself drinking and going on, and she only got a bit of dry bread and coffee, and he must be stuffing himself with ale, and not caring whether she was starving or not." For this she of course only received abuse in return.

The next morning he gave her 4s. to buy the children clogs, and told her not to go to the store for any more things, as he meant to draw out; "he would not be crowed over by them fellows—brow-beaten about not giving them money, besides paying for their things." The 4s. were all that ever went to buy the things he had talked of.

The same day Clarke told his wife of what Bent had said the night before, of Catlin making a fine thing out of the store. She said "he was a lazy drunken fellow, and she would as

soon think of believing Satan himself as Bent. She knew one thing—the people who were members were a good deal more decent than those who were not, and she would join that week, if she borrowed the shilling, and he might say what he liked."

On the following Friday Clarke was induced by his wife to give Catlin a shilling to pay the entrance fee, and at the committee meeting following he was duly admitted a member. His wife at once entered into the thing with spirit, and through her attendance at the store made some new acquaintances, and soon found herself in a higher and purer moral atmosphere, in which her importance and self-respect soon felt a cherishing influence. Finding that the Co-operative world, like the great world outside, always in a great measure gave its respect to those having the largest balance to their credit at the bank, she was always studying how to increase hers by every shilling that could be spared from meeting her household wants. In this way she rapidly paid up two out of her five shares before the dividend was declared; when at that time seventeen and sixpence more was placed to her credit.

Clarke had never troubled himself about the matter: he was what is called a steady easy-going fellow, and when his wife showed him the passbook he was rather stunned. He sat for some minutes with his mind in rather a curious state. He could not be said to be thinking, it was rather astonishment at such a result, almost unknown to himself, of his wife's saving qualities, and a few misgivings as to his own shortcoming, in not seconding her efforts. The easiness with which it had been done surprised him most; and it was this which was likely to make the greatest impression upon his future course. If any demands had been made upon his own comforts, it is questionable how far he would have agreed to the sacrifice; but there had been none. He sat silently for some moments, and then got up to go out. He did not know why he desired to go out, or where he was going; but he wanted to be alone, under the struggle which was taking place within.

His wife felt rather disappointed he did not acknowledge the good result of joining the store; but accustomed to his undemonstrative nature she did not feel it so acutely as she otherwise

might have done, so she allowed him to depart;—not but she saw something unusual was the matter with him. When he got into the open air, he felt more at ease, and wandered on, thinking more deeply than he had ever done before of the qualities of his wife's disposition.

The light gradually dawned upon his mind, that if he was as careful as his wife they might soon be in a very comfortable position. He knew she was putting what he called a trifle by, but he had no idea of such trifles growing into pounds. His own spending he only termed trifles: now, might it not accumulate in a similar way until it made a total of pounds! He always kept half-a-crown from his wages as pocket money. This, since they had joined the store, was at least sixteen half-crowns. Why, he had been spending as fast as his wife was saving! The thought startled him; he quickened his pace, and felt quite uneasy—to some extent a criminal. This feeling continued for some time, when he suddenly turned and walked back towards home, crestfallen and miserable. His wife was sewing, and was rather surprised to see him back so soon, as she expected he was having a game of cards as usual at the "Bird in Hand."

He sat down and looked somewhat dejected: she, a little surprised, asked what was the matter? Was he not well! He said he felt "rather out of sorts." She looked at him to see if he was ill, and showed some anxiety to know how best to bring him round to his usual state; but he seemed quite dull. Thinking he might be slightly unwell, she made him a nice basin of gruel, and got him off to bed. In the morning at breakfast time he fell in with Catlin, and began to ask "how was the store getting on?" Catlin said they had just finished the quarter, and were in a good state.

"I am sorry I didn't join sooner than I did," said Clarke. "I should have done, only for Bent."

"It would be well for Bent if he was a member now, I think, and had a pound or two in," replied Catlin; "for he has his wife ill and one of the children with the fever, and they are in a miserable state. He will have to get them into the fever ward, and if the master gets to know the state they are in, he will perhaps turn him off. He's a curious man in these

things, and will not permit him to work amongst us if there is any fever in his house. Then they will have to go to the workhouse."

On the Saturday following, Clarke, for the first time for two years, gave the whole of his wages to his wife, and told her to make up her three pounds at the store, and that he intended to save all he could for the future. He said "he would go with her for a look at it after tea, and was glad she had made him join when she did."

There was a slight sparkle in the eye, and a quicker breath, as she proceeded to make the tea that afternoon, and not a little extra glow of pleasure in her face during the meal.

A few days more, and there is a collection in the shop to assist Bent to bury his child; the poor little thing had escaped at last from the ignorance, squalor, and want of a home where none of its sufferings could influence a brutalized parent to sacrifice an indulgence to ease one pang of its miserable woes. He is still going on in his old course; sinking lower in the slough of vice, and going beyond any power or aid that his fellows can use for his salvation. All human feeling dead, he thinks all are as evil as himself in motive and thought, only they show it in another form. Catlin and Clarke are rising, while he is going down! down!! down!!!

W. W.

TO AN INFANT.

CANST thou tell us, O thou little stranger,
So late arriving from the soul's first home—
Canst thou inform us of the great All-Father,
Ere yet thy memory begins to roam?

We often wonder if thou dost remember
Aught of the inner land we deem so fair—
Aught of thy dwelling in that home of angels,
Ere thou didst come into this world of care.

The mystery of life to us increases
With every moment that we live and move;
And so we come to thee, while yet an infant,
And question thee about the land of love.

We cannot think that thou wast sent unburden'd
With some fond message from the summer clime;
We cannot think they'd send thee empty-handed,
All amongst strangers, to these shores of time.

And oh! we wait as in an audience chamber,—
Wait for the teachings of the truth by thee,—
Wait with most humble yet impatient longing,
For the unveiling of the mystery.

We sit and gaze upon thee while thou'rt sleeping,
And watch the smiles that flit across thy brow;
Then see thee calmly rest awhile, as listening
To the Great Spirit, as I see thee now.

And we have seen thee, when from sleep awaking,
Look in our faces, as if thou wouldst say—
"Did you not see them who to me were speaking?
"Did you not hear them ere they went away?"

Yes, we have seen all this, dear child, and wonder'd;
And thy fond mother's love, so big with joy,
Has treasured these things in her heart, and ponder'd
Who could be talking to her darling boy.

Aye, there are mysteries of deep affection
Spoken by infants through their loving eyes;

And if we were but more like little children,
Our hearts would understand these mysteries.

Our Saviour said, though, how He thank'd the Father,
That the deep meanings had been all concealed
From the philosophers, earth's wise and prudent,
And that to infants they had been reveal'd.

Oh! make us humble, then, we pray Thee, Saviour!
Make us like children while we yet are men.
We own that we've been far too "wise and prudent,"
And would, O Saviour! we were "born again;"—

Born into children of the heavenly kingdom,
Calling Thee Father by a right divine,
Coming to oneness with all infant natures,
Nestling so near to that dear heart of Thine,

That we should plainly hear it beating—beating
More love than e'en the universe can hold;
So that there needs must be more worlds creating,
That Thy great love must have a larger fold.

And when we thus become Thy little children,
All infant language we shall know so well,
That smiles, and tears, and looks of deepest wonder,
We shall interpret as by magic spell.

Old Hall, Stand. R. R. B.

The Dawning of the Day of Righteousness.

"And righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

LOOK UP! the morning dawns, the night is past,
Her clouds disperse, and darkness flees away;
The Star of Promise has appeared; at last
Behold the dawning of that brighter day
Poets have sung of, and sages shadowed forth,—
The golden age! that always was to be,
When love and peace shall reign, and truth and worth—
The only passports 'mong the good and free—
Shall bring us to that land of rest and gladness,
Teeming with plenty, crown'd with every bliss

That goodness can bestow; where want and sadness
  Are only names of things passed by; where 'tis
A joy to work, and all are early taught
  Who would be blest must others learn to bless,
And not a sordid deed or selfish thought
  Obstruct the general flow of happiness:
Where each one strives his neighbour to excel
  In deeds of goodness, works of industry,
And all in harmony together dwell,
  In one wide world-embracing unity:
Where knowledge sheds her ever-brightening rays
  O'er flowery paths, where Art and Science tread,
And Mankind, born anew, may dare to gaze
  On the bright Sun of Reason! How then fled,
For ever banished from a purer air,
  Dark Superstition, Crime, and Wrong, and Hate,
And fearful War! gone, with the things that were,
  No more again GOD'S earth to desecrate!
Where there's no room, no place for tyranny,
  And Right is law, and Justice always shown:
Where all are equal, and where all are free,
  And Fraud and Falsehood are alike unknown:
Where noble actions make the nobleman,—
  Not accident of birth, or ancient name:
Where all may strive, and they may win who can,
  The wreath of honour, or the crown of fame:
Where Industry receives its just reward,
  And all enjoy the bliss of doing good:
Where Idleness is as a crime abhorr'd,
  And Nature's simplest laws are understood:
Where none are born to Want and Indigence,
  Inheritors of others' wrongs and woes,
The victims of Misrule and Ignorance,
  Outcasts whom no one loves, whom no one knows;
But all are cared for as they ought to be:
  Where none are useless drones—none homeless poor:
Where Justice reigns with Truth and Honesty,
  And each has rights which are to all secure,
And GOD'S own law of Love guides every one,
  And Righteousness is spread o'er all the earth:
Where Pride and Selfishness no more are known,
  But Each for All, and All for Truth and Worth!
Where toiling slaves are all machinery—
  Man stands erect—his Maker made him so:
Where the all-glorious tree of Liberty,
  Now firmly planted, evermore shall grow:
Where Woman, really brighter half of Man,
  At length has learned her power to rightly wield,

Leading so surely, as she only can,
  To purer, nobler joys yet unrevealed;
No longer by mad selfish laws enthrall'd—
  Their mother's freedom makes her children free;
So man at length, in all his rights installed,
  Enjoys a perfect sense of liberty:
Where order reigns, and love and joy abound,
  And there are none will be the tool of kings:
Where knaves and hypocrites are never found,
  And Priestcraft is cast out with hurtful things:
Where children's hearts are full of childish glee,
  Untrained in guile, they know no wickedness;
Their souls are tuned to love and harmony—
  Sweet cherubs, sent a happy world to bless:
Where Wealth, like water, flows for every one,
  And no one hoards what Nature meant for all:
Where classes, sects, and parties there are none,
  And riches neither make men great nor small:
Where Glory's wreath is never stained with crime,
  And Bravery has no need of slaughtered foes:
Where Virtue flourishes in every clime,
  And Vice, no longer planted, never grows;
Prisons and bastiles cumber not the ground;
  Instead, see Wisdom's glorious temples stand,
Spreading their brightening influence around,
  And scattering Light and Love on every hand,—
One bright, unbroken wreath of social love,
  Encircling every race and every nation,
No frost can ever kill—no force remove,—
  Enlightened, mutual CO-OPERATION!

When will it come? when will the day appear,
  So long expected, and so long foretold?
Be ready—even now the dawn is here,
  And they who watch may many a sign behold!

Manchester. A. WILSON.

WHOLESOME FOOD.—The benefits which accrue to the ody from supplying it with a sufficiency of wholesome food, ow in the strongest light the evils which result from insuf- iency. Disease is one of the first. Many diseases are in- ced by it—many are aggravated. Sanitary movements having ference to the poor, cannot possibly effect any lasting amelio- tion of their condition, so long as they go so short of proper ment. It is worthy the attention of philanthropists, that idemic and pestilential diseases in particular are far more

widely fatal in their ravages among the ill-fed than among the well-fed. Certainly there are several such diseases which assail rich and poor alike—as measles, small pox, and scarlet fever; but even these are much more destructive when they attack persons who have been forced to subsist on poor or too scanty nourishment. Legislators, no less than the charitable, may find in this fact a vitally important principle of action. Insufficiency over-prolonged induces the slow and miserable death of starvation, and no physical calamity can be conceived of as more terrible. Yet starvation—actual, killing starvation—is perhaps the least part of the injury to the human race which comes of privation of needful sustenance. Actual death from hunger is only an occasional thing; the evils which accrue from the debilitating effects of *customary* stint, life still dragging on, are incalculably more extended and severe. Even the physical disease which they engender is a slight evil compared with the impeded *mental* action which must needs follow. A miserable, starving dietary, while it weakens the body, half paralyses the soul, and not seldom leads directly to insanity itself. When we remember how entirely the brain depends for its nourishment upon the blood, and that if this sovereign pabulum of life and nervous energy be either diminished in quantity or deteriorated in quality, no organ of the body can possibly work well, how easy it is to see that between insufficient, innutritious diet, and prostration of mind, there is little less than an inevitable connection. Every man has experienced the feeling of debility which attends hunger but a little longer unsatisfied than usual, and how swift and lively is the revival of every function of the mind as well as body which follows its proper gratification. The difficulty of awakening the intelligence of a poorly-fed child, compared with that of the well-nourished one, is known to every observant teacher in town Sunday schools. Intellectual productions which are born, not as literature should always and only be, of the soul's going to it as the hart to the water-brooks, but of the howling of the dogs of hunger, betray no less plainly their miserable origin. Thinking, like acting, requires a good substratum of physical nourishment; genius, though it has sometimes turned to vegetarianism, is rarely found adhering to it; all its greatest works have been achieved on a basis of generous diet. This is not all. Where the body is debilitated by hunger, the affections also are necessarily dull, and little excitable to anything better than sensualities.—*Life in Nature, &c.* By LEO H. GRINDON.

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HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

BY THE

REV. T. T. BERGER.

WITH regard to the title of my subject—"How to get on in the world," I should be sorry to be misunderstood: let me then just give a word of explanation. I dare say, very many of you have formed some kind of notion as to what you would like to be in after-life: but different men have different minds; one perhaps wishes to be a soldier—a second a clergyman—a third a lawyer—a fourth a manufacturer; and already, it may be, in his dreams, the soldier sees himself a general—the clergyman has become a bishop—the lawyer a judge—and the manufacturer nothing less than the owner of a large mill, a good trade, and plenty of cash. Now, whatever your hopes and desires may be, their realisation will, according to your view of my subject, be synonymous with getting on in the world. According to the constitution of the human mind it naturally will be so. The attainment of your object is, in fact, the embodiment of your idea of success. This is a great mistake. It is not by any means impossible—it may not even be improbable—that some of you may actually realise more than you have ever even dreamed of. It may be that, in the course of a few years, some of you may fill the highest positions in the land: the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey was only a butcher's son—the statesman Canning (if my memory serves me right) a stump orator—whilst Whitfield, whose eloquence (under God) was the means of conversion to thousands, and irresistibly flashed conviction to the minds of the most subtle infidels of his day, at one time drew beer and washed pots

at a public-house. It is also one of the glories of our unequalled constitution that the humblest member of the community, by the force of industry and talents, and the conscientious discharge of duty, may rise in the social scale till he stands next the throne. On the other hand, humanly speaking, the probabilities are very much against any one of you achieving such a proud position, nor is it necessary to success in life, or in other words, to "getting on in the world." At the present time, I know three clergymen, brothers, probably known also to yourselves, originally one was a blacksmith—another an operative spinner—the third, a petty schoolmaster. Without money, without friends, grown men, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, they acquired such knowledge as fitted them for the ministry of the Church of England, have obtained ordination, and are acknowledged ornaments of the church in which they minister. I say, all honour to such men! They have not, it is true, become bishops; but nevertheless it cannot, I think, be denied that they have got on in the world. I would, then, lay down this principle—that the question whether a man has really got on or no, is not to be determined by his attainment of any particular point in the social scale upon which he may have set his mind; but solely by comparison—"What was he? What is he? What are others who have possessed like advantages and opportunities with himself?" Really and truly, "to get on in the world" is, instead of remaining comparatively a cypher in society, to become a man among men—taking your right position amongst your fellows; that position for which God intended you, and for which intellectually and morally He has fitted you; climbing, if it be His will, to the topmost round of the ladder; and, by a faithful conscientious discharge of duty, winning the good opinion of those whose good opinion is worth having. This you may all do; and to encourage you to attempt this, as well as to show you (so far as I know anything of the matter) how it is to be accomplished, is the object of my lecture this evening.

I. We assert that this is what you may all do. Our authority for saying this is the fact that it has been done again and again; and that experience proves that he who resolutely and perseveringly tries, usually succeeds. But even should you not be rewarded by success, will

ɔu be any the worse? Will you not have the satisfaction feeling that you have done your best? that you have ɔt been idle? that the talent committed to your trust, ɔ it great or small, has been faithfully employed, so that the "Master's coming," it may be rendered up with ;ury? We have said, "it has been done again and again." hold in my hand a list of some of the noblest families in ıe land; and I ask, with respect to them, what is their ·igin? The same as yours and mine. Few of them can ace back their descent to the time of William of Norandy; fewer still to that of our Saxon forefathers; and ɔt one to the original stock that first colonised our shores. heir origin is nothing; their rise but of yesterday: and *nu* may write your names in the peerage by the same inisters as they wrote theirs—a faithful, conscientious, ıergetic discharge of duty. "Seest thou," says Solomon, a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before ings; he shall not stand before mean men." (PROVERBS xii. 29.) Let me give you a few illustrations of this reat truth. The earldom of Cornwallis was founded y a merchant of London; that of Essex by a draper; that f Craven by a tailor. The present Earl of Warwick springs om a woolstapler; and the proud Dukes of Northumberand from an apothecary. The founders of the noble houses f Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, Pomfret, Dormer, Coventry, Romney, Dudley, and many others, were nothing more han successful business men; whilst Nelson, Wellington, Hardinge, Clive, Havelock (names never to be forgotten by Englishmen!) nobly earned their honours upon the ocean r the battle-field, and so transmitted to their descendants noble name.

To go somewhat more into detail—there are few places hat present more numerous, more interesting, or more ignal instances of successful men, than Lancashire tself. I would style them the Lancashire Worthies! The names of some of them are "household words." First, perhaps in the list, come the Peels of South Lancahire. There are few nobler names! There are few to vhom (humanly speaking) Lancashire owes more. Halfvay between Blackburn and Accrington, on the left hand ide of the road coming from the latter town, a small ɔuilding still marks the site of Peel Fold, the ancestral ıome of the Peels, and the spot where the father of the

late Sir Robert Peel was born. In his time, the cotton trade was in its infancy. Passing through the wild though pleasant valleys of Lancashire, no tall chimneys met the gaze, telling of busy looms and active fingers, and a teeming and rapidly increasing population. Cotton, instead of being spun into thread in these great factories, which to strangers are one of the most striking features of Lancashire scenery, furnished employment to women at their own cottages, and to small farmers who filled up with spinning the leisure hours of themselves and their families. It was so with the Peels. To the first Sir Robert we owe the invention of the first machine for the carding of wool; but so extremely unpopular was the product of his inventive genius, that one night an infuriated mob from Blackburn broke into his premises and destroyed the hateful instrument, while eventually the inventor was driven out of the country. It was at Peel Fold that his son, the first of the Peels really known to fame, was born. Young Peel was brought up in the true Lancashire fashion, having to "addle his meat before he ate it." Part of his daily task was to carry the milk from his father's farm to the customers at Blackburn. We cannot stay to present you with the upward steps of his career. We can only give you results. Who could have thought that by the mere force of his own character and industry (crowned by the Divine blessing), the Blackburn milk-boy would in a few years have become a peer of the realm, marry several of his children into the noblest families of the land, and leave behind him at his death, besides other property, upwards of £900,000?

The next that I shall mention was really one of yourselves—Sir Richard Arkwright, bart., born at Preston. Sir Richard actually commenced the battle of life in a *cellar* at Bolton, setting up for himself as a barber. Even in this humble occupation, to such an extent did he push business, humorously inviting the public to "come to the subterraneous barber, and have a clean shave for a half-penny," that the other barbers in the town were compelled to lower their prices. Sometime after, he became a travelling dealer in hair, then in great request for the making of wigs. Next we find him doing a flourishing trade in a popular hair-dye, and he appears to have carried it on with all his might: no idleness—no sloth—no wasting of time with Arkwright. If he were not engaged in mowing the stubble of his cus-

tomers' chins, or in manufacturing his dye, or in roaming the country in search of hair, he was bringing out his inventive genius by fruitless attempts to discover the undiscoverable secret of perpetual motion. Unsuccessful in this, he was, however, successful in the discovery of something else probably of much greater use—the "water frame," which subsequently led to the erection of the first cotton mill. In the course of his travels, Arkwright met with a man named Highs, a watchmaker. Highs had assisted a third party in some unsuccessful attempts to construct a machine to do away with spinning by hand. To Arkwright he appears to have rehearsed the tale of their disappointed hopes. The tale itself and the hints it supplied, were quite enough for his fertile mind. Laying aside his trade, in the midst of poverty, with all the enthusiasm of genius, Arkwright set manfully and intelligently to work. Success crowned his labours; the machine was made, and was soon set up and exhibited in a room at Preston. The Preston operatives, however, were not any more advanced than those of Blackburn. Warned by the disapprobation of the populace, Arkwright retreated with his invention to Nottingham, where, with the assistance of the old and well-known firm of Need and Strutt, the first cotton mill was soon after erected. The foundation of Arkwright's fortune was now laid. 18 years after his flight from Preston he was chosen high-sheriff of Derbyshire, and shortly after in his official capacity, presenting an address to the king, received the honour of knighthood.—In speaking of the worthies of the county, we must not omit to mention the name of another Bolton man, Samuel Crompton, not indeed as the builder of a fortune—in this respect he was unsuccessful, dying poor—but as a fine illustration of patient, persevering toil rewarded with success. The son of a small farmer near the town, occupying the leisure time of himself and his family in spinning, and after five long years of hope deferred, the well-known mule jenny emerged from his hands, the creation of his inventive genius, by means of which a single grain of cotton may be spun into a thread upwards of 960 yards in length. The case of Samuel Crompton supplies also proof, to which we shall have to call your attention presently, that something more than genius, commonly so-called, is required in order to achieve permanent success, or to make one's way in life. I cannot

omit to mention here the gratification it gives me to fin that the men of Bolton have shown their appreciatio of Crompton by erecting a monument to his memory.

We pass on now to notice a few other instances of se elevated men—not, however, so closely connected wi ourselves. In the foremost rank of these, I think, must place James Brindley, the originator of many of canals that serve as highways for so large a portion of t traffic of the country, and the founder of the canal syste The Bridgewater Canal, constructed in spite of obsta apparently insurmountable, is a fine illustration both his indomitable perseverance and of his skill. Born n Macclesfield, cursed with a dissipated father, brought up a farm labourer, unable at the age of 17 either to read write,—the career of the Macclesfield ploughboy furnis inestimable evidence of what, with God's blessing, earnest, energetic, determined man may do. Brindle splendid success says to every young man, contending wi difficulties—"Never despair; labour, crowned with th Divine blessing, shall conquer all."

Not less worthy of note is the name of George Stephe son. What Brindley was to the canal system, that Geor Stephenson was to the almost countless miles of railw intersecting in every direction our own and other lan Commencing life as an illiterate coal-pit engine-boy a wage of 2d. per day; rising by the force of his unaid genius, industry, and perseverance, to the proud position the father of the railway system, without originally th slightest conception of any such result;—his history teach us all the important lesson, that the faithful discharge present duty, and a conscientious use of present means, the ladder that Providence places at our feet, and by whic we may rise to distinction.

A man of a different class of mind to those alread mentioned, but (for his industry, perseverence, his diligen discharge of duty and its ultimate reward) not unworth to be classed with the Peels, and the Arkwrights, and the Cromptons, and the Brindleys, and the Stephensons, as linguist and a scholar, is the celebrated Rev. Dr. S. Lee, D.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in the time-hon oured University of Cambridge; D.D. of the Universit of Halle; Prebendary of Bristol; Rector of Barley, Herts and member of learned societies both at home and abroad

almost without number. Standing with all his honours thick about him, like a tree in the middle of summer, one is almost tempted to think him the favourite of fortune. What shall we say to the fact that at the age of 22 this same Samuel Lee was only a journeyman carpenter or joiner, and above all, out of work in consequence of the destruction of his tools by fire, and his inability to raise the cash to purchase more? All honour, I say, to such men as Samuel Lee, who, by patient toil and diligent use of the faculties and means with which their Maker has endowed them, have risen from obscurity and poverty to comparative affluence—have blessed society—carved for themselves a niche in the temple of fame—and, above all, have consecrated themselves and their powers to the service of their God!

As a poet, we might name the highly-gifted but unfortunate butcher-boy of Nottingham, Henry Kirke White, who, when Learning stood ready to strew her noblest trophies at his feet, dropped into an early grave—must we not say, the victim of his own rashness and untempered impetuosity? Well for him that in life's last hour he was enabled so beautifully to sing—

"When marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye!
Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!"

As a painter, we might mention Benjamin West, whose first colours consisted of a little red and yellow ochre; his first brush, of a number of hairs from the cat's tail—no doubt an unwilling contribution to the advancement of the fine arts; and his first picture a rude likeness of a sister's child as it lay fast asleep in the cradle. West reached the top of his profession, becoming finally painter to the king, and president of the Royal Academy.

As a sculptor, we could hardly pass over Francis Chantrey, the child of a poor man at Sheffield, and (like Peel) in his youth a milk-boy. Chantrey, in the end, by persevering and conscientious industry, became one of the first

sculptors of the day. Here we must stop. The names and deeds of how many such men as these might we enumerate, did time permit? Their name is legion. Instances of a similar character almost without number may be seen in Charles Knight's "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," "Successful Men of Modern Times," published by the Religious Tract Society; and Smiles' "Self-Help;" the whole of which may be purchased for a few shillings, and are well worth the study of any young man.

II. The histories of such men as these (as indeed you cannot have failed to observe) are not without their lessons. They show us how much may be done by ourselves towards achieving success in life; but they show us something more—they show how it is to be done. They draw aside the veil; they take us behind the scenes, and show the secret springs, and how certain results have been brought about;—thus first rousing our enthusiasm, and then setting us perseveringly and determinately to the work of self-advancement.

There is no royal road to advancement, any more than to learning. If a man really wishes to rise in the world, and to be what God intended him to be—an honourable man amongst men, happy, respectable, and respected; or if such be the Divine will, to stand, like Saul, above his brethren; the means of his advancement must be sought for in himself, in his own character, in his conscientious, unflinching, untiring, and well-directed efforts, crowned by the blessing of his God. I dare say many of you know the fable of the Waggoner and Jupiter: it is old, but it exactly illustrates my meaning. The waggon being stuck fast in the mud, the waggoner fell on his knees and cried out most lustily—"Help, all-powerful Jupiter, help!" but Jupiter, instead of extricating him from his difficulties, quietly replied—"Put your own shoulder to the wheel." There is frequently a good deal of truth even in a fable. God does help those that help themselves; or, as the old saying is—"Fortune aids the brave." When you have nearly climbed the ladder, you may have plenty of assistance; but when you are at the bottom, in nine cases out of ten you may stay there, unless you can get up of yourself. In thus advocating self-reliance, self-exertion, self-help, as the means of self-

ıprovement, I am in nowise taking away the glory of ɔd. God works commonly by means, and it is His ordi-ıtion that unless the means are used the end shall not llow. As the Creator of the human frame, He has ren-ırred obedience to certain laws imperatively necessary to ıe preservation of bodily health; so in like manner He ıs ordained the strenuous, conscientious, persevering use : certain means as indispensably necessary to success in fe. Success cannot possibly be attained except upon cer-ıin conditions. What those conditions are we shall en-eavour as briefly as may be to show. First, then, there ıust be a certain amount of brain power; you cannot ex-ect a man who is "not all right there" to do much in life. ıt the same time it must be remembered that men are more ften made geniuses than born such. God has given to by ar the greater number of men amply sufficient intellectual ınd moral power to enable them to obtain and to keep a air position in society. I do not hesitate to say that most ıf you are possessed not merely of fair, but of good mental ınd moral powers. The large round head, the broad, full ofty forehead, the clear bright eye, are all indicative of he powers of the mind.

The next thing in order to success, is "a sound mind in ı healthy body." You cannot do much in the way of self-ıdvancement in a thoroughly efficient manner, without both mind and body being in good sound condition. When the ancient wrestler entered the arena where he was to contend with his fellows, every part of his frame, every nerve and every muscle, as far as was possible, was in the very best condition: so should it be with you, if you would really do your best in the struggle of life;—and much in this respect may be accomplished by a little care; brain power may be increased; nerves may be braced up and strengthened; muscles may be developed; the weak may become strong. To accomplish this, live upon good plain food; nothing better than a good mess of oatmeal porridge and new milk; take plenty of exercise in the open air; get your lungs filled with the oxygen or vivifying principle of the atmosphere, that the blood may be thoroughly purified. Keep the skin, with its eight millions of pores, in a clean, healthy condition, by a good wash down every day, both winter and summer, with plenty of cold water, so that the corrupt matter constantly forming in the system may

be thrown off. Walk with your head erect and chest expanded, as if you were the lords of the ground upon which you tread: nothing hardly is more detrimental to health than to walk with round shoulders and an over-hanging chest. Avoid all excesses; do not fancy that because you have a good constitution you can sit up to all hours of the night—get drunk with impunity amongst boozing companions—or go every now and then on the spree. Avoid all alcoholic drinks; it is very questionable whether they are actually necessary for anyone; certainly they are quite unnecessary for anyone in health. Nineteen out of every twenty who take their glass of beer twice or three times a day, would be far better without a drop. Have nothing to do with tobacco or snuff—though slow, they are deadly poisons, exercising a most injurious effect upon the liver and the nervous system. Drinking, smoking, snuffing, late hours, riotous company, will ruin any man's constitution. If you want to do any good for yourselves, you must shun these as you would shun the plague. But further:—a fair amount of brains, a sound mind in a sound body—what do you want more, in order to make your way in life? There are other things as necessary to success as these; and first, there must generally be a purpose or definite aim in life. There are many men who mentally and physically are equal to almost anything, and who nevertheless do not accomplish hardly anything. Why?—Because they have no decision of character, and consequently no settled purpose or aim in life. Let them set some object before them—let them bend all their energies, and consecrate all their powers upon its attainment, and success would be certain. The first Sir Robert Peel—Lord Langdale, who rose from a comparatively humble position to the honourable post of Master of the Rolls—Flaxman, Chantrey, Warren Hastings, Napoleon, Wellington, and many others who might be mentioned, and who have attained high positions, were men of purpose. With decision of character, some definite object in view, backed by steadfast determination, humanly speaking a man is pretty sure to succeed. A second quality equally requisite is industry. A lazy man, however definite his object, or however great his mental and other powers, will accomplish nothing. Many men would be glad to get on in the world, but they have not sufficient industry to spur them to make a determined and continuous effort. I have

before me at the present time, in my mind's eye, the case of a young man whom I knew at college—a man of first-class abilities, but plagued by a spirit of insufferable laziness. His powers were consequently lost—completely sacrificed. Other men, immeasurably inferior in point of ability, by real plodding industry regularly stood before him in the college examinations, and took the prizes and honours, of which they would have had no chance but for his abominable laziness. Lord Langdale, to whom we have previously alluded, was a man of untiring industry, winning the senior wranglership at Cambridge solely by dint of hard work. Lord Eldon, too poor in his youth to do more than buy a few sprats for his supper, but afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, owed his success to his industry. Lord Brougham, to a constitution apparently made of iron, united the most unflinching industry. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, and myriads of others, have attained success almost solely by the force of industry. Of the latter it is related that his maiden speech in the House of Commons was an utter failure, every sentence being hailed with "loud laughter" or "derisive cheers." Writhing under the sarcasms of the honourable members, Disraeli gnashed with his teeth, shook his fist, and said—"I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." I need hardly remind you that Disraeli is now confessedly one of the most finished and effective of parliamentary speakers. I believe steady plodding industry is really of more importance to a man in making his way in life, than even great abilities. Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of philosophers, ascribed his great attainments to industry. Dalton, the celebrated chemist, whose statue stands over a doorway in John-Dalton-street, Manchester, repudiated the idea of his having been born a genius, contending that he owed all to industry. Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator; the celebrated Dr. Chalmers; Dean Swift; the brilliant Sheridan; Sir Walter Scott; Robert Burns—all distinguished men, were dull, stupid, heavy boys. It was not till the habit of industry was acquired and brought into practice that they began to shine. Elihu Burritt, the learned American blacksmith, whilst earning his daily bread at the forge, mastered, by sheer industry, some eighteen ancient and modern languages, besides

twenty-two European dialects. Speaking of himself and his own career, he once uttered these memorable words:—"All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-head—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact."

III. To industry there should be joined perseverance and indomitable energy. Success in any department of life is not to be easily achieved; the battle must in most cases be fought and won inch by inch, and, as it were, to use a military figure, at the point of the bayonet. The history of Sir Charles Napier furnishes an apt illustration. When surrounded by difficulties in one of his campaigns, he said—"They only make my feet go deeper into the ground." His battle of Meanee must rank as one of the most extraordinary feats of history. With 2,000 men, of whom 400 only were Europeans, he met and utterly overthrew an army of 35,000 hardy, well-armed Beloochees. Inspired by the spirit of their chief, each man of his little band became for the time a hero—held for four long hours the field—and at length drove back the foe, though numbering nearly twenty to one.

William Phipps, the founder of the Mulgrave family, was remarkable for persevering energy—actually setting out on a voyage to the coast of Hispaniola to endeavour to raise a Spanish treasure ship which he had heard say had been sunk somewhere off that coast more than half-a-century before. Unsuccessful in his first voyage, but nothing daunted, he set out again, and eventually succeeded, recovering treasure to the amount of about £300,000, and so laying the foundation of his family.

Clarkson, whose noble efforts eventually brought about the abolition of slavery in the English dominions, once visited every sea-port where the English vessels of war lay, boarded and examined every ship, in search of a sailor whose evidence he judged to be of importance to his cause. For some time, in connection with the slavery question, he corresponded with upwards of 400 persons, and during his labours travelled more than 35,000 miles.

Give me then, I say, a man with the qualities already enumerated, viz.—average intellectual powers, ordinary physical stamina, a purpose in life, decision of character,

industry, persevering energy, and add to these a moral sense of its being his bounden duty to do all for his God, all for society, and all for himself that he can,—and by God's blessing that man will do all that human power can do. He may have more showy, more highly-gifted competitors, but he will distance them all, and (if it be the Divine will) will climb to the topmost branch of the social tree. Here I will suppose an objection to be started by one of my hearers. "Ah!" says one, "it is all very well to talk, but unfortunately I do not possess these qualities: what must I do?" I reply, "Get them—they are attainable. If you have them not, you may have them." How does the blacksmith get his brawny arm? How do you acquire the arts of reading, writing, arithmetic? How do you learn a business, but by use and application? Given a fair share of mental and physical power, all other qualities necessary to success may be acquired. Are you wanting in industry?—determine, and endeavour to act upon the determination, that you will not allow an idle hour; make the carrying out of your resolution a point of conscience and honour; bring yourself to look at the close of every day to see how often you have failed, and resolutely strive the next day to do better. Acting thus, the habit will soon be formed, and, as the saying is, "Use is second nature." Are you wanting in perseverance and energy?—bring your other faculties to help and stimulate this endeavour by reading the lives of great men, and their ultimate triumph over apparently insuperable difficuties, to rouse and fire your ambition and enthusiasm. Remember how Bruce, though dispirited by frequent defeat, was roused to make one more effort by seeing a spider, after twelve unsuccessful attempts, succeed in climbing a wall, and how by that one effort, upon the field at Bannockburn, he won the freedom of his country. So we might say of all other qualifications. They are, by a little time, and pains, and cultivation, to be acquired. Possessed of these qualifications, by God's blessing you must and will succeed. You may be without learning—it will be attained. You may be without friends, without instruments, without influence—you will make them. You may be at the bottom of the social ladder—I do not say you will reach the top, but I do say you will climb as high as God would have you, and as high as will be for your good.

THE WIFE AT HOME.

BY

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THE Divine origin and authority of the institution of marriage is so freely conceded in all Christian countries, that any scriptural, moral, or social argument in its favour may be fairly considered superfluous. The position of the wife towards the husband is clearly laid down in the words "help meet for him;" and it is a thoroughly legitimate subject of inquiry how far the object is accomplished, on the one hand by a strict attention to home duties, to the exclusion of external labour,—or by incorporating both in the daily life of our wifely population on the other. Before any positive argument can be urged as conclusive upon these points with the least chance of success, it is necessary that the objections which lie on the surface against non-external employment should be first considered; and one, if not the most potent, of these is, that the small income of the working man's family renders it necessary that the wife should contribute by non-domestic labour towards it. Of course if every working man could earn enough to support and educate his family properly, and he was so disposed and knew how to use it, there would be an end of the matter; but, unfortunately, such is not the case in perhaps a majority of our working class homes. There are two ways by which a working man may make himself partially independent. One is, by obtaining a large income; and the other, by having but a small expenditure; and it is here that the wife at home may be of essential service, if she is properly instructed and disposed. There is no greater evil in the homes of our working classes than the want of a proper knowledge of domestic economy, and the wise expenditure of family money. It is not necessary to personal comfort, either in body or mind, that any man should feed on the whitest of bread, or drink the strongest of beer: indeed, it is a fact established by chemical analysis, that the more bread is refined,

the more is it deprived of its sustaining power; and for the beer question, experience proves it is not at all necessary—its habitual use leads to its abuse, and its abuse is one of the most tremendous evils with which the reformers of society have to contend.

To begin at the beginning—let us look at the "wife at home" and the wife abroad, in the bodily management of children. The incomes of our agricultural working classes are far less than those engaged in manufacturing operations, and yet it is tolerably certain, that in the matter of physical comfort at home, the former have the advantage, other conditions being equal. If the wife is at home, she can personally take care not only of the younger but the youngest children; if she is abroad at the factory or elsewhere, she must pay, and does pay, in the manufacturing districts, some person or persons to do it for her: and here at once is lost a part of the wages she earns at her manufacturing employment. The wife at home will take better care of the children than can be obtained by any hireling service which she can purchase. There is no care like a mother's care for the health of children; "a stitch in time saves nine," is as true of bodily health as it is of anything else. It is in the wife-away-from-home districts where the children are mostly poisoned with sleeping draughts to keep them quiet. A remarkable instance of motherly care and motherly neglect, as they affect the health and lives of children, has been found in the history of Coventry during the last three or four years. Prior to that time, the ribbon weaving of that city was in a flourishing state, and large numbers of women left home daily, to obtain ribbon-making wages. In the district from whence they came, the mortality of children was remarkably high, quite as great, if not greater, than any other part of the country. When the trade became bad, and the women were forced from want of employment to remain at home, the mortality fell to its natural level. The local registrar pointed out this fact in his report to headquarters, and it was accepted by statists as a solution of what before had been suspected, but not statistically proved.

Before death there is disease usually of long standing: here again the wife from home loses another portion of her wages in the purchase of quack medicines, or unqualified medical attendance, for her children. Passing from the bodies of the children to their clothing, we find that the

wife at home has time to make and repair it; the wife from home must pay to have all these things done for her: and here again is frittered away another portion of the wages which she has earned by labour external to the domestic circle. If children are not old enough to go to school, some person must be paid to take care of them; and another deduction is made from the wife's wages for that purpose. If the children are of various ages, and the elder ones old enough to take care of the younger portion, then they are kept from school for that purpose, and a future crop of non-domestic wives secured for the next generation of married men. Thus the evil is continued from generation to generation, without hope of remedy. And what kind of care is that which the elder children give to the younger ones when there is no mother's eye to watch over them? It is the care (!) which brings filth and rags, domestic disorder and general demoralisation.

As children increase in number and grow in years, the necessity for the wife and mother to be at home becomes more apparent, and the reasons already assigned apply with cumulative force. In no county in England is there so much absence from home as in Lancashire. There the bulk of the female population go to work at the factory at a very early age, and are brought up by mothers who were so employed before them; and there the waste and loss consequent upon the neglect of home duties and the want of home knowledge, swallows up family incomes in a way almost astounding to those not practically conversant with the subject. When the cotton famine of 1862 had thrown the greater part of the factory hands out of employment, the females were employed in sewing classes by relief committees, not for the purpose of gaining a profit upon their labour, but to usefully employ them in learning, what soon appeared for the first time, the art of making and mending their own *inner* clothing. All thought of employing them in what is fashionably called dressmaking, was soon found to be entirely out of the question. The girls and the women were found so generally ignorant of the sewing art, that the difficulty lay in the direction of knowing what to do with their work when it was done, rather than in finding them work to do. In fact, it was done so badly that they who had been accustomed to better work would not have it at any price, and it is a mystery to many who

has become of it even now. Whilst they were thus employed under competent superintendence, they made considerable progress, and although the allowance they received was not sufficient to replenish their clothing in that unthrifty style of which so many non-domestic females are so fond, there did not appear any considerable falling off in their clothing comforts, although they were but in the receipt of one-third of the wages of what were called good times.

It must not here be understood, however, that if the wife is at home in her daily life, therefore all her daughters must be at home likewise. Perhaps that state of things is impossible, however desirable, whilst the present manufacturing system exists. But as Solomon says—"There is a time for all things." The girl should not go out to work until she has had a fair share of schooling and domestic training; and when she "settles in life," out of door work as a regular thing ought to cease and determine. It ought never to be had recourse to, except under special circumstances, and then only as a last resort, when other means have failed to obtain an adequate family income. When boys and girls are in their teens, they wear out more clothing than they do at any other period of their lives; and here it is the wife at home, as contra-distinguished from the wife abroad, may fully prove that money saved is money gained, by the timely repair of clothing which would otherwise soon become useless, and others have to be bought instead. The same argument holds good in its extended application in relation to food. Food bought, cooked, and consumed in a hurry, is the dearest food that can be bought for the purposes of nutrition. It produces indigestion and lowness of spirits—it creates an appetite for spirituous stimulants, justifying the remarks made in "Chambers' Journal," some years ago, "that wherever there is a factory built, beer-shops and gin-shops are sure to spring up around it." The factory bell is inexorable. It summonses father and son, mother and daughter, at the same time; its call cannot be neglected except at a money loss on the next pay day, with dismissal, in all but the best times of trade, looming in the distance. Therefore it is, that hastily-cooked food and hastily-consumed food, is the order of the day in the wife-from-home districts, and the chemist and the doctor alone reap any profits from the transaction. There

is also another great evil connected with the wife-from-home system, in the distance of the dwelling from the workshop. It is sought far away because it is cheap; it cannot be had close at hand except under special circumstances, because it is dear. Here again is another deduction from the wife's wages. It is no use for an operative to rent a good house if it is too far away from the spindle and the loom. There is not time to keep it properly in order: hence cheap houses in low neighbourhoods are sought for and most in demand. In such houses there are few of the conditions of health complied with. Outside they are imperfectly drained; inside the ventilation is imperfect, and the health of the whole family is injured more or less thereby. Wages are lost, medical expenditure is incurred, all because the wife-from-home must live near her work, although the house may be in every other respect unsuitable. If domestic habits are formed in early life, they are never totally obliterated; but they can never be formed except by an attentive mother's care at home. The daughters of a mother from home may easily be distinguished from those of an opposite parentage. Their slovenly gait, their swaggering manner, their boisterous expression of feeling, merrily or otherwise, all mark them out as the offshoots of the *non*-domestic system. They know little, and care less, about decorous behaviour. They continue the evil their progenitors began, and they hand it down to others.

It is not to be denied that in Great Britain and Ireland the tendency is to overstock the labour market; and if females follow the occupations of the opposite sex, a fall of wages inevitably ensues. To refer to a former example—that of Coventry—we may state it as a fact which defies contradiction, that the more females have been employed in the making of watches and ribbons, the more have the wages of the males been reduced, until the trades named (considering the time required to learn them with proficiency) are now the worst-paid of the kind in existence. Thirty years ago, in that city there were no factories, and the female population were employed at home; now, if the state of trade permitted of full employment, they would go to the factory at a distance from home instead. Thirty years ago, the state of mere schooling education in Coventry was in a more backward state than it is now; and yet all that relates to cleanliness, domestic comfort, health, manners, and

character, were far better than they are now. The change for the worse has been brought about entirely by the growth and establishment of the wife-from-home system, which has been sufficiently powerful in its pernicious influence to counteract the advance of general education. The writer is not theorising in this matter—he has lived in its midst, he has seen it grow up around him, and has struggled against it in vain. One of the worst features in the wife-from-home system is, its tendency to fill beer and dram shops with women on Saturday evenings. Thirty years ago, a ribbon-weaving woman, except she belonged to the lowest of the low, was never seen in a public-house drinking like besotted men; now alas! in ordinary times of trade such places are crowded with them, and there they sit and drink, quarrel and curse. A besotted Saturday night brings a stupid and filthy Sunday, followed by an unrefreshed Monday morning, and then the round of degradation goes on again. The character of the males is injured when that of the females is deteriorated, and thus the contamination spreads to all. The wife at home may make her home attractive to her husband and to her family, if she is so disposed; the wife from home is likely both to lack the disposition and the power, and she is almost certain to lack either the one or the other. Daughters take from their mothers many of their tendencies. A wise and good mother may seek to train her children in the way they should go, and in the sure and certain hope that when they grow older they will not depart from it; but if all her home influence is counteracted by the hostile agencies of society, she is sure more or less to fail in her endeavours. To give her the slightest chance of success she must have daily supervision, but if she is a wife-from-home that is simply impossible. In proof of this we need only cite the fact, that careless and improvident women most abound in the wife-from-home districts. A man of sense and reason will strain every nerve to obtain employment for his wife at home before he seeks for it elsewhere, and least of all would he seek such employment for her as would tend to bring down his own wages. It is useless to talk about wages being low, apart from political and social economy. If a dozen people want the work of half or three parts of a dozen, wages will come down in spite of every effort to prevent them: thus it is bad policy to create a competition between the husband and the

wife in the wages of labour, for money is lost rather than gained thereby. This is putting the case on the lowest ground, that of monetary profit—an argument which will succeed when all others fail with the non-domestic mind. It may be urged, it has been urged that there are many—many thousand homes where the wife is a sloven in her attire, dirty in her habits, wasteful in her expenditure, ignorant of her duties, quarrelsome in her character, intemperate in her associations, and immoral in her tendencies, and yet there has been no wife-from-home labour to account for it. The statement has some force in it, which however can easily be turned aside and rendered harmless as applied to the argument now under consideration. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit unless there are special causes to produce it. A tree may be sound in root, trunk, branch, and stem, and yet have worthless fruit upon it; but then such fruit forms the exception not the rule, and by the rule should all conclusions be governed. And so with the wife-at-home system. It is not to be held responsible for ignorant neglect and reckless improvidence which it had no share in producing. Such things are not its natural produce, but excrescences which have grown up around it. Where the wife-at-home evils are like those of the wife abroad, we may rest assured that the cause is to be found in deficient mental training and moral culture.

Many women whose only occupation is to attend to home duties complain that their time is fully occupied—that they have "not a minute to bless themselves," and cannot keep things straight after all. In the largest families this may be the case; but not in any others, or if it be so, it arises from want of system rather than anything else. Let each day have its duties, and those properly discharged as they arise, and they will not be burdensome to any but those of indolent disposition, and who therefore make "a much ado about nothing." It is such women that appear in our police courts as parties in neighbourhood quarrels, and they usually belong to the lowest of the low in their mental condition. If a working man make every reasonable sacrifice for the comforts of home, the least that can be done in return is that his object shall not be defeated by slatternly neglect. The wife that does this, does more to drive her husband to the public-house than all other causes put together, and thus she brings upon herself an evil which lasts while life

remains. It is indeed lamentable to think how many neglected homes there are where there is no wife-from-home system to account for it; but how much of that has arisen from the non-domesticity of early life need not be dwelt upon—the fact must be patent to all who have given any thought to the subject. The girl who has never known the comforts of a well-regulated home, is not likely as a wife and mother to make one. She will not place a right value upon it, and therefore makes no adequate effort to produce it.

Daughters take from their mothers their chief tendencies: happy is it for them and for all with whom they have to do in after-life, if they are of the right character! A daughter left to herself in early life by the absence of motherly supervision, is not likely to attain average competency in the duties of domestic life: thus "bad begins, but worse remains behind." The evil is continued from generation to generation, and the moral and social life of millions injured, and their progress is thus kept down to the dead level of the past. Few things are of greater value to the welfare of both sexes than a good education. Of that hitherto given the males have had the greater share. The education of both sexes is very deficient; but if any difference ought to be made, it should be in favour of the sex upon whom so much of our happiness depends from the cradle to the grave. There is one other subject to which we must refer, and then we must conclude—that of lightening the domestic labours of life by mechanical agencies, such as the washing, mangling, and sewing machines afford. These machines may now be bought or hired on moderate terms, and if it is found quite impossible to do without some monetary earnings from the wife at home, they may contribute to the family income likewise. Amongst the poorest of the poor, public wash-houses have been of great benefit, and there is no reason why some of a higher character may not be established for those in better circumstances.

It thus appears that when the wife-from-home system is weighed in the balance of human requirements and in the promotion of human happiness, it is found miserably wanting. Let us then away with it, and in its place establish one which will benefit body, mind, and estate, the character and circumstances of our working population. In this as in all other reforms, the press must lead the way. Let the

evils of the one system, and the advantages of the other, be fully, faithfully, and fearlessly set forth, and then they will

> "Think, who never thought before;
> And they who've thought will think the more;"

and the change in a greater or less degree will come, oppose who may. Working men of England! make every effort to lighten the labours of your partners in life. Working women of England! show yourselves by a strict attention to home duties worthy of their regard. So shall you each contribute to aid the great work of moral and social progress of which society stands so much in need.

RECKONING REFORM.

BY MR. ISAAC PITMAN,

Inventor of Phonography.

As at the commencement of this new age, in the latter half of the last century, Dr. Franklin, one of its earliest and brightest luminaries, said of our orthography, "something must be done" to remedy its defects, so now all nations say, Something must be done to remedy the intolerable evils of the complicated and varying systems of Money, Weights, and Measures in use throughout the world. The author of the article "Weights and Measures" in the "Penny Cyclopædia" says—"The subject of Weights and Measures is one the actual state of which is prosperous in the inverse ratio of the number of books or the length of articles which are written upon it:" that is saying, in scientific phraseology, the present system is so confusing by its multiplicity of contradictory details, that in common phrase, as we say of the evils of others, "the less said about them the better." "But," says this writer, "there is nothing in the subject of Weights and Measures which might not, if the most natural and simple system were adopted, be described in a very few pages." I consider Coins as being, equally with Weights and Measures, included in this opinion; for Coins are really weights of

some of the most valuable metals; and I shall presently attempt, in two or three pages, to lay before the reader "the most natural and simple system" in itself, and the one which best fits in with the usages of the two nations which are at the head of the commercial world—England with her colonies, and America. "We are speaking," continues this author, "of course only with reference to a possible time; for let that time arrive when it may, the history of the past must be a confused and repulsive subject." On this important social, commercial, and scientific question, we are now at "fives and sixes" among ourselves, and the whole world is at "loggerheads."

Every one who is conversant with the properties of numbers, knows that the value of any number, as a basis for calculation, depends on its composition, or on the simple lower numbers which enter into it. We reckon by tens because, before writing was invented, and before the powers of numbers were understood, all counting was done upon the ten fingers and thumbs of the two hands. But the number *ten* (written 10), has no more virtue as a basis for counting than 8 or 14. Each contains but two lower numbers; 10 contains 5 and 2; 8 contains 4 and 2; and 14 contains 7 and 2. There are no other multiples in these three numbers 8, 10, and 14. But there is a number lying between 10 and 14 which contains within it the harmonies and proportions of four other numbers, namely, 12 or the familiar dozen; and it has worked its way into general use on this very ground. Twelve contains the numbers 2, 3, 4, and 6 repeated, and therefore may be divided by these numbers without leaving fractions. Every mathematician knows the superior value of *twelve* over *ten* as a basis for calculation; but *ten* has possession of the field. It had not once. I suppose that the power which brought it into use can bring in a better number. A world armed with "knowledge," which is "power," must be strong enough to change a custom which was adopted by a world in ignorance. Dr. Thompson, in his popular "Treatise on Arithmetic," page 232, enters upon a consideration of the value of each number, as a basis for counting, from *two* to *twelve*. He observes—

"The *senary* (six) and *duodenary* (twelve) scales, having each so many integral aliquot parts in proportion to its magnitude, and those of so convenient a kind, give origin to much fewer inter-

minate fractions than any others. These two scales are preferable, therefore, in a considerable degree, to any of the others that have been mentioned. The duodecimal has the advantage of expressing numbers concisely, saving one figure in fourteen or fifteen, as compared with the decimal scale. To introduce either of these scales now, however, when men are accustomed to the decimal scale; when the languages of all civilised nations are suited to it; and when so many valuable works, particularly tables, in which it is adopted, would be rendered comparatively useless—would be unadvisable, and perhaps impracticable: but we must regret that the decimal scale was adopted at a time when any other might have been introduced with equal facility."

I think it is possible both to add two figures to the numerical scale, and to enlarge the English alphabet to the number of distinct sounds that exist in the English language. (See the "Phonetic Journal.") Twelve is the number for a perfect and easy arithmetic. We can take a *third* and especially a *fourth* of twelve, and keep clear of fractions; but we cannot take a quarter of ten without a fraction; and we cannot get a third of ten without plunging into the abyss of interminate fractions, nor even then, for it eludes our grasp.

Dr. Thompson thought it would be "unadvisable" to increase the scale of figures from ten to twelve. This is certainly a more reasonable opinion than Lord Brougham's concerning the introduction of gas. He said that if it were brought into London for general consumption, the city and the people would some day be blown to atoms. The difficulties (only the difficulty of labour) that would attend the introduction of a new arithmetic, remind us of Dr. Lardner's opinion on the possibility of navigating a vessel across the Atlantic Ocean by steam; and of the opinion of the British Houses of Parliament on the introduction of railways, and travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Both projects were pronounced to be impossibilities. But Dr. Thompson, with his characteristic openness to conviction, says that it is "*perhaps* impracticable." As to the tables now in existence, the alteration of them to suit a new system of money, weights, and measures, would add but little to the labour of printing new editions, which we are doing every day.

If all weights and measurements were reckoned and written by twelves, and if all denominations of money,

weights, and measures, consisted of twelve of the next lower, we should possess all the benefits of a decimal coinage without altering the value of a single coin, or any of the common measures and weights, except the ounce, which would be one-third heavier. I recommend the penny, the pound weight, and the foot measure, as the integers, or roots, or units, on which to base a universal system of money, weights, and measures, which would be gradually adopted by all nations. The yard would, of course, be preserved to us for measuring cloth, &c. I have inquired of drapers whether the English yard or the French metre of about 3 feet 3⅛ inches, is the most convenient for handling, and they unanimously pronounce the "French yard" to be too long for the arms.

To preserve the pound of twenty shillings intact, and deduce the cent, penny, and mill from it, is like producing the centre of a circle from the circumference. It is the penny that produces the shilling, and the shilling the pound, and not the contrary. We have made twelve pence constitute a shilling because it is a more convenient number for divisions of a shilling than ten would be.

The two new figures necessary for a twelve system of arithmetic might be ƶ ten, ƹ eleven, something like the writing forms of T and E, recommended by a correspondent of the "Times." They work well, for I have employed them about five years, and have added them to the figures of all my book fonts, from Nonpareil to Small Pica. All counting would be done in twelves; the scale of figures is given in the third line below.

Roman, Denary.	I,	II,	III,	IV,	V,	VI,	VII,	VIII,	IX,	X,	XI,	XII.
Arabic, Denary.	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,	9,	10,	11,	12.
Extended Arabic.	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,	9,	ƶ,	ƹ,	10.
Duodenary.	one,	two,	three,	four,	five,	six,	seven.	eight,	nine,	ten,	eleven,	twelve.

The numeration table would be—Units, dozens, grosses, *triples* (a new term to signify the third power of twelve), dozens of triples, grosses of triples, *sexiads* (a new term signifying the sixth power of twelve). Only these two additional words would be required in the place of *thousand* and *million.* I recommend that no higher denomination than sexiads (in the place of millions) be employed.

For higher numbers, call over the figures and add the word sexiads. Thus we might say, the American war debt has reached 4 (5, &c.) figures of sexiads of dollars. When we ascend to the region of billions, trillions, and all the other *-illions*, up to dodecillions, or the twelfth degree above millions, we are lost in a maze of figures and words. Besides, the very meaning of these words is disputed; one method of employing them is adopted in this country, and another in France and the States of America. In England we take six figures for each denomination above a million, but in France and America only three are taken. The consequence is, that "a billion dollars" in America means only the thousandth part of what it means in England. There it means a thousand millions, but here it means a million millions.

As everybody who can cypher has learned the pence table, he may employ this in addition to the ordinary multiplication table, in performing multiplication by twelves, until the twelve table shall be learned.

DUODECIMAL MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Ƶ	Ɛ	10
2	4	6	8	Ƶ	10	12	14	16	18	1Ƶ	20
3	6	9	10	13	16	19	20	23	26	29	30
4	8	10	14	18	20	24	28	30	34	38	40
5	Ƶ	13	18	21	26	2Ɛ	34	39	42	47	50
6	10	16	20	26	30	36	40	46	50	56	60
7	12	19	24	2Ɛ	36	41	48	53	5Ƶ	65	70
8	14	20	28	34	40	48	54	60	68	74	80
9	16	23	30	39	46	53	60	69	76	83	90
Ƶ	18	26	34	42	50	5Ƶ	68	76	84	92	Ƶ0
Ɛ	1Ƶ	29	38	47	56	65	74	83	92	Ƶ1	Ɛ0
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	Ƶ0	Ɛ0	100

This table is to be repeated thus:—Three ones are three, three twos are six, three threes are nine, three fours are a

dozen, three fives are one-and-three (that is, one dozen and three), three sixes are one-and-six, &c.; nine ones are nine, nine twos are one-and-six, nine threes are two-and-three, nine fours are three dozen, &c. Obsolescent numbers may be marked thus ( ), as (1,728) = 1,000, or one triple.

In Money, the only alteration required by this reform would be to replace the ten and twenty shilling gold pieces by others of twelve and twenty-four shillings value. The twelve shilling piece would be the principal or the highest coin of account, and might be named a *Mark*. There should also be a smaller gold coin of six shillings, about the size of a four-penny piece, to supersede the present lumbering silver coin of 5s., which can scarcely be called "change." France and America could reconstruct their money on the basis of the English penny, which is equal to two cents in America, and nearly equal to the French penny of ten centimes, 25 French pennies being equal to 24 English ones. The English £5 note would be replaced by one bearing the value of £7. 4s., or 100 (one gross) shillings. It might be called a *Banko*.

In Weights, I recommend the present pound, and that there be no other higher denomination than a *load*, or a triple pounds, that is, a dozen gross pounds, or 1,728 pounds, which make a light cart-*load* of 15 cwt. 1 qr. 20 lb. Intermediate weights would be expressed with sufficient convenience by dozens and grosses of pounds. I would fix the pound at its present weight, and have it registered in several places, rather than introduce a new and different pound. The word pound would thus be properly restricted to the meaning of a weight, and would pass out of use as the name of a coin. The present convenient *cwt.* (hundredweight) would be replaced by a gross pounds, which would be but thirty-two (or two-and-eight) pounds heavier.

In Liquid Measures the present pint, which weighs about 1 lb. 3¼ oz., might be taken as the unit. Dozens and grosses of pints would be sufficient for all higher measures till we reach a dozen gross pints, which might be called a *tun*; the difference between the old and new tun of wine, being that between (2,016) and (1,728) pints, or a gross pints, or 3 dozen gallons. The word *ton* or *tun* (both pronounced *tun*) would thus signify a liquid measure only, and not 20 *cwt.* also.

Lineal Measures might be—the foot of twelve inches,

dozens and grosses of feet, which would serve to measure buildings; and for distances on land, the foot, dozens and grosses of feet, and a *triple*, or 1,000 (1,728) feet, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, which might be called a *long*. The mean diameter of the earth (7,912) miles is 11,267 longs.

In Land or Square Measure, the denominations might be,—a square foot (of twelve inches on each side), dozens and grosses of square feet (the side of which would be found by extracting the square root), and a *plot*, or a square of a gross feet on each side, that is, 10,000 (20,736) square feet, a little less than half an acre.

Celestial distances might be measured by the diameter of the earth as a unit; thus, the sun is 6,256 (11,872) diameters distant from the earth.

In Time, no change for the better could be made except that of counting the hours of the day forward to the dozen, and thus doing away with the troublesome, and to many persons unintelligible *a.m.* and *p.m.* (the former being sometimes read as a contraction signifying *after morning*); dividing the hour continuously into twelfths, and giving thirty ($2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen) days to each month, with (28) to December. The last five (in leap-year *six*) days of the year might be considered a national festival; interest for money being reckoned the same for December as for any other month. The year should commence at the winter solstice, on the 22nd of December. The only change necessary in clocks and watches would be the division of the space between the hour figures on the dial, into six parts instead of five. Where there is a seconds movement, the seconds hand must be surrounded by the twelve numerals and the movement adjusted thereto. Chronology in history, and the reckoning the day of the month and the year, might be brought into conformity with the new arithmetic, and a New Style inaugurated, about the year (2000) = 1168, or as much earlier as public opinion might demand. The oldest date in Arabic figures in this country is 1454, which is inscribed on a brass plate commemorating the death of Ellen Wood, in the church of Ware. The Arabic figures were not generally adopted in England till the sixteenth century.

Divisions, in twelfths, of the several units (hour, foot, pint, pound), to be called primes, seconds, thirds, fourths, &c.; not discarding the additional terms half, quarter,

ounce ($\frac{1}{12}$ of a pound), inch, line ($\frac{1}{12}$ of an inch), gallon, quart, drop, &c. These would be measures of convenience, but not measures of account, except when they are twelfths.

I will now illustrate this duodecimal arithmetic by a few examples.

What is the price of a load of coal, weighing 1 ton 16 cwt. 3 qrs. 24 lbs., at ⟨10¼d.⟩ per cwt.? The bill would be delivered as 2,490 pounds of coal (or 2 loads, 4 gross, 9 dozen pounds), at 1s. 1⅓d. per gross (pounds). The operation is

New Method.

```
   24
   11
  ---
  264
⅓=  5½ nearly
  ----
  269½
    9d. for the 9 doz. pounds
  -----
  276½
or 2 marks 7 shillings and 6½d.
```

Present Method.

```
1 ton 16 cwt. =  36 cwt.
                 10¼
                 ---
                 360
              ¼ =  9
                 ----
              12 ) 369
                   ---
              20 ) 30  9
                   ---
                    1 10  9
for the 3 qrs. 24 lb.     9d.
                   -------
                   £1 11  6
```

There is a difference of ½d. upon the two calculations, because 1s. 1⅓d. per gross is a little higher rate than 10¼d. per cwt.

What is the value of 38 ⟨44⟩ pounds of sugar at 7d. per pound?

New Method.

```
 38
  7
---
218 or 2 marks 1s. and 8d.
```

Present Method.

```
   44 lbs.
    7
  ---
12 ) 308
     ---
20 ) 25  8
     ---
     £1  5  8
```

What is the value of 132 (182) yards of cloth at 3s. 3d per yard?

New Method.	*Present Method.*
132	182 yards
33	3
396	546
396	3d. = $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1s. = 45 6
4136	20) 591 6
or 4 doz. & 1 marks, 3s. and 6d.	£29 11 6
or 4 bancos, 1 mark, 8s. & 6d.	

The hour might also be divided into twelve "beats" (or primes, a beat or prime being five of the present minutes), and the beat into twelve minutes (each equal to nearly one-half of the present minute), the minute into twelve thirds, &c.

The transfer of an old number into its corresponding new expression (when it is not a high number, say not exceeding three figures), may be accomplished in an instant by dividing by twelve, decimally, and throwing out the remainders, which form the new number. Thus—What is the duodecimal expression of 907? Answer 637; thus:

12) 907
12) 75 7
6 3

For high numbers of four figures and above, reference may be made to a series of tables, which could be prepared, exhibiting all numbers in the two notations from unity to (1,000,000), and sold for a few pence. To transfer a number in the new notation into the old notation, divide by ten decimally, and throw out the remainders, which make the old number. Fractions of a unit may be called "parts" answering to the present "decimals." To translate decimals into duodecimals, or parts, add one-fifth, cut off the first figure to the left, and continue the operation with the remainder until one figure remains: (3·14159265), the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter = 3·1848094.

I would enforce the advantages of this scheme of notation by the consideration that as the shadow naturally follows the substance, so should the writing of money, the keeping of accounts, conform itself to the money, the weight, or measure, in use, in general. It would be a trouble for the few who deal in figures to learn a new

method of keeping accounts, and a new multiplication table, than for the whole nation to change its money, and all its weights and measures. An account in a ledger is, to the money which it represents, just what the money itself is to the property, houses, land, commodities, which *it* represents. It is just what written words are to spoken, and spoken words to ideas, and ideas to the affections that give them life. It is just what Nature itself is to poetry, or a man to his photograph. There is no complaint against the penny, the shilling, the pound weight, the inch, foot and yard measures, the twice twelve hours of the day, and the twelve months of the year. These have done no wrong, and caused no confusion. The trouble has arisen solely from the manner in which we combine these to make higher denominations, or divide them to make lower ones, and employ entirely different weights for a pound of tea, a pound of gold, and a pound of medicine.

Every one can aid this reform by giving precedence to the dozen over ten in all his counting. The practice of both the ten and the twelve scales by schoolboys, thus emulating the custom of our Universities, where arithmetic is practised in various scales, would be a great benefit to their reasoning and calculating powers. In thinking of what is possible in art and science, we should ever bear in mind the truism—the Future is greater than the Past.

The French system of money, weights, and measures, called the "metrical system," in which every coin, weight, and measure, is one-tenth of the next above it, is certainly superior to the English diversified system; but when we consider that to adopt it in this country we must change every coin, weight, and measure that is now in use, the question we should ask is, whether in passing from the "*good* old" system now extant in England, we should adopt the *better* one of France, or ask France to adopt the *best* from us?

On the occasion of the second reading of the "Weights and Measures Bill" in the House of Commons, 1st July, 1863, when a majority of 35 votes was given in favour of the bill, in a thin house of 185 members, the "Times" of 2nd July, in a leading article says:—

"The very first step," in the proposed arithmetical revolution, "is the adoption of a new unit as the base of all other measures

of length, surface, solidity, and weight. The unit, without which it would be penal for a shopkeeper to sell the smallest quantity of tape, bread, sugar, or oil, is thirty-nine inches and thirty-seven thousand and seventy-nine hundred thousandth parts of an inch of the Imperial standard measure, and its name, we need not say, is to be 'Metre.' We will not here insist on the principle involved in adopting a basis selected on so recondite a principle as the calculation of the length of a quadrant of the earth's meridian. Why that should govern all transactions in comestibles and potables, in clothing, and every other affair of buying and selling, it is impossible to say. But we let that pass. Let one yard be as good as another. We speak on behalf of the already overworked and not very quick wits of our countrymen. We tremble to think of the softening of the brain, the confusion of ideas, the mistakes, the losses, this will occasion. How is Lord Dundreary ever to make it out? His is a much larger family than is generally supposed."

Letters from correspondents, practical men, and not deficient in arithmetical science, followed in abundance, all contending against *ten* as the repeating number of a system of money, weights, and measures. See the "Times" for July 4th, 9th (a long and powerful letter occupying three columns), 20th, 23rd, 24th, and 1st August. The last writer, "A Schoolmaster," says:—

"Had we single marks for 10 and 11, our language and our notation would be complete in the duodecimal scale; and when the great body of the people are educated and taught arithmetic intelligently, and not by empiric rules and formulæ, the transition to that scale will most certainly come. In the meantime, to force the decimal scale on a nation which, by the light of nature, has pronounced so unmistakably against it (not one unit in the popular measures of space, time, weight, or value being divided, or bound up decimally), would be nothing short of insanity."

The "Saturday Review" of 16th May, 1857, also contains an able essay on the superior merits of a duodecimal scale of money, &c.

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SHAKSPERE:

OR,

THE ARDENS OF WARWICKSHIRE,

AND

THE HERITAGE OF GENIUS.

BY

E. T. CRAIG.

PART II.

With Illustrations.

SHAKSPERE,

From the Original in the possession of the Duke of Somerset, and painted from life by JANSEN.

The Heritage of Genius.

LIKE PARENTS PRODUCE LIKE OFFSPRING all the world over, throughout the entire material creation; on the earth, in the air, and in the ocean. The natural laws of succession are universal and unbending. Though subject to modification, they admit of no exceptions; indicating the levers whereby the physical and moral world of humanity may be raised to a higher phase of existence than ever yet known in the general condition of the people. Heritage and training lie at the foundation of all future evolutions of man's highest development. If the teachings arising out of this inflexible rule and uniform sequence in heritage were studied, man might discover a secret which, like the Rosetta Stone, would give two languages, having one significance, explaining the hieroglyphics of a third, and solving thereby the history of the past, while indicating a glorious pathway and brilliant future in the progress of civilisation. No law is so well illustrated in the faith and the habits of men. Many aspire to be reformers, make commendable experiments in schooling, and yet gaols have to be continued and enlarged. We shall have to antedate the schoolmaster, begin at generation, and learn how Fate can comport with freedom and individual liberty. Nature is a kind parent, but an inflexible teacher. Organisation governs the individual, yet leaves him free to modify external influences. The tusk of the elephant, the bill of the bird, and the brain of man, determine the sphere of each. Parentage is the boundary line of dullness, as of genius. In the first germ of existence lies the secret of the mystery; growth is but the aggregation of cell-life; yet the resulting difference is very great—the solution lies in the quality or condition of the molecules.

The naturalist, the botanist, and the physiologist, are fatalists in their faith in the law of heritage. The farmer knows that the seed he scatters in the ground will be followed by the like in species and quality. The moss that grows on the mouldering castle walls, and the acorn falling in the forest, are alike subject to this sequence in kind. The fern is ever the monarch of the moors, and the oak king of the forest. It is true no tillage can succeed alike with bad

as with good seed; you may dwarf the one or stint the other, or improve, within the range of healthy vitality, either one or both. And so it is in the animal kingdom; in the horse, the ox, the sheep, and the dog; in form, colour, inclination, and temper; in excellence or defect,—the law impresses itself. Blood, or breed, is everything. A pair of Shetland ponies would never generate a racer or a hunter. A Devon may unite with the Alderney, and both shall be evident in the progeny, which will, nevertheless, differ from each. You may shorten the legs or improve the wool of the mountain sheep, by crossing the breed. The persistent and vicious mastiff, the dull unteachable greyhound, the cunning collie of the shepherd, and the intelligent Newfoundland dog, are all of one race, brought into these different varieties by causes operating through many generations. Conditions are modified by a union among congeners; but the alteration is still another illustration of the law. The farmer avails himself of the principle to improve his stock, and obtains beautiful forms and useful qualities of bone, muscle or nerve; but he never expects figs from thistles, swans from ducklings, or wheat from clover. Every tree, too, has its own special physiognomy—the gnarled oak, wide spreading cedar, graceful ash, or weeping willow; and each propagates its kind.

In the mightiest monarch, as well as in the humblest citizen, the great law of heritage is manifest, and runs through every gradation of man's existence. All races of men, and even nations and tribes, whether the Asiatic Brahmin, or Hindoo; the African Negro, or Arab; the European Italian, Spaniard, German, or French—they all have their special individual types in feature, physiognomy, and character. The Gypsies and the Jews, in every age, have been wanderers in many lands; and, marrying among their own people, preserve their dark epidermis and chocolate complexions, and are known as soon as seen. The Zingari is always a tramp and a tinker; the Jew, as much a traveller and money-changer among modern nations as when the usurers were scourged from the Temple of old. Denizens in lands with the richest soils, the Jew never tills the ground for subsistence.

Not only do striking differences exist among races and nations, but among people of the same tribe and kindred. Though there is a general similitude in the same family,

and one brother may be distinguished by another, the son by his resemblance to his father or mother, or both, yet each will have his own peculiar features and turn of mind. I have seen twins alike in every feature of face and bodily proportions, yet in taste and inclination there were differences.

This hereditary transmission of features is strikingly illustrated in the families of reigning dynasties, and among the nobility; as in the Bourbons and the House of Austria, in which the thick lip introduced by the marriage of the Emperor Maximillian with Mary of Burgundy, is a prominent feature in their descendants through the generations of 300 years.

Tacitus describes the Gauls as gay, volatile, and precipitate; prone to rush into action, but without the power of sustaining adversity and the protracted tug of strife. And this is the character of the Celtic portion of the French nation, down to the present day. From Cressy to Waterloo we find them the same, brave and impulsive, rather than slow, persistent, and determined, like their neighbours; yet more perceptive and artistic. The modern Germans may be described as in the days of Cæsar—a bold, prudent, and virtuous people, and possessed of great force. The Briton is still cool, considerate, sedate, persistent, and intelligent. The Irish form a marked contrast to the Scotch—the first hasty, irritable, pugnacious, and improvident; the second, cautious and canny, shrewd, calculating, and prudent.

The same law is illustrated in the heritage of disease. No fact in medicine is better established than that which proves the transmission from parents to children of a constitutional liability to pulmonary affections. I have known instances of families of several children, where they have, in some cases, died before maturity, and in others, before middle life, from this hereditary weakness. Dr. Cooper, describing the predisposing indications, mentions—"particular formation of body, obvious by a long neck, prominent shoulders, and narrow chest; scrofulous diathesis, indicated by a very fine clear skin, fair hair, delicate rosy complexion, thick upper lip, a weak voice, and great sensibility." This law of hereditary transmission of organisation, and succession of form and qualities, is manifested also in the mental aptitudes and moral tendencies of children, and shows that the intellectual character of each child is determined by the particular qualities of the stock, combined

with those conditions which predominated in the parents when existence commenced.

Parents frequently live again in their offspring, not only in countenance and form of body, but also in the mental and moral disposition—in their virtues and their vices. Reformers are generally too hasty and impatient in their efforts at improvement. The secret of modifying mankind is but partially understood, nor is it wisely applied; and yet it is a principle powerfully active and very manifest. Great alterations are of slow growth, and most effectively attained by propagation. Three generations, under favourable circumstances, are necessary to effect predisposition or mental tendency. A knowledge of human nature, imparted by a study of Physiology, Ethnology, and Phrenology, would indicate the true course, and give intelligent guidance. To see evils and deprecate their existence, is not adequate to the apprehension of the causes; these lie deeper than existing illustrations. As is the parentage, so is the offspring. In improving one we shall advance the other; and small influences operating constantly through many generations, would necessarily produce marked and conspicuous changes in mankind,—both in the size, external figure, countenance, and complexion; and lastly, in the mental aptitudes and moral proclivities. If the stock is bad, education under favourable influences will improve it, but never succeeds so well as with the offspring of the intelligent. I have had peculiar opportunities for observing this fact, in one case at Ralahine in the South of Ireland, where I resided among the native peasantry, with the object of effecting their physical and moral improvement by the educational agency adopted. Invited thence by Lady Noel Byron to organise what was then an untried scheme—the agricultural and industrial labour system—I introduced a modification of the plans of Fellenberg, with which I became familiar while resident at Hofwyl, in Switzerland. To carry out Lady Byron's wishes, and with her ladyship's resources, I established the first successful agricultural labour school in this country. This became the exampler and foundation of the methods adopted, and now useful and successful, in all our reformatories—in alternating manual work with mental exertion. In these operations I had facilities for observing the varied aptitudes of the pupils. Similar opportunities for observation occurred among some of the students of

twenty classes organised in connection with the Rotherham Literary and Mechanics' Institute—showing in many instances that aptitude, tendency, and even moral dispositions are intimately connected with heritage derived from one or both parents.

I have always found the educational efforts of the offspring of the ignorant, lymphatic and lazy, less apt, more slow and dull, than the children of the intelligent, active, and industrious. Hereditary paupers breed paupers. Idleness is in their bones, apathy in their brains, and vacuity in their visages.

A general co-mixture of the temperaments is most beneficial. Facts show that the nervous and sanguine impart susceptibility and activity; the bilious the power of action; and the lymphatic that tendency to inaction and rest which is essential to the healthful nutrition of the brain after fatiguing exertion. How can this knowledge become useful? By impressing the truth on those likely to be the men and women of the future. As scrofula and insanity are hereditary, so surely temperaments are hereditary. Family portraits indicate family features, and also family temperaments; and those who value the interests and happiness of themselves and their offspring, will subscribe the marriage contract with another of somewhat different temperament. From sluggish temperaments those of an active character rarely descend; from the nervous-sanguine in man and woman, we usually find the same combination in the offspring. If the portrait of Shakspere by Jansen, or the portrait said to be Susanna Hall, which I discovered in the possession of a descendant of the Hathaways, or the Mask said to be taken from the face of Shakspere after death, be faithful likenesses, then the poet was endowed with a nervous-sanguine temperament.

When two persons are united in whom the same kind of temperament prevails, it is not only found in the issue, but in greater strength, and its energy is more intense. The intermarriage of the purely nervous is often followed by delicate, ricketty, and weakly offspring, and there is a hard battle to be fought for a tolerable lease of life; while the continued intermarriage of the lymphatic would ultimately result in the fatuous or idiotic. On the union of mingled temperaments, we generally find those temperaments blend in the offspring with the happiest results to health, vigour, vitality

and longevity. It is a well-established fact, that the distinguished men whose talents make them conspicuous in the cabinet, the camp, or the closet, have had either the nervous-bilious, or the nervous-sanguine temperaments. Temperament is also an element in good taste. The nervous, sanguine, and bilious, by giving fineness to the substance and vivacity to the action of the brain, are highly conducive to refinement. Those authors and artists whose productions are conspicuous for great delicacy and beauty, have fine temperaments, and large perceptive powers, combined with Ideality. We find examples of the active temperaments in Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, William the Norman, Cromwell, Napoleon, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. The poets have a large share of the nervous temperament, as shown in the portraits of Tasso, Dante, Alfieri, Pope, Corneille, Moliere, Voltaire, Pope, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Lamartine, and Tennyson. So among artizans—those fond of simple and beautiful decorations to make their homes graceful attractions from grosser pleasures, will be found endowed with a large proportion of activity arising from the temperament. And woman, who possesses more delicacy than man, more natural refinement of manner, has greater aptitude, and a keener appreciation of the elegancies of life.

On the other hand, coarseness and gross habits more frequently co-exist with the opposite conditions. A lady once brought her servant, and requested me to state my opinion about her. After examining her facial and cranial contour, the relative proportions of her brain and her temperament, and finding a low and peculiar organisation, a feeble condition of body, and a dull heavy apathetic aspect,—I told her the girl had the characteristics of a pauper, and would prove cunning, deceitful, and lazy. The lady expressed her surprise, and wished to learn how I could know, for she had obtained her from the workhouse. The girl had been the cause of the death of the cat. Every day the cream vanished, and she attributed it to puss. The cat was killed, and yet the cream still vanished. It was ultimately discovered that the girl lapped the cream from the milk like a kitten, and left no sign on the basin! What is bred in the flesh, will be manifest in the spirit. The sluggishness of the children of hereditary vagrants is notorious. Their brightest attribute is cunning. With a torpid nervous system, they vegetate rather than enjoy life with vigour, and their dull

LYMPHATIC TEMPERAMENT.—*(Photographed from life.)*

The perceptive region is small, as indicated by the short space between the ear and lower portion of the forehead, the form of which is like that given by the tomb-maker to the bust of Shakspere. Youths of this class are dull and slow in apprehension, and never succeed in artistic pursuits requiring great taste, sensibility, and executive skill.

heavy aspect harmonises with these characteristics. They will live on the labours of others, rather than work out their own redemption from suffering, unless external influences help them upwards.*

It is a well-established fact, that special idiosyncracies and eccentricities are also transmitted. Dr. A. Combe states that "when an original eccentricity is on the mother's side, and she is gifted with much force of character, the evil extends more widely among the children than when it is on

* The same names may be seen constantly recurring in workhouse books for generations; that is, the persons were born and brought up, generation after generation, in the conditions which make paupers. The close observer may safely predict that such a family, whether its members marry or not, will become extinct; that such another will degenerate morally and physically. But who learns the lesson? —*Notes on Nursing, by* FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

the father's side." The father and his stock will give the organs of vitality and the complexion, and the mother the mental and moral peculiarities, and sometimes the reverse. A striking illustration of heritage may be found in a brief description of the father of Dr. Johnson, which very forcibly indicates the source of the great lexicographer's peculiar strength and eccentricities. "Michael Johnson," says the biographer of the author of Rasselas, "was a man of large athletic make, and violent passions; wrong-headed, positive, and at times afflicted with a degree of melancholy little short of madness." In this brief sketch we may trace the heritage of Johnson's love of contention, his singular force of mind and character. It is said "his morbid melancholy had an effect on his temper; his passions were irritable; and the pride of science, as well as of a fierce independent spirit, inflamed him on some occasions above all bounds of moderation. Notwithstanding all his piety, self-government or the command of his passions in conversation, does not seem to have been among his attainments. Whenever he thought the contention was for superiority, he has been known to break out with violence, even ferocity." A morbid "melancholy was his constitutional malady, derived perhaps from his father, who was, at times, overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity."

Mental aptitudes are transmitted by descent through many generations, which serves to explain the greater quickness of the children in manufacturing districts in learning ingenious employments. The boys playing in and around Sheffield are broader from constructiveness and the neighbouring organs, than the children of the same class in the agricultural and fenny districts of England. Dr. Paterson, in speaking of the Phrenology of Hindostan, mentions a remarkable correspondence in this respect in the heads of the inhabitants of a small town on the banks of the Ganges, Fort Monghyr, which has been long noted for its superiority in cutlery, gun making, tools, and other articles the result of mechanical construction. Only those who have mechanical aptitude can succeed in these trades, and thus the best workmen become settled, and in the progress of ages a prominent faculty becomes marked in the organisation. The mechanical faculties are large, or active, and culture gives increased susceptibility. Like the strings of a musical instrument, exercise improves the quality of the tone.

There are families in which musical, artistic, and other distinguishing talents, are hereditary for generations, and these aptitudes would continue if there was uniform obedience to the law. We have the mathematical Herschels, the courageous and fighting Napiers, the analytical Gregories, the inventive Brunels, the constructive Stephensons and the histrionic Kembles.

Families and individuals are sometimes remarkable for particular defects, such as an inability to perceive colours. I have known several illustrations of this peculiarity. One gentleman who cannot tell colours, describes his wife's green silk dress as scarlet. A youth apprenticed to a house painter could never select the right colours, and he had to leave the business. This defect is accompanied by a depression of the eyebrow, giving the opposite form to that of Vandyke, Rubens, and Titian. The memory of dates and places will be very weak in some families, and very retentive in others. I met an English gentleman in Paris who was obliged to have the assistance of a valet to enable him to return to his hotel. He lost his watch and top-coat through forgetfulness of the places where he had left them. These deficiencies arise from the moderate development and weakness of power in particular portions of the brain; and, like other portions of the body, become hereditary. On the other hand, when all the conditions are favourable, we have the result embodied in talent or genius, as in the union of the Ardens and the Shaksperes. On the one side, eminently superior in the cerebral type and physical conformation; and on the other, in vitality and energy, they united the highest advantages with the finest quality or temperament. The vascular and nervous systems predominated; the one presiding over nutrition, extension, growth, and development; the other being the foundation of the refined sensibilities, mental aptitudes, and intellectual power.

The most illustrious men in every age have arisen from the classes likely, though ignorantly, to act upon the principle of a happy choice by intermarriage with other classes. The most eminent men of Greece were of obscure origin, and foreign female slaves gave birth to many of them. A Carian was the mother of Themistocles, and a Scythian of Demosthenes. The most striking examples of energy among our own aristocracy, were the first fruits of intermarriage with the healthy, vigorous offspring of the middle class.

The Persian nobility have, by the selection of Circassian wives, eradicated their old coarse physiognomy, as seen in the Guebres, their progenitors. Many of the Spanish nobility illustrate the opposite results, from intermarriage among themselves. It is with mind as with the weapon of the warrior and the tool of the workman—temper is everything—and temper is intimately connected with temperament and cerebral susceptibility. While the nervous are prone to be irritable; the sanguine irascible and passionate; the bilious slow, persistent, and often violent; the lymphatic are most inclined to inaction, and disposed to sail with the wind. Those of the apathetic constitution have seldom disturbed the current of events, either by their deeds, their negotiations, or their conquests. Talent they sometimes possess; genius never. They float with the flood, or cast anchor till the returning tide; they never go against the stream.

The tomb-maker who built the bust of Shakspere at Stratford, was not aware of this important relation between form, capacity, and character; while the picture by Jansen, the portrait of Shakspere's daughter, and the Mask said to be taken after death, all harmonise with the law of relation between form and capacity, power and results.

Although it may be conceded that education and favourable circumstances have great influence on organisations adapted to receive the rays of light and intelligence, and to make them manifest; yet, no amount of culture will raise the idiot into a philosopher, or convert the sluggish offspring of the feeble or the imbecile, into the highly-organised sensitive child of genius. The transmission of aptitude is shown too in the fact, that the children of linguists, and those of mathematicians, learn languages and numbers sooner than those of uneducated parents. The children of musicians, when both parents are musically inclined, learn more easily than others; and this susceptibility, when inherited during three generations, often results in the extraordinary powers called talent and genius.

The biographers of Shakspere have hitherto attempted to explain the marvellous powers of the poet by the external influences with which he was surrounded, by what books he read, and where he resided. They mention his parents, it is true, but they almost ignore the heritage of his ancestry. They forget that many thousands have been sur-

rounded by similar circumstances of nature, condition, and education; but which no doubt contributed their due influence on the mental organism of a highly sensitive character derived from many generations of a superior stock, when the physical, the mental, and the moral elements were in harmonious proportions, as in the Ardens and the Shakspere.

Moral beauty of character, too, is dependent on this harmonious balance of the organic forces in the constitution, and especially so, in the just proportion between the various regions of the cerebral and the vital powers of the body. A vigorous and healthy organism that gives soundness to the bones, will fix its index in the complexion, impart a sparkling lustre to the eye, and give grace to the outline, the form, carriage, and expression. The face is thus the epitome of the body, repeating in miniature the inward emotions; and every organic action is pleasing from its truth, directness, and fitness of expression in the body and mind.

It is a just remark of an able writer who says, that—"The union of certain temperaments and combinations of mental organs, are highly conducive to health, talent, and morality in the offspring; and that these conditions may be discovered and taught with far greater certainty, facility, and advantage, than is generally imagined."

When, however, the sensitive, nervous organisation of a race or family is developed into the highest state of sensibility and refinement, ending in talent, eccentricity, and genius, the vitality becomes weak and effete, and the race dies out in a generation or two, as in the case of Shakspere, Milton, Corneille, Scott, Burke, Byron, Moore, Mozart, and many others, whose names are known no more among men.

Scott, like Shakspere, was desirous of founding a family, but the name and inheritance passed to female descendants. Our greatest poet had only one son, who died early; his daughter, Susanna Hall, had one girl, and she died childless. The explanation must be sought in the fact, that in men of high culture and sensibility, the physical and the vital parts of the human organism are sacrificed to the nervous—the brain is exercised at the expense of the body, and exhausted in the very manifestations by which the poet or artist becomes known, and by which he influences the world. Their works become their best effigies. There is an

important lesson in this uniform result. Nature, as positive as fate, will not tolerate a succession of geniuses in the same family; a great soul shines like a fixed star in the intellectual firmament; she is satisfied, records the name, closes the registry, and seals the book.

Lord Byron was a memorable instance of this inflexible law. He was the son of a man of strong and wayward passions, and a mother equally impulsive and eccentric. In the heritage of his family we may find the seeds of his ardent passions, the elements of his character and his genius. He was the son of Captain John Byron, of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon, heiress of George Gordon, the descendant of Sir William Gordon, the third son of the Earl of Huntly, by his Countess the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James I. of Scotland. His paternal grandfather was the celebrated Admiral John Byron, whose account of his shipwreck and sufferings is one of the most interesting books of its kind in the English language. Byron's father was one of the most handsome and most profligate men of his day, and was called "Mad Jack Byron." He seduced Amelia, Marchioness of Carmarthaen, daughter of the Earl of Holderness; whom, on being divorced from her husband, he married.

Originally of Normandy, the first of the family came over with William the Conqueror. Doomsday Book mentions Ralph de Burun as holding lands in Nottinghamshire. His descendants were feudal barons of Horestan, in Derbyshire, and they became possessed of the lands of Rochdale, in Lancashire, in the reign of Edward I. Newstead Abbey was, in the reign of Henry VIII., conferred on Sir John Byron, who was also Constable of Nottingham Castle, and Master of Sherwood Forest. Two of the poet's ancestors distinguished themselves at the siege of Calais, and were found among the slain at Cressy. Another brother fought on the side of Richmond at Bosworth Field. The Byrons adhered to the cause of Charles I., and Sir John Byron had the charge of the escort which conveyed the plate contributed by the University for the royal use. At Edge Hill seven brothers of the family fought on the side of the king.

A grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, and his immediate predecessor, was a very passionate man, and killed his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel fought in the dark, and was tried

by the House of Peers for manslaughter, found guilty, pleaded his privilege, and was discharged. Captain Byron, the father of the poet, was a widower, deeply in debt when he married the "bonny Miss Gordon," of Gight, and as the rhyme indicated—

"To squander the lands o' Gight awa'."

The property of the lady, worth about £23,500, was al wasted by the end of the second year of the marriage, anc a separation then took place between them.

The mother of the poet was quick in her feelings, violen in her temper, and strong in her affections. She had a comely countenance, was somewhat diminutive in size, an inclined to *embonpoint*. In these brief outlines we have the sketch and the heritage of the "Author of Childe Harold." The poet became united to Miss Millbanke who was endowe with a highly sensitive nervous constitution and temperament. She had great delicacy and susceptibility, conjoined with large endowments in the moral and intellectual regions of the brain, a finely organised system, indicated by her refined and delicately moulded features, and in the structure of her beautiful hands; so nobly open and generous in acts of judicious benevolence and charity, bespeaking the exquisite susceptibility of her heart.* Their only child Ada, whom Byron feelingly apostrophises in one of his most passionate utterances, was, in the lower part of the features, her large brain and her tendency to *embonpoint*, very like the poet, and in the form of her forehead like her mother.†

The poet asks her—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child—
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted—not as now we part.

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* "A lady who devoted the summer and the autumn of her days to the steady and systematic practice of wholesale charity in the highest sense, and whom many a poor curate's family, and many a poor reformatory child, will have reason to bless to the end of their days."—*London Daily Paper.*

† Lord Byron wrote upon a proof sheet of Marino Faliero, "Ada, all but the mouth, is the picture of her mother, and I am glad of it."

She was, when I knew her, buoyant, hearty, and energetic, with an independent and inquisitive spirit; endowed with warm affections, a vigorous mind, and a strong will—marks of the stock from which she sprung. She was rather tall, handsome, and elegant in her manners; endowed with great capabilities, and possessed high attainments as a linguist and a musician. She was a frequent and early visitor at the Agricultural School at Ealing Grove, to watch the progress of the experiment so useful in proving the practicability of combining industrial training with mental culture, in schools for the middle and working classes. A lively interest was manifested by her in the progress of the boys, and especially in that of a fine dark eyed boy, nine years of age, about whom she always enquired during her stay. Both in the physiognomy of the features and the manifestation of the character, I was often reminded of Byron; and, like him, she died at the early age of thirty-seven.

After the death of Ada, then the Countess of Lovelace, her eldest son left home and the proud towers of East Horsley. He was content to earn his daily subsistence by the sweat of his brow in the iron ship-building yard of Mr. Scott Russell at Blackwall. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy, but soon left it. He then attempted to enter as a common sailor before the mast of a merchant vessel trading with America. Afterwards, he entered the shop of the millwright as a mechanic. But Lord Ockham, Baron Wentworth, the grandson of the author of "Childe Harold," enjoyed only a brief existence among the living, as he died at the early age of twenty-six; showing in the short story of his life, that genius and eccentricity were nearly related.

Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, and Music, are peculiarly dependent on special organisations, united to fine temperament. Dugald Stewart and others, erroneously hold that talent and genius for these arts are the "result of acquired habits, and gradually formed by particular habits of study or of business." But the maxim is founded in truth which says, Poets are born, not made; although study and fitting outward circumstances are necessary to their full development and expression. Activity, sensibility, and fineness of appreciation—or acuteness of perception—must be combined as the foundation for ultimate success; and these attributes

depend on the due proportion and quality of the nervous organism, whatever may be the outward influences. Mozart, when four years old, began to write music which was found to be in strict accordance with the rules of composition, although he had received no instruction in them: and Shakspere's magnificent productions read as if they had emanated from him like splendid intuitions—the giant strokes of genius.

To form a great poet or artist, requires, therefore, a fine constitution and an active temperament; a large brain, or full endowment of the propensities and moral sentiments, with a large perceptive region, and good, large, or active imaginative and constructive faculties. Truth, simplicity, and force are the result, as seen in the beautiful creations of genius. This beauty in art is the effect of mental growth. Poetry is the language of passion idealised and beautified. painting and sculpture are silent poetry, embodying and surrounding form and colour with refined sentiment; while music is the utterance of poetic and passionate expression.

All races write their history in their greatest national works, and in which we see prominent features of their character. The idols of the East; the pyramids and sphynxes of Egypt; the temples of the Greeks, in their simple grandeur; the arch of the Romans, in its solid strength; and the railways, as well as the political institutions of England, are all epic passages in history, and mark great epochs in the progress of nations. Shakspere is one of the highest phases of the English character. All that we know of his private history, stamps him so thoroughly the Englishman, that we enjoy his massive, vital, and tender creations, with a hearty sense of their nationality: his courageous independence; his desire for fame; his love of work, and his success; his wise return from the applause of theatres and courts, to the loved woodlands and meadows of Warwickshire, watered by the slow moving Avon, on the banks of which he had often wandered to seek inspiration: even the escapades of his youth, his ardent love for the fair and gentle Anne Hathaway, his chase of those "dappled fools," the deer of Fulbrook, together with his bold venture upon the metropolis,—all combine to arrest attention, win the heart's sympathy, and impart a deep interest in the heritage of the Shaksperes and the Ardens. While his biographers wonder where he obtained

his "little Latin and less Greek," his knowledge of law, history, biography, &c., I shall endeavour to evolve the mystery of his racial character and his genius from the pedigree of his parents, and offer it as the best solution of many of the problems which have puzzled those who taste and judge of the waters of the river, yet neglect the sources in the springs flowing from the distant mountain tops.

HISTORY and HERITAGE of the ARDENS.

ANCESTORS OF SHAKSPERE.

ONE of the most illustrious examples of heritage, of transmission of qualities, aptitudes and capacity, mental and physical, is shown in the history of some of the prominent members of the maternal ancestry of Shakspere—the Ardens of Warwickshire. No one has yet attempted to trace the maternal ancestry of the poet beyond the immediate progenitors of Mary Arden; nor has any biographer attached due importance to the question of heritage.

We have strong historic evidence of the origin of the surname of Arden, and are also justified in assuming that there is strong presumptive evidence in the possession of property in and around the Forest of Arden, and in the name itself, that the root of the family is the same. There are not the like difficulties surrounding the maternal ancestry of the poet as in the case of the Shaksperes, for, as Mr. Halliwell observes, notwithstanding the "laborious researches repeated for a century, the history of our poet's descent is still miserably imperfect. If genealogical inquiries are ever worthy of pursuit, they must have some value in the reasonable curiosity to ascertain from what class of society the greatest author of the world arose." It is not only to ascertain the class, but the quality of the class that I aim to investigate.

Of the ancestors of Shakspere's father but little is known, beyond the fact that John Shakspere was the son of a yeoman and farmer of Snitterfield, tenant of Richard Arden of Wilmcote, the residence of the Ardens.

The name of Shakspere, spelled in various ways, appears repeatedly in the pages of a valuable illuminated black and red letter volume in the possession of Mr. Staunton, of Longbridge House, near Warwick, entitled a Register of the Guild of St. Anne of Knolle, from 1407 to its dissolution

in 1535. This Guild of St. Anne had a priest who said masses for them; he was a chantry priest, paid by the Guild. Some branches of the Shaksperes must have been in good circumstances, and they no doubt paid good fees to get their prayers recited, and their names recorded in these venerable registers of vellum—pious mementoes of their missals and their money. From the interesting pages of the volume I copied the following names of Shakspere:—

1460. Pro anima Ricardi Shakſpere et Aliciæ uxor ejus, de Woldiche.

1464. 4 EDW. IV.—Johannes Schakespere, and Radulphus Shakeſpeire & Iſabella his wife; and Ricardus Schakſpere de Wroſale and Margeria his wife: and, alſo, Johannes Shakespeyre, of Rowington, and his wife.

1476. Thomas Chacſper et Chriſtian of Rowneton.

1486. 1 Henry VII.—Thomas Schakſpere aſks the monk to pray for his ſoul: and in the ſame year Thomas Shakſpere prays for his own ſoul.
During the ſame year Thomas Shakſpere, and Alicia his wife, of Balſale, aſk the monk to pray for them.

19 of HEN. VII.—Orate pro anima Iſabelle Shakſpere, quondam Prioriſsa de Wroxale.

3 HEN. VIII.—Alicia Shakeſpere and Thomas Shakeſpere, of Baliſhalle. Alſo, Chriſtophorus Shakeſpere, and Iſabella his wife, of Pacwode. And in the 18th of the ſame reign, the prieſts are aſked to pray for the ſouls of Domina Jane Shakſpere; Ricardus Shakſpere and Alicia his wife; Willielmus Shakſpere and Agnes his wife; Johannes Shakſpere and Johanna his wife.

We thus find that the Shaksperes were located in Warwickshire, not far from Stratford and Wilmcote, as early as the fourteenth century; and the name appears at various times in connection with families and transactions at Warwick, Rowington, Wroxall, Hampton, Lapworth, Kineton, and other parts of the county. There are a few families of the name still existing—one at Warwick, others in Staffordshire, and elsewhere; but there is no satisfactory evidence that they are descended from the poet's family. George Shakspere, of Henley in Arden, claims to be so related.

The little that is known of John Shakspere, father of the poet, is highly favourable to his character, both as illustra-

ive of his good nature, in his kindness to his brother Henry, as well as of his public spirit; for, when appointed to the office of bailiff, he was a warm patron of the players, the best public teachers at the time; and he would probably take his son William both to see the performances at the Guildhall, and to witness the revels at Kenilworth; becoming thereby an educator of the youth for his future brilliant career as the greatest dramatist the world has yet seen.

John Shakspere, when young, was no doubt comely in person, and fair to look on; for he courted and won the beautiful Mary Arden, the youngest and favourite daughter and executor of Robert Arden; or, as she was tersely designated in the drafts of the grant of arms in 1696 and '99, "one of the heyrs of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, Gent."

The identity of Robert Arden as the grandson of Robert the third brother of the knight of the body-guard of Henry VII., has not yet been clearly proved, but that the family was the same is of the highest probability. There was no other family of Ardens, and the shield of the first draft of arms existing in the Herald's office makes them agree. Wilmcote and New Hall are both in the Forest of Arden. We find, too, that on 17th July, 1550, a deed was executed by Robert Arden, maternal grandfather of Shakspere, conveying lands and tenements in Snitterfield, then in the occupation of Richard Shakspere, in trust for three daughters, after the death of Robert and Agnes Arden. Ten days previously he had executed a similar deed conveying other property in Snitterfield, for the benefit of three other daughters, Jocose, Alicia, and Margaret. The Ardens had been landed proprietors for more than a century before the marriage of Shakspere's grandfather, Robert Arden;—owning lands cut off, no doubt, from larger estates for younger sons, as in the case of Arden and Bagot, Arden and Adderley, Bracebridge and Willington. These possessions may be taken as strong evidence of the relationship to the great Arden family. Besides this, Mary Arden was recognised in the Herald's office as belonging to the family. Although the notes of Dethick, King of Arms, are not to be relied on as to Shakspere's "antecessors," yet the error consists in ascribing the honours and rewards as conferred by Henry VII. to the "late antecessors" of John Shakspere; whereas they were given to the ancestor of the

Ardens. This incidentally confirms the descent of Mary Arden. It is reasonable to conclude that Clarenceaux would not have declared Robert Arden a gentleman if he had not been such; and therefore, other things considered, a descendant of the Saxon Earles of Mercia. The mother of the poet may, therefore, when the collateral evidence is fairly and candidly reviewed, be traced by heritage through a long line of ancestors up to the time of the Anglo-Saxon Earls;* many of them famous for wealth, position, and influence; and moreover, celebrated for their noble integrity, firmness, patriotism, and firm determination to sustain and hold fast by whatever they considered righteous and just; characteristics in living descendants of Shakspere's sister. We may hence with some reason assume that Mary Arden was not only handsome in form and fair in feature, but that she was mainly instrumental in transmitting to her son those exquisite sensibilities, moral and mental peculiarities in capacity and character, which have made all the world worshippers of the memory of Shakspere.

The mother of the poet, as a descendant of the Ardens, has a pedigree older and longer than the longest line of living kings; and withal a history as worthy and as noble as the most famous of the world's proudest aristocracy. Mothers often exercise great influence in moulding both the physical constitution, and the mental character of their sons; and a brief sketch of the Ardens will illustrate what has been already said on the heritage of genius.

During the reign of Edward the Confessor, Aluuinus, the father of Turchil, was Vicecomes, earl or deputy, of Warwick, for the king of Mercia. Turchil, the son, was Vicecomes of Warwick at the time the Normans invaded England, and was the last of the powerful Saxon Earls, and

* Rohund, Earle of Warwick, had a daughter Felicia, or Phillis, married to Guido or Guy, son of Siward, Baron of Wallingford. They had a son named Reyburn, father of Wegeot, or Weyth the Humid. He had a son named Ufa (about 975), who became a benefactor to the monks of Evesham. His son was Wolgeot, whose hereditary successor was Wigod or Wigot, married to Ermenilda, a sister of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, husband of Lady Godiva, and founder of the monastery at Coventry. The son of Wigod was Alwin, Aluuinus, or Alwinus, contemporary with Edward the Confessor. Alwin was father of Turchil, the founder of the great Arden family, and governed Warwick for King William the Conqueror, till about 1070.

the first of the Ardens. This family held some forty-eight estates in various parts of the midland counties. Ethelfleda, the courageous daughter of king Alfred, built a fortified dwelling on a mound near the Avon, and added a keep or dungeon; from which has arisen the noble towers of the present castle of Warwick, built on a rock rising from the west bank of the river, and only a short distance from Offchurch Bury, where Offa, king of Mercia, is said to have held his court. Turchil, son of Aluuinus, was lord of Warwick when Harold mustered his forces after his victory at Battlebridge, over Harfager the Norseman, and marched against Duke William the Norman to resist the invaders. But Turchil, who was probably a partisan of Edgar, the legitimate king, did not join the Saxons and Harold to repel the Normans—a circumstance which was, no doubt, remembered in his favour by the Conqueror, at least for a brief period. The rapacious Normans took possession of many of the castles and estates of the Saxons who opposed them, and Turchil compounded with the king for the title of Earl of Warwick during his life. The old chroniclers in their quaint way inform us that even those who did not muster their men at Hastings to oppose the Normans, were removed from their lands and possessions; and declare also, that "it is evident to be seen what vast possessions the Conqueror did bestow upon those Normans, Britons, Anjovins, and other French, that assisted him the better in keeping of what he had thus by strong hand got; and shall further crave leave, considering how vast a change this conquest made. And first, for his cruelties to the native English—'tis evident that he spared not the very clergy, imprisoning Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, till he died, with many others: degrading divers Abbots, wasting the lands of Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester; Walter, Bishop of Hereford; and Frethric, Abbot of St. Albans; compelling many of the nobility and others to forsake the kingdom; forcing divers, as well priests as laymen, driven out of their possessions, to betake themselves to woods and deserts where they were constrained to live as savages, whereby there was scarce a great man left; all sorts of men being reduced to such misery and servitude that it was a disgrace to be accounted an Englishman." *

* These severe measures of the Conqueror will explain the cause of the resistance of the Robin Hoods of this and subsequent reigns.

The castles, the curfew, and the taxes, subdued the spirit of the people. "The poor English were so humbled, that they were glad to imitate the Normans, even in the cutting their hair, and shaving their beards; and to conform to the fashions of their new masters."

Turchil was ordered to enlarge and fortify the castle of Warwick; but when this was done, the Norman king became doubtful and suspicious of the Saxon Thane, who was removed from his dignity. A Norman follower, Henry de Newburgh, was the first Norman advanced to the rank of Earl of Warwick. This no doubt led to the adoption of the name of Arden, for Turchil now first assumed the surname "from their residence in this part of the country, then as now called Arden by reason of its wodinesse. Not that Turchil or his descendants lived here; for their principal seats were in other places, viz., Kingsbury, and Hampden in Arden, on this side the shire; as also Rotley and Radburne on the other, while some male branches lasted; but because this is the chief place which continued longest in the family, even till the late time, and was near to that where for the last 300 years they had their residence." Dugdale also says that Turchil "was one of the first here in England that, in imitation of the Normans, assumed a surname; for so it appears he did, and wrote himself Turchillus de Eardene, in the days of King William Rufus."

The Conqueror was a far-seeing, shrewd, practical, yet despotic reformer; for the old historian M. Paris states, "in the year in which the Norman triumphed, he took with him some of the English nobilitie into Normandy, and married them to Norman ladies; and in like manner did he marry divers English women to his Normans; continually loading the people with heavy taxes, to the end they might have enough adoe in busying themselves how to live, rather than have any leisure to stir up commotions." William also brought over a number of Norman priests to preach submissiveness and reverence to the conquerors.

The pedigree of the Ardens from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Mary Arden, stands thus:—

Turkillus de Warwick = Levurunia

Siwardus de Ardena. | Osbertus de Arden = Matilda.

Henry de Ardena.			Amicia ux. Petri de Bracebrigge.	
William	"		William de Bracebrigge.	
Thomas	"		Radulphus	"
Thomas	"		John	"
Radulphus	"		Radulphus	"
Henricus	"		Radulphus	"
Radulphus	"		Radulphus	"
Robert	"	(attainted 30 HEN. VI.)	Richard	"
Walter	"	(obiit 17 H. VII.)		
John Arden, arm. pro corp. Regis HEN. VII., married Alicia, daughter of Richd. Bracebrigg.			John Bracebrigg, arm. obiit 23 Marti. 7 HEN. VII. — Alicia married John Arden.	

This John Arden had brothers and sisters—Martin, Thomas, Robert, Henry, William, Alicia, and Margaret. It is assumed that Robert, the son of this Robert, was Robert of Yoxall; and that his son was Robert of Wellingcote, near Stratford, whose daughter Mary was the mother of Shakespere, as stated in the grant of arms to John Shakespeare in 1599, viz.:—

Robert, brother of John Arden, had Robert of Yoxall, whose son was Robert of Wellingcote, the father of Mary, married to John Shakspeare, the father of William Shakspeare.

By the above pedigree we find that Turchil* de Arden had by his first wife a son named Seward de Arden, and by his second wife Leverunia, he had Osbertus de Arden. †These two sons were the founders of several of the

* Turchil, Turkitellus, Turkillus, otherwise Thorkill, are the same man, and the name evidently derived from *Thor*, of which many exist, as Thorold, the name of the father of Lady Godiva, of Buckendale, in Lincolnshire, and others.

† The descendants of Osbert owned the old palace of the Saxon Kings at Kingsburg on the Tame, which must have descended to Turchil from his ancestress Leonetta, daughter of king Athelstan—as the Bracebridges of Kingsburg, Ardens of Pedimore, New Hall, Castle Bromwich, and Cudworth, and now of Longcroft, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire.

most note-worthy of the Warwickshire families, among whom the large and numerous estates of Turchil became apportioned and divided. Seward de Arden was not, however, allowed to enjoy any large proportion of his father's lands; the Norman Earl, Henry de Newburgh, had the greatest part assigned to him and his posterity. That portion which he was allowed to retain, was held by him and his posterity for military service, of the Earls of Warwick—showing that the Saxons who had not opposed the Normans were only allowed a portion of their possessions. This, no doubt, reduced the estates and the condition of the Ardens, but they still had large possessions in the country; and some of them have been held by the descendants of Osbert, son of Turchil, as the Bracebridges, the Adderleys of Hams, and Bagot of Pipe Hayes, all seated in the valley of the Tame, down to the present time. The ancestors of the Ardens held Rieton from the reign of Edward the Confessor till the time of Edward I. In the 7th of that king's reign, Thomas de Arden held it of the Earl of Warwick by the service of half a knight's fee. He was one of the benefactors to the monks of Stoneleigh Abbey, and gave them the church at Rotley. Amicia, the daughter of Osbertus, son of Leverunia and Turchil de Arden, married Peter de Bracebrigge, of Bracebrigg, county Lincoln, from whom the Bracebridges of Kingsbury and Lindley, and of Atherstone, are descended. Sir Thomas Arden held Cudworth; and his grandson Giles had a daughter who married a Greville, from whom the Grevilles are derived.

Henry Arden, brother of Sir John Arden, was the first of the family that occupied Park Hall. In the 48th of Edward III. he obtained grants of several manors, such as Crombe-Adam, Grafton-Flenorth and others. With this branch the Bracebridges had divided the vale of the Tame from Birmingham to Tamworth, in 1100. Henry was a Member of Parliament, and in the Commission with the Earl of Warwick and others of rank, appointed to suppress the rebels at the time Jack Straw became notorious. He was also one of the retinue of the Earl of Warwick at the siege of Calais.

Robert, the son of Sir Henry, served in Parliament, but joined the Yorkists, and was taken prisoner at the surprise

of Northampton by the Lancastrians, convicted of treason, and beheaded. Walter, the son, succeeded in obtaining the father's property by the king's precept and escheator, and married Eleanor, daughter of John Hampden, of Hampden in Buckinghamshire—the ancestor of John Hampden, the patriot, who had both a fine head, a susceptible temperament, a large perceptive region, and a practical range of intellect. The blood of the Hampdens and Ardens united in the son of Walter, who was Sir John Arden, the elder brother of Robert, said to be the great-grandfather of Mary Arden, the mother of Shakspere.

Dugdale gives the following account of a romantic passage of arms between the families of Arden and Bracebridge, relating to the marriage of this said Sir John Arden :—

"This Walter left issue John Arden his son and heir, one of the Esquiers of the body to King Henry VII: which John wedded Alice, daughter to Ric. Bracebrigge, of Kingsbury, Esq. But concerning this marriage there arose no small difference on each side; Walter Arden (the father) alledging that the said Richard and his servants had stolen away his son: howbeit at length by a reference to Sir Sim. Mountfort, of Colshill, Kt., and Sir Ric. Bingham (the Judge who then lived at Middleton) it was determined that the marriage should be solemnized betwixt them in February, 1473, 13th Edward IV.; and in consideration of C. C. Mark's portion a convenient jointure settled: as also that for the trespasse done by the same Richard Bracebrigge in so taking away the young gentleman, he should give to the before specified Walter Arden, the best horse that could by him be chosen in Kingsbury Park."

This little cabinet picture of courtship in the 15th century, shows that the lady of Kingsbury Park had greater courage and daring than the heroines of modern romance. Alicia and her servitors had doubtless an easy conquest over the future body guard of the king, who cried for quarter before much mischief was done; while the "trespasse" was paid for by the best horse in Kingsbury Park—which doubtless gave full satisfaction to the son of the Knight of New Hall, for being bewitched away or stolen by his ladye-love.

The Ardens were held in great consideration in the reigns of Henry VI. and Henry VII., Sir John Arden being Esquire to the body of the latter; and his will, dated 1526, indicates

that the king held him in great esteem, and honoured the family with a visit. The king gave him the manor of Yoxall in Staffordshire, consisting of 4,600 acres, at the nominal value of £42.

Fuller, in his list of the Worthies of Warwickshire, mentions Simon and Edward Arden as Sheriffs in Warwickshire—the former in 1562, the latter in 1568.

William Arden, a cousin of Shakspere's mother, who had married a daughter of Sir R. Throgmorton, suffered death for treason in 1585. It is supposed that this was accomplished by the machinations of his powerful enemy, the ambitious and sensuous Earl of Leicester, whose livery, during the visit of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, and probably from a spirit of independence, he refused to wear.

From these brief outlines of the deeds, sufferings, and possessions among the ancestry of the Ardens, we have evidence that, although disposed to pursue the even tenour of their way without interfering with others, they had the moral courage to stand up in the defence of what they considered right, both as citizens and patriots—proving that they were endowed with energy, daring, and independence enough to bring more than one of them to the block, in times calculated to try the materials of which the Ardens were made. Mary Arden would be familiar with the history of her ancestry, and communicate its leading incidents to her eldest son; showing that the Ardens were not only descended from the oldest, but the best families of their native county; and prompting him as he succeeded in life, to found a family and a name so worthily quartered with the Ardens of historic repute. There can be little doubt that John Shakspere applied to the Herald's College for a grant of arms, at the request and expense of his son: and in stating the facts connected with the wealth and consideration of the Ardens, Garter confounded them with the "antecessors" of Shakspere, proving, however, the descent of the poet's mother from the great family, the Vicecomes of Warwick, in the days of the Anglo-Saxon kings.

The Black Dog of Arden.

As the ancestors of the Ardens were descended from the Anglo-Saxons, there can be little doubt that they were fair and light in complexion like their descendants;

and we have collateral evidence that at the time of Edward the Second, the great body of the people of Warwickshire were of the zanthous complexion. A few paces from the spot where I write may be seen two objects—one to the right and the other to the left of Guy's Cross Hill, reviving the memory of dark deeds arising out of difference of race, complexion, and position. The grand and lofty round towers of Warwick Castle stand out in bold and defiant attitude at the distance of about a mile from Blacklow Wood, in which a monument marks the spot where the Earl of Warwick and other Barons murdered Piers Gaveston, the Earl of Cornwall—the witty, accomplished, and handsome minister and adviser of the weak King Edward II., who selected his favourites for their personal beauty, and the elegance of their manners, rather than for their wisdom, courage, or bravery. The barons could not endure the insolence of Gaveston, while the sarcastic courtier showed his contempt for the most furious of his enemies by designating Guy, Earl of Warwick, as "THE BLACK DOG OF ARDEN;" showing thereby, that the complexion of the Earl of Warwick was dark—and as such, an alien among the fair-haired Anglo-Saxons of Warwickshire. The Normans held lands which formerly belonged to the fair sons of England. The change of proprietors was too recent to be forgotten. Tradition then had its full force undimmed by the diverting discoveries of more recent times. Now, if the Norman complexion had not been the exception, it would not have been a term of reproach. However, "the black dog of Arden" showed his teeth, and soon fastened them in the throat of the Earl of Cornwall, who had been recalled from banishment in defiance of the wishes of his enemies. While Piers Gaveston was holding the castle of Scarborough for the king, he was compelled to surrender it to the Earls of Pembroke, Hereford, and others. He was then hurried off to Deddington Castle, near Banbury; and although a treaty was agreed to for his personal safety, yet the scent was laid for "the black dog of Arden," who mustered his retainers, seized the prisoner, and hurried him off to the keep at Warwick Castle; and thence he was taken to the hill in Blacklow Wood, near Guy's Cliff; and there, to gratify a savage vengeance, barbarously murdered. Warwick excused his cruelty by a piece of pious hypocrisy, in telling the people "it was for their great

good and glory of God," that he left his victim no time to shrive his soul!

If the people and the aristocracy of Warwickshire had been dark and chocolate skinned like the Chandos portrait of Shakspere, it would not have been offensive and opprobious to designate the Earl of Warwick as black as the people around him. But, like a black sheep in a flock of white lambs, he was conspicuous among the fair sons of Arden by the darkness of complexion, and blackness of his beard.

GEORGE SHAKSPERE,
Living descendant of Humphrey Shakspere.

The Anglo-Saxon and Norman Races.

At the present day the proportions of the Norman physiognomy to the Saxon type are only small in number, as will be found on a rough estimate to be, as in the ranks of the first and second Warwickshire militia, about one in a hundred. Among the officers, the proportion is larger. In the yeomanry, the proportion of the aquiline to the straight Grecian, Teutonic, or short Celtic feature, is much greater than among the militia. Among some 350 men there are marked differences. They have, as a body, larger heads while the aquiline physiognomy is in the ratio of four to

the hundred. In the labouring agricultural population of the county, the proportion is not so numerous. On the day of the pageant, at the close of the late festival, there were more than 25,000 persons in Stratford from the neighbouring towns and villages, and the proportion of the aquiline contour was about the same as in the militia; and these prevailed generally among the respectable farmer or yeoman class. Shakspere's family on one side belonged to this class, and a sister of Hannah Ward was considered very like the portrait of Susanna in its facial contour. Mrs. Attwood, the grandmother of the Wards, was also remarkable for her fine aquiline features, her fair complexion, and quiet yet commanding presence; so that it is consistent with reason and the ethnic physiognomy of the family and the people of the district, that the Cast from the face, and the Jansen Portrait, should be true to nature, and genuine portraits of Shakspere.*

* In a letter in "The Times" of June 9th, Mr. John Coleman states that "it is generally understood that there is no living descendant of our great poet's family; but that George Shakspere, of Henley in Arden, is one." This is an erroneous impression. There are several descendants of Joan, the sister of the poet, who married William Hart. Mrs. Fletcher, who exhibited Shakspere's delf mythologically ornamented "Drinking Cup," at the Tercentenary Portrait Gallery, is a descendant of the poet's sister, and the mother of several children still living at Gloucester. The pedigree of George Shakspere represents him as a descendant of Humphrey Shakspere. The latter is said to be the son of John Shakspere, the father of the poet. Here lies the main link to establish the descent. I agree with Mr. Halliwell (in his letter to "The Times" June 13th) as to the difficulty which surrounds the question; for I have seen genealogical trees propagated and reared to apparent vitality and fruitfulness, while the roots remained unsound, and which proved, at the first touch, to be rotten and useless. It is a singular fact, that while Shakspere left legacies to the family of his sister, Joan Hart, he does not mention in his Will the children of Humphrey Shakspere. Mr. Coleman tells us he "needed no other testimony than that his face afforded. Heaven had written his pedigree in the plainest characters upon his brow; he was the living image of our poet." This similarity between the face of George Shakspere and that of the bust, is a striking confirmation of what has been recorded about the Warwickshire type and physiognomy. I had observed in other branches, descendants of the Harts, a similar facial contour to that of the bust. But when it is said that the forehead of the bust is that of Shakspere, a difficulty arises. Besides, the profile, which I have given as an illustration of the Warwickshire type, as well as of one of the Shakspere physiognomies, is that of George Shakspere, the subject of discussion in "The Times;" and it shows that his *brow* differs very materially from that of the bust given on the first page. These perplexing contradictions have probably arisen from the circumstance that the tombe-maker was perhaps compelled—as a few years had elapsed between the death of the poet, and his execution of the monument—to take a cast from a living Shakspere, to enable him to make the effigy. He took an impression of a living face, and, like artists of greater genius and skill, built up the form of the head to suit his fancy. Hence we have portraits of the bard with a head shaped like a sugar-

From evidence obtained since the first part of this work was issued, and which is fully stated in a paper read at the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland,* I have shown that Jansen resided and painted portraits in England at an earlier date than is generally supposed. Many writers have been led to believe that the artist could not be in England at the time of Shakspere. This impression has arisen from the assertion of Steevens, founded on the authority of Walpole, who was himself in doubt; for he says the artist began to put his name to his pictures in England "*about* 1618." Whereas, Malone had a portrait in his possession with the name of Jansen on it, painted five years before the death of the poet. In 1618 the artist was employed by the father of John Milton to paint a likeness of his son, then ten years of age. Jansen must therefore have become celebrated as a portrait painter;—an achievement not to be attained in a few months. Jansen was also employed by the Earl of Southampton, the friend and patron of the poet, to paint portraits of the Countess of Southampton, and also of his eldest daughter Elizabeth, Wriothesley, and the wife of Earl Spenser. It is reasonable therefore to suppose that Southampton would request—nay urge—his favourite artist to take portraits of his friend, associate, and esteemed poet, to ornament the walls of one or both his residences at Tichfield and Beaulieu, as evidence of his taste, liberality, and appreciation of his friend, the greatest genius of the age. The knowledge that a good likeness existed might be the reason that the cast taken after death was not preserved by the family; and as Shakspere had become popular several years before his death, his portraits would be multiplied, and hence the various duplicates by Jansen.

As nature is consistent, and never arrives at her results but by the most simple, direct, and uniform means—similar physical forms of the head, brain, and bust will be alike expressive of similar conditions and capabilities.

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loaf, and others as round as a turnip; while the two that are the most natural are the most true, and withal the most beautiful. A cast from a plaster mould which I took a short time ago from the face of George Shakspere, has some slight resemblance to the lower part of the features, but not to the forehead, of the bust of Shakspere at Stratford.

* At the annual meeting held at Warwick, in July, 1864, under the presidency of the Rt. Hon. Lord Leigh; Lord Neaves in the chair.

other portraits of Warwickshire worthies are contrasted with the bust and portrait at Stratford, we shall find further evidence for arriving at the conclusion that Jansen's portraiture is the most truthful of all the pictures yet painted as a likeness of Shakspere. It would be interesting and suggestive to contrast the portraits of Leicester by Garrard, the Stratford bust, and the portrait at the birthplace, with the picture of Sir William Dugdale, painted by Borsseller, and the portrait of Shakspere by Jansen.

The portrait of Dugdale indicates a man endowed with a fine and harmonious mental development—viz., large perceptive powers, keen observation, great range of view, and a very active temperament, with great love of facts, order, and arrangement. The active conditions of body and highly-wrought brain are forcibly indicated by the expressions of the features, as well as by the temperament and the physical proportions. The very hands bespeak this active and practical tendency of his mind. The gross forms of Leicester, with the sensuous appetites and feeble hands, form a striking contrast with the finer forms of Dugdale, in his head, his hands, and his bust. The conclusion must be, that Dugdale, rather than Leicester, and Jansen, rather than the bust or the portrait at Stratford, represent the type of head in the intellectual forms pertaining to a poet of Shakspere's sensitive, active, and comprehensive character.

The Conclusions.

In glancing at the results of these enquiries, we find that until the present century the mere artist was not in possession of any scientific knowledge of the relation of cerebral organisation, or form of head, with capacity and character; and that, even at the present time, few artists fully and practically comprehend or embody these relations:

That several portraits said to be Shakspere cannot be genuine: that the bust at Stratford was taken from a cast of a living face, and one without a moustache; and therefore, not a copy from Shakspere after death: that the Stratford portrait has no claim to be considered a genuine likeness of the poet: that the Droeshout portrait, though interesting, and possessing some resemblance to the features

and proportions of the poet, appears too narrow at the sides of the head, deficient in the perceptive region over the eyebrows, and the proportions too weak for the head of a poet like Shakspere: that the Chandos portrait, originally painted as a likeness, has been so much altered and "improved" as to remove it from the list of reliable portraits, it is moreover, painted of a dark complexion, and in a style later than that at which the poet lived: that the mask said to be taken after death singularly agrees in form, physiognomy, and complexion, with the portraits by Jansen: that the complexion of the poet, from direct and collateral evidence, was, like the majority of the Anglo-Saxon race in the county, and the living descendants of his sister, fair, and his physiognomy aquiline: that the portrait from Shottery, said to be "Susanna, the daughter of Shakspere," and discovered by the author to belong to indigent descendants of the Hathaways, is fair, aquiline, and finely formed; and when put side by side with another picture from the birth-place in Henley-street, found to be the counterpart, except in age, and singularly like it in feature, pose, and complexion: and lastly, that while educational influences, circumstances, and training, are important in the development of human intellect, genius is the heritage of cerebral quality and physical conditions in the family and the race; and that the structural condition of the cerebral and physical constitution of the ancestry were united, concentrated, and manifested in the extraordinary powers of iutellect and character of eminent men; and that the ancestors of Shakspere show a long line of men of superior moral and mental attributes; and that mainly to the Ardens the world owes the noble heritage of the refined sensibilities and genius of Shakspere.

NOTE.—Professor Owen informs me that the Mask from Shakspere's face is in his possession, and not at the British Museum, as previously stated.

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THE RIVER AVON,

AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY THE REV. F. W. KITTERMASTER, M.A.,
Author of "The Moslem and Hindoo," &c.

[Delivered at the Shropshire Mechanics' and Literary Institution, Feb. 8th.]

I AM to speak to you to-night on the River Avon. There are several rivers bearing this name—Avon being an old common name for all rivers. The one of which I am about to speak is the Upper, or as it is called, the Warwickshire Avon. It takes its rise from a village in Northamptonshire, from a well bearing its own name. The direction of its course is first to the north-west, then changing to the south-west it becomes the boundary between the counties of Northampton and Leicester. It crosses the Old Watling-street Road at Dove Bridge, and mingling with the waters of the Swift, flows on to the town of Rugby. Leaving Coventry and its spires on the right—not caring to look at Peeping Tom, and satisfied with such reports of the fair and tender-hearted Godiva as the waters of the Sow may bring from the ancient city—it winds along through the rich demesne of Stoneley. Skirting the Abbey, it passes thence to the quiet shade of Guy's Cliff, and onward by the stately walls of Warwick Castle to Stratford, made immortal by the name of Shakspere. From Stratford it winds along through rich meadows to the fruitful vale of Eveshan, and after this, it reaches Tewkesbury, there to lose itself in the waters of your own Severn.

The old common name is still retained by the Welsh, who often apply it to their rivulets and brooks. The Welsh Afon, therefore, recalls many fresh impressions to

those who have seen these little streamlets hurrying down from the hills into the valleys. Let us look at such a one a moment, born in the recesses of Moel Siabod, a mountain dark and rough with volcanic remains. Issuing from its secluded home, beneath the Eagle Crag, fresh and free like a true child of nature, down the mountain side it goes, bubbling and bright and sparkling; and onward still over rock, and steep, and precipice, like some rash and changing spirit, now broken into foam and spray, now gay about with rainbow colours; and onward then again through eddying pool, and down the rushing noisy rapid, chanting its untaught music so suggestive to the listener; and restless ever onward still by brake and briar—

> Till in the far-off meadow we see it wind about,
> Where hangs the brittle alder, and lurks the speckled trout.

And then again by homestead, and by hedgerow, till

> All full of summer light, a silver thread,
> It lies upon the landscape.

Our English rivers are scarcely so wild and free in their beginnings as these mountain streams, yet they are not without their own peculiar beauties, as they come clear and bubbling from some less secluded spring. They have their own charms and associations, full both of sober thought and of joyousness.

> We may wander down beside them,
> And see the waters run,
> As they sport among the pebbles,
> And sparkle in the sun.

> We may listen to their voices,
> For they whisper as they go,
> Where the deeply-scented violet
> And modest primrose grow.

> Yes! they whisper—who can tell us
> What warm mem'ries they still hold—
> What brightness from the vanished past
> Their voices can unfold!

> And the flowers upon the banks,
> As they tell of life's young day,
> When its summer was all sunshine,
> And its joyousness all play.

ıe following lines are descriptive of the Avon :—

There is a river of a world-wide fame,
Which sluggishly moves onward in its course,
Watering most fertile meads: by sacred haunts
Famous in song—by castle walls it flows,
Whose stately towers and hoary battlements
Rise in majestic form above the flood,
And mirror'd in the dark deep pool below,
Tell passing ages to look on and see
How small a change across their greatness comes:
A little hoary here and there with years,
Seems but the touch of beauty, and the tint
Of dignity to such ancestral home.
On winds that sleepy stream through meadows fair,
And 'neath the hanging woods, and by the home
Where genius once arose and lived and walked
The earth like common mortals, and gave birth
To thought—such thought as dwells but with the wise
And gifted—which engraves for after years
The mem'ries of the past on fleeting time,
With characters of such true vital fire,
That thro' long centuries they shine, and draw
With gravitating influence; and men
Behold their light, and wonder, and draw near
To read their golden wisdom. Lessons writ
From out the heart, and speaking to the heart,
Words, character, and thoughts, from out the man
Taken with skilful hand, and to the man
Speaking again with deep intensity.
By battle-field that river flows, and hears
The distant sound of savage strife—the cry
Of hate that up from civil discord springs,
Fiercer than when the deadly struggle sets
Against a foreign foe. Then gliding on,
Rolls and forgets, itself ere long to be
Forgotten—its existence cease—its name
Fade as things earthly quit this mortal scene.

I have been in some doubt whether to commence at the ɔurce of the river, and following the stream downward, speak f such events as present themselves in its course; or 'hether to take the oldest events first, and so descend, as it

were, the stream of history. The latter plan, it appears to me, will be most interesting, as well as most instructive, for it will be more easily remembered. I have, therefore, chosen it; and I cannot but hope we may get not only a little recreation, but also a little instruction from the subject, that may be useful to us hereafter.

Let us go back, then, nearly 2,000 years, and see what this river can say to us. Upon its banks were two hostile forces; the one was the army of the disciplined Romans, the other that of the rude Britons. Upon the side of the Avon where now stands the town of Warwick, a rough earthwork had been thrown up to defend the place where the Britons had made a stand. The Romans were the attacking party—the Britons the defending. The result could scarcely be doubted in such a contest; it would have been next to impossible for any commander, having only the rude Britons for soldiers, to stand any very great length of time against troops like the Romans. The contest was unequal; but in spite of this, the Romans found it no easy matter to drive the defenders from their earthworks, and get possession of the place. These Roman soldiers were commanded by Vespatian, one of the best generals of the age; but he was opposed by one not by any means his inferior in military genius—the brave Caractacus; the latter, though not able with the troops he had to defeat the Roman commander, yet was able to keep him at bay, to fight battles on equal terms, to defend the towns through which he passed, and retreat at length safely to his own country.

Who was Caractacus?—He was the son of Cunobelin, king of the Brigantes, who ruled over the greater part of the Island of Britain from the Thames to the Humber. Caractacus was made Prince of the Silures, a people living on the banks of the Severn. When Claudius invaded Britain, he defeated and slew in battle Cunobelin and one of his sons. Immediately upon this, Caractacus took the command of the war in which his father and brother had fallen, and commenced a retreat back to his home among the Silures. To Vespatian was committed the task of defeating him. In that retreat, Caractacus having fought thirty battles with the Romans, and defended twenty towns, arrived safely among his own people. For nine years he harrassed the Romans, until, trying to intercept one of their generals, Ostorius Scapula, who had penetre-

ed into North Wales, he was defeated, almost within sight f this town, at the foot of the hill which bears his name, nd afterwards through treachery delivered into the power f his enemies. Warwick was one of the places where he nade a stand in that memorable retreat; some considerable arthworks not far from where the castle is built, many ears after marked the spot where this native prince arried on one of his unequal contests against the powerful nvader.

We pass on for nearly 500 years. Beside the river there ises a rock of no great height, and in that rock is a cave: this cave has been made into a home by a man who has retired there for solitude and meditation: he gathers together week after week the people of the neighbourhood to instruct them in religion. He is a Christian Bishop of the primitive order, teaching the people of the Island the great truths of the Gospel, before Augustine set his foot in Kent. We may imagine him telling to those people who assembled to hear, that simple Gospel as received from the first planters of the faith; telling it to them in their own sounding and expressive language—"iachawdwriaeth trwy gras," *i.e.*, Salvation by the grace of God. For Rome had not then introduced her novelties into the Church—her missionaries had not set foot in the island—her grand ceremonial had not clouded the simple truth as it is in Jesus, but from the north to the south of the island, that truth was more or less known, and had become deeply seated in the hearts of many of the people.

In the year 584, however, the Pagan Saxons determined to uproot the religion of Jesus, and a terrible persecution began. Not in one place, but in many it was carried on. The Bishops of London and York had to fly, and Dubritius had to leave his chosen retreat by the Avon, and to escape with the others into Wales. He afterwards became Archbishop of Menevia, and was succeeded in his episcopal office by St. David.

This place was remarkable, also, for being the retreat of another not less illustrious person—the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick—and after him it was named, and bears his name to this day.

This Guy was son of Siward, Baron of Wallingford, and he married Felicia, only daughter of Rohund, the most famous warrior of his day.

In the third year of king Athelstan, 926, the Danes invaded England, and laid siege to Winchester. They brought with them a giant, named Colbrand, and wished to decide the war by single combat—this Colbrand being their champion. King Athelstan and his people were terribly afraid; and none dare enter the lists against him. We may picture him drawing near, confident in his strength, like Goliath of old, defying the terrified army, and asking for some one to come forth and fight with him. The famous Earl Rohund was dead, or he might have engaged him—for he was the most valiant of a thousand. Two others there were, indeed, who might undertake the dangerous task, but they were both away, the king knew not where. The one was Rohund's son-in-law Guy, the stout Earl; the other Heraud, his faithful servant. Heraud was away seeking his master's son Reginburn—the lad had been stolen away by merchants when a child. And Guy himself was away on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It would seem before he started he received from his wife Felicia a ring, which he was to keep in remembrance of her, and which he was to give back to her on his return, in token of his faithfulness; while she, on his departure, betook herself to prayers for his safe return, and to good deeds.

The king, therefore, was in a great strait—these two valiant knights being away—and he knew not what to do. He therefore ordered a fast to be observed for three days. After this he had a dream. It was to the effect that, standing by the gate of the city, he saw entering there a company of pilgrims: one of them wore a chaplet of flowers, and when he had entered the city, he took it off and saluted the king. When the king awoke he was very much delighted, for he thought this an omen sent of God. He went, therefore, early in the morning to the gate of the city, to watch who should enter. Presently came one resembling the person he had seen in his dream—wearing his chaplet of flowers. On approaching the king, he took off this chaplet and saluted him. The king graciously offered him entertainment, and afterwards asked him to undertake the combat with the Danish giant. But he hesitated on account of his feeble condition, and asked the king where all his valiant knights had gone. The king explained to him how Heraud was gone in search of his

master's son, and now Guy had gone on a pilgrimage, or he should not lack brave knights to do battle for his cause. At this the guest seemed much moved, and said, though he was weak from much travel and fasting, yet "for the love of CHRIST JESUS, the honour of GOD'S Holy Church, and of Guy and Heraud his companions, he would, in fear of GOD, undertake the combat."

He was then welcomed in the city with great rejoicings, and for three weeks he refreshed himself with good living, after his long fasting, or as we should say "went into training" for that time, in order to get up his strength. On the day appointed he went forth with a mighty sword, which is still preserved, mounted on the king's best horse, and was accounted the most proper and well appointed knight ever seen.

Coming to the place of combat, he awaited the giant's attack. The giant came so heavily armed, his horse would scarcely bear him. He had for his arms a Danish axe, a great club with knobs of iron, lances, and iron hooks to pull his adversary to him. Colbrand called upon him to surrender, but he was not of that sort—his reply was an immediate attack. Putting spurs to his horse, and committing himself to GOD, in the first onset he pierced the giant's shield, and shivered his own lance. The giant enraged, smote the horse of his opponent, and with such force, that he severed its head from its body at one blow. The unhorsed knight, being nimble, was soon on his feet, and aimed a blow at the giant's helmet, but could only reach his shoulder. The giant then thinking to crush him, struck at him with full force; the knight, however, receiving the blow upon his shoulder, attacked the giant with such vigour, that his club fell from his hand. In trying to regain his weapon the giant lost his hand, for the knight lopped it off. A great shout then went up from the English army, at this success of their champion; and great dismay took possession of the other side. But the battle was by no means over—it was continued through the whole of the day. Defending himself with his remaining hand, and availing himself of his great strength, the giant pressed hard upon his opponent, and strove for the victory. It was not to be, for, fainting from loss of blood, the knight became the conqueror, and cut off the giant's head.

After this great exploit, the king was very anxious to know who the pilgrim was; at first he was unwilling to tell him, but he did afterwards, under oath that he would not reveal the secret. He told him that he was Guy the Earl, who had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and arriving in England had heard what a strait the king was in at Winchester, and had hastened to relieve him. The sword of Guy, with other of his things, are still preserved at Warwick Castle.

After the victory, Guy again resumed the pilgrim's garb, and hastened on to Warwick, to hear if Felicia his wife was still faithful to him. Arriving there, he found her engaged in good deeds, and in prayers for his safety. Among other things she gave alms every morning to certain poor men, and Guy himself received them from her on three several days. He then retired to the cave in the cliff—since called "Guy's Cliff"—to spend his life as a hermit in quiet and meditation. Feeling his end approaching, he sent the ring he had received back to Felicia, that she might know where to find him; so she came, and watched beside him in his last hours, and closed his eyes in death. He died in the year 929.

We may pass onward to the beginning of the 14th century, 1312. We find Edward II. at York, bidding defiance to the opinion of his barons. The difference increased, and broke into an open rupture by the recall from banishment of an obnoxious favourite of the king. This favourite is described (by Hume) as "endowed with the utmost elegance of shape and person; was noted for his fine mien and easy carriage; distinguished himself in all warlike and genteel exercises; and was celebrated for quick sallies of wit."

In those times, it was easy for the combination of a few nobles to set at defiance the power of the crown, and on this occasion a confederacy was formed against the king. The leaders of the confederacy were the Earl of Lancaster—the then most powerful subject in the kingdom,—the Earls of Hereford, Warwick, and Pembroke; the Earl Warrenne, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Earl of Lancaster raised an army and marched upon York, where the king and his favourite then were. The king, fearing his approach, retired to Newcastle, taking his favourite with him. The earl pursued them

thither. Not waiting for his arrival, they set sail for Scarborough. The king, leaving his favourite at Scarborough, the castle of which was deemed impregnable, went himself to York, hoping to raise an army of defence. In the meantime, the Earl of Pembroke marched upon Scarborough, and invested the castle, and the favourite of the king, fearing the castle could not sustain a siege, surrendered himself a prisoner on certain stipulated conditions. Pembroke having obtained possession of his person, carried him a prisoner to the castle of Deddington, near Banbury. Called away on important business, he left him prisoner there, in the keeping of the garrison.

The Earl of Warwick, hearing of this (probably informed of it by Pembroke himself), determined to get the prisoner into his power. The historian tells us that Warwick had from the beginning entered into the confederacy with a furious, precipitous passion. This has been accounted for by the fact that the favourite, when in power, was accustomed to call the Earl of Warwick "the Black Dog of Arden;" and now the earl formed a plan of gratifying his revenge.

He summoned his friends to his assistance. They came, known names then, but living for the most part only in memory now. John de Nesford, and Hugh de Culy. The Trussels, of Billesley, William and Edmund. Rauf de Grendon, of Grendon. Tebaud de Gayton, of Gaydon. John de Odingfells, of Itchingham. Piers de Livesey, of Arley. John de Mountford, from his castle at Beldesert. The Clintons, from Maxtoke and Coleshill; and also Beauchamp, of well-known name. They came at his bidding, bringing with them their retainers until the courtyard was full, and the castle was busy within and without.

"My Lord of Warwick's summons brooks no delay," said the Lord of Maxtoke, to De Mountfort. "No!" was the reply; "he means to show how savagely the Black Dog of Arden can bite, and like the hound upon the scent, he will never rest until he has tasted the life-blood."

It was yet early on a summer's morning, 1312—the sun not midway in the heavens—when a cavalcade might be seen descending the slope where the pretty village of Alderbury now stands. They are somewhat dusty with travel: they crossed the Avon at early dawn, while the dew was yet upon the grass, and the river was crimson with

reflected glory. The leader of the party is a little m with black hair and a dark complexion.

They are a knightly company, bent on some warli expedition; their banners wave in the breeze, and t practised eye can read them as they pass. There is one blue, striped with gold—it is that of John de Montfol there is another all silvery, glittering in the sun, crow with a fleur-de-lis—that belongs to the Clintons; th is a third, azure studded with golden crosses—that is a banner of the noble Beauchamp. They are known they pass as the friends of the Earl of Warwick—th little dark man who leads them is the earl himself—h is pressing on for Deddington, to obtain possession of t person of the obnoxious favourite of the king.

There is little halting until they arrive at the fo the hill which leads up to the castle; even then a sh time suffices for a council of war, for the earl is impati of delay. A demand is made upon the castle to surren —the garrison refuse to fight—the obnoxious favourit delivered up a prisoner into the earl's hands, and ere t evening closes they cross again the Avon, and the sha of the lofty towers of Warwick Castle fall across darkening stream, prophetic to the prisoner carried by h enemies into its strong keep.

He did not remain a prisoner long. The earl sum moned to his counsel the other members of the confede acy—the Earls Lancaster, Hereford, and Arundel. The decreed the favourite should die. On the 1st of July, 131 he was led out to execution. The murder, for so it ma be called, was perpetrated beneath a rock on the side of hill which slopes down to the Avon near Guy's Cliff; an there, in the midst of summer, while the leaves were whispering one to another about the dreadful deed, an while the flowers were fresh and beautiful, pleading, as were, for life, and the sun looked down in all the blaze day, and the heavens above were blue, and with smili face were calling men to peace and love,—there, at such time, these lawless barons, unauthorised by any tribunal military or civil, dared to take from the prisoner the lif that God had given. Near the spot where the deed wa perpetrated a stone pillar stands, with this inscription—

"On the 1st July, 1312, in the hollow of this rock, by baron lawless as himself, was beheaded Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall"

the minion of a hateful King; in life, as in death, a memorable instance of misrule."

We may pass on to the battle of Naseby. Near the town of Harborough, not far from the source of the Avon, stands the old Hall of Lubenham. It was a favoured place on the 13th June, 1645, for royalty honoured it with its presence. As Charles I. retired with his army towards Leicester, he took up his quarters for the night at this old hall. Prince Rupert and his Life-Guards found a resting-place at Harborough, having left an out-post at the village of Naseby. The king, more bent on pleasure than the war in which he was engaged, had spent the day in hunting, and, after such exercise, might be expected to enjoy a quiet sleep. It was not destined he should do this: he was troubled with a dream—not for the first time, if the historian speaks truly. There appeared to him one whom he had sacrificed to popular clamour, after his promise to protect him—thus cutting off in mid-life (age 49) his former friend and adviser—Strafford. The vision came not, however, to upbraid him, but to warn him not to engage in battle. Scarcely had this vision passed, when he was aroused from his slumbers, for there is an arrival to tell him that the enemy is in the neighbourhood. Onward that messenger is sent to call a council of war. We said that Rupert had left an out-post at Naseby, not expecting an enemy near. Those cavaliers were a jovial race; they could laugh, and sing, and enjoy themselves; they could eat, drink, and be merry; turn night into day, if need be; they had no relish for the habits or sober manners of the preaching, praying, sanctimonious Puritans; and on the very night the king slept at the old hall at Lubenham, they sat down to a carouse at Naseby. It is said that the table is still preserved in the village at which they sat down to supper that night. All is going pleasantly; they pass the cup; before the influence of the cheering wine their cares give way; they pledge it as their king.

> Hail to thee, King Wine!
> Hail! all hail! to thee.
> Thy rule is all benign,
> Thy subjects are all free.

But their mirth is short-lived. There is a sound that com-

mands their attention. It is the bugle's note. It is sounding to horse. Up they start at once—they are no cowards; but it is too late. Ere they could arm themselves, Ireton's troops were upon them, slaying and making prisoners. It was this intelligence, carried, by one who escaped, to the king at Lubenham, that aroused him from his slumber, and caused the night council to be summoned. At that council Rupert, ever ready to fight, counselled retreat. It might be he had a presentiment of the danger. He was opposed by Lords Digby and Ashburnham; and the king, swayed by the latter, decided to fight. Rupert, at the head of some troopers, went forward at day-break to reconnoitre. He found the Roundheads in some force on the hill-side at Naseby. They were changing their position when he discovered them, and thought they were retiring. He sent a message, therefore, to the king to advance as speedily as possible. By nine o'clock the two armies were drawn up within cannon shot of each other, on opposite slopes. There was one man there different to all the rest—a man who had spent his early life in retirement, yet a man of thought and great powers, and destined to play a mighty part in the affairs of the English nation. Quietly, and almost unnoticed, he rose into greatness.

> As some lone spring which in the woods or wild
> Obscurely rises, was the rebel child;
> And as such spring long midst the wild or wood
> In secret runs before it forms a flood,
> Was Cromwell—who in after-times arose
> His country's scourge, the terror of his foes.

When he entered into the civil strife he did not choose men to serve under him from the careless rabble, but he sought them from a better class, who were also liberty-loving God-fearing men, and who became the best soldiers of the age. Their power was first felt ominously at Marston Moor; and again they are face to face with the foe on the field of Naseby, to take part in that fearful struggle.

Let us look for a moment at the sources whence these two armies were drawn—for these two opponents were the representatives of the two great parties into which the country was divided—the one the king's, the other that of the parliament. On the king's side, says Macaulay, "were a large majority of the nobles, and of those opulent well-

descended gentlemen to whom nothing was wanting of nobility but the name. These, with their dependents, whose support they could command, were no small power in the state. On the same side were the great body of the clergy, both the universities, and all those laymen who were strongly attached to Episcopal government, and to the Anglican ritual. These respectable parties found themselves in the company of some allies less decorous than themselves. The Puritan austerity drove to the king's faction all who made pleasure their business, who affected gallantry, splendour of dress, or taste in the lighter arts. With these went all those who live by amusing the leisure of others, from the painter and the comic poet down to the rope-dancer and the merry Andrew; for these artists well knew that they might thrive under a superb and luxurious despotism, but must starve under the rigid rule of the precisionists. In the same interest were the Roman Catholics to a man. The queen, a daughter of France, was of their own faith. Her husband was known to be strongly attached to her, and not a little in awe of her. Though undoubtedly a Protestant on conviction, he regarded the professors of the old religion with no ill-will, and would gladly have granted them a much larger toleration than he was disposed to concede to the Presbyterians. If the opposition obtained the mastery, it was probable that the sanguinary laws enacted against Papists, in the reign of Elizabeth, would be severely enforced. The Roman Catholics were, therefore, induced by the strongest motives to espouse the cause of the court. They, in general, acted with caution, which brought on them the reproach of cowardice and lukewarmness; but it is probable that in maintaining great reserve they consulted the king's interest as well as their own. It was not for his service that they should be conspicuous among his friends.

"The main strength of the opposition lay among the small freeholders in the country, and amongst the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns. But these were headed by a formidable minority of the aristocracy—a minority which included the rich and powerful Earls of Northumberland, Bedford, Warwick, Stamford, Essex, and several other lords of great wealth and influence. In the same ranks were found the whole body of Protestant Nonconformists, and most of those members of the established

church who still adhered to the Calvinistic opinions which, forty years before, had been generally held by the prelates and clergy. The municipal corporations took, with few exceptions, the same side. In the House of Commons the opposition predominated, but not very decidedly."

Such were the two great parties the army drawn up at the source of the Avon represented. The war commenced in a contest for civil liberty; and had it confined itself to that, many of its excesses and crimes would have been avoided. Another element, however, entered into it, and that was of religion; and this in the end became the conquering power of the opposition. Unfortunately for Charles, he had married a Papist, and was very much under the influence of his beautiful queen. Unfortunately for the church, many of her clergy, with the primate at their head, sympathised with Popery, rather than the purer doctrine of the Reformation: and it was this in the end that turned the tide of victory completely on the side of the Parliament. For there were men then, as there are men now, loyal to the throne, true to the church, who would rather give their lives than go back to the bondage of Popery.

At the Battle of Naseby, Prince Rupert commanded the right wing, the king the centre, and Langdale the left. Ireton was opposed to Rupert, Fairfax to the king, and Cromwell to Langdale. The two armies were on the slopes of the hill, the valley was between them. The Avon, scarcely born and but a rivulet, was rippling by, listening for the onset. There was in Ireton's regiment a certain sergeant, real or imaginary, of a somewhat curious name—"Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron," who has given in verse an account of this battle. He shall describe the onset:—

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murm'ring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark!—for like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line;
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!
For Charles, king of England! and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and his pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flank—grasp your pikes and close your rank,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! they rush on! We are broken, we are gone!
Our left is borne before them, like stubble on the blast;
O LORD! put forth Thy might! O LORD! defend the right!
Stand back to back, in GOD'S name, and fight it to the last!

So Obidiah speaks, and he is right, the onset is a furious one. The Royalists are impatient—Rupert can scarcely restrain his horsemen. The shout goes up, "GOD and Queen Mary!" and the Royalists' blood is stirred. Their chivalrous devotion to their beautiful queen inspires them—her husband's crown is in danger, and the best blood of England is there in its defence. The struggle is for a throne and a kingdom. Onward they go. Woe to Ireton's horse, they shall pay the penalty of their raid of yesternight—GOD and Queen Mary! So they charge, with such gallantry few have ever seen. With the warrior's spirit—with the consciousness of strength—accustomed to success, down the slope they go to meet the enemy advancing from the opposite side. The struggle is soon over. Ireton's troops cannot withstand the furious onset of the Royalists; bleeding and faint he tries to rally them, but in vain. His line is broken, and onward the Royalists dash, like some proud vessel cleaving its way through the waters, scattering their foes like spray before them. "GOD and Queen Mary!" is heard mingling with the shout of victory; and on they charge anew up the opposite slope on their retreating foe, until they sweep him from the field. Hungry in pursuit they pass the hill top, and leave the battle-field behind them. While Rupert, on the right, is thus successful, the centre, commanded by the king, has not been idle. His troops also are eager for the contest, and forward they go to meet the foe, who wait in position to receive the attack. As soon as they advance, the artillery opens upon them, and they have to encounter a heavy fire of musketry; but, in spite of this, they go forward, gain the opposite hill, and stand face to face with the foe. Then, we are told, the "musketeers clubbed their muskets, and the pikemen levelled low, and so they went in upon the Roundheads." They, too, are

successful, they break the line, the troops of Fairfax are trembling, and seem about to give way under the determined onset of the Royalists. He himself comes to the rescue: his head is bare, for his helmet has been struck off; and spite of his presence his troops waver, and the battle seems going against him. But hark! what is that shout, which gives courage to his troops, and strikes the Royalists with terror? It is the shout of "GOD with us," from the troopers of Cromwell!—"GOD with us!" it comes again, telling its own tale. He is in the rear of the king's troops; he could not be there unless he were the conqueror. So it is, he has beaten back the Northern horse which had opposed him, and a detachment is in pursuit to prevent them rallying. And he, with his terrible "Ironsides," has turned on the rear of the foe, and attacked the regiments in reserve. They, by the admission even of their enemies, fought heroically against fearful odds, and were killed or made prisoners to a man. That shout in the rear compels the king's troops to face about, and so they retreat fighting, front, flank and rear; they regain their ground only to die. "One charge more," cried the king, as he sees the disorder; "one charge more, and we win the day." His friends rally around—the king's word is law—there comes a gleam of hope—one charge more. It is answered: "GOD with us," comes down upon the breeze—they know the sound. Cromwell is upon them, and his terrible Ironsides; they are invincible. Flight is the only thing for the king; one, seizing the bridle of his horse, leads him from the battle-field, and the day is lost. "Why did not some one strike the traitor dead?" asks one. Why did not the king himself do it? We answer it was not to be; it was not Cromwell, but the God of Battles fought against the king. At that moment Rupert regains the summit of the hill—he sees how matters are going—he cleaves his way to the king, but it is too late. The troops are dispirited; they are flying on every side. "GOD with us" is heard again. The crushing Ironsides come down, and the bloody field is theirs.

Such was the battle of Naseby—one of the most important ever fought on English ground; to it we owe much of our present religious liberty. True it is, that excesses followed, as they always will where the passions have been excited. But what would have been the consequence if the Royalists had been the victors? We should, in all

probability, have had Popery and kingly injustice in the ascendant, as it was in France after the defeat of the Protestants in the religious wars; and then here, as there, would have come the terrible reaction of a bloody revolution. The murder of the king was a great crime, but it was little in comparison with those greater crimes which took place in France, when the king and the nobles, and all that was good and great, were delivered into the hands of a furious and excited mob.

The principle which made our Puritan forefathers strong, was, that they fought for toleration. Every man has a right to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience. But when this principle was abandoned, and they aimed at equality with, or supremacy over, the national church, then they became weak. For this reason dissent of the present day is weak, as compared with nonconformity of former times. The Liberation Society aims at placing dissent on an equality with the national church, and so it alienates from dissent the sympathy of the best and most spiritual-minded men of the church. If it were struggling for toleration, then the sympathy of these men would be with it. Distinguish between these two things. While we are jealous for liberty, we must maintain the rights of the church; and while maintaining her rights, we must also be jealous for individual liberty. If the contest be for toleration, whether my brother man may worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, then let me ride with Cromwell down that slope at Naseby, in all the consciousness of right, to the battle-cry of "God with us." But if it be a contest to ignore the catholicity of the Church of England, and to bring her down to the level of a sect, then let me stand in her foremost ranks, wherever the danger may most threaten; let me go with her through evil report and good report, and cast in my lot with her for weal or wo—yea, even to the death struggle!

But let us leave these scenes of strife, for more peaceful associations—to wander along thy course, gentle Avon, from thy well at Naseby to thy junction with the Severn. We pause a moment by thy well to see thy birth-place. Fresh, bubbling, sparkling, thou comest forth. There lies the beautiful country through which thou art to make thy way; from yonder hill-top forty parish churches may be counted. Bubble out from thy quiet home, and flow

downward to refresh the grass and shrubs as thou passest along. Now thou art free, creeping quietly in thy channel; now lost beneath the briars that cover thee; now hid under the hazel's shade: anon comes up the peevish cry of thy young voice, as some obstacle opposes, or some fall is before thee. And now thou art grown in size since thou didst leave thy birth-place. Thou hast gathered the water drops which trickled down to thee in thy course, until thou art a rivulet, and thy voice is louder, and thy step is stronger; and on again thou goest, by hedgerow and through meadow, among flowers and ferns, gathering in kindred streamlets, until thou becomest a rippling brook, sparkling in the sun; and now beneath our feet, under a quaint old wooden bridge thou flowest, and thy voice comes up and seems to speak—what dost thou say? Tennyson shall answer for thee:—

I come from haunt of coot and heron,
  I make a sudden sally;
I sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half-a-hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays—
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
  By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy headland, set
  With willow, weed, and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I go,
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  And here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me as I travel;
With many a silvery water brake
  Above the golden gravel:

And draw them all along with me
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
  I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

So winding, flowing, eddying, chattering, thou hast not so much joined a brimming river as thyself grown into one. On, then, beautiful river, with thy many memories! Now thou strugglest with other waters entering thine: yes, they are the waters of the Swift coming down from Lutterworth, and bringing with them the echo of that good man's voice, which sounded the first note of warning to a deeply sleeping church—the voice, I mean, of Wickliff, the morning star of the Reformation—one solitary star in all that night of sleep and sin, brightly shining year after year—the

light never dimmer, for it came from the Sun of Righteousness. Glorious and brave spirit, which dared, when all the world was against the Redeemer, to stand forth as the champion of His truth! Shine on, bright star, as a beacon light, telling us of Rome's dark sway in years agone—as a beacon light, warning us of the danger of letting her regain new power in the realm of England!

Onward, beautiful river! beneath Dove-bridge, where Roman legions were wont to cross; on by Rugby, with its rare old school; on through what was once the Mercian territory, where the great Earl Leofric used to reign, and whose wife became renowned by making Coventry scot-free; on by Stoneley Abbey, whence the sleek old monks would come and wander on the banks; then on again to where thy widening waters spread themselves out before Guy's Cliff. Rushing beneath the mill wheel, or gliding down the Lasher, they whirl and eddy beneath the shade of grand old trees, and so spread themselves out into the wide pool. This Guy's Cliff is a sweet spot, as Leland tells us. "It is a house of pleasure," he says; "a place meet for the Muses. There is silence; a pretty wood; *Antra in vivo saxo;* the river rolling over the stones with a pretty noise. *Necnon solitudo et quies Musis Amicissima.*" But onward, flowing river, past the fashionable town of Leamington, to where the waters lie in sullen depth beneath the stately walls of Warwick Castle. Rememberest thou the mighty Earl, king-maker as he was named, who used to look down upon thee from his lordly home? A mighty man was he, at whose expense no less than thirty thousand persons daily fed, and whose badge well-nigh half the gentle blood of England were proud to wear. The bear and ragged staff were seen on many a noble youth and many a stalwart arm. Foremost in the fight to lead his followers and retainers on, deigning not to turn his back upon the foe, as when on the field of Towton he slew his charger, resolving to conquer or to die. "On—on, my merry men of Warwick," or of York, often restored the halting line. "On—on, my merry men," was often the prelude of a victory. Yet he had grief. His only child had deserted him. Her husband, Clarence, had turned traitor. He left his lordly castle with a heavy heart for the fatal field of Barnet, where his sun went down, yet not without a glory round his name, for on the page of England's history no greater name is found than that of

Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick. Flow on, gentle river! leaving those stately towers, on by Barford, and skirt the Park of Charlecote, reminding us of the olden time, Sir Thomas Lucy, and the daring youths who carried off the good knight's deer from his park at Fulbrook. Then came the punishment, and the satire posted on his gates, which made the knight so wroth that his persecution drove one of those youths away, to become a man of world-wide fame. Satire is a dangerous weapon. Its poison rankles long after the shaft has been driven home. Wit against power, too, is an unequal contest. Though keen and quick, it cannot grapple with its irate, revengeful foe. So the young Bard of Stratford learned. He had stolen the knight's deer, and had been punished. He revenged himself in rhyme. These verses, or such as these, appeared posted on the knight's park gates:—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass;
If Lousy is Lucy, as some volk miscall it,
Then Lucy is Lousy whatever befal it.
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in the state,
We allow of his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is Lousy, as some volk miscall it,
Sing Lousy Lucy whatever befal it.

The satire so enraged the good knight, that a prosecution followed. To avoid this, the young bard was obliged to leave his home, and take refuge in London. But onward, flowing river, to the town of Stratford, fraught with the memories of that great man into which the young prosecuted bard grew up—William Shakspere, the immortal. Memories too many and too varied to be recounted here: enough, his name has become a household name, his words household words, wherever the English tongue is spoken or English people dwell. Three hundred years have passed, and his fame is growing still. On by the fine old church where his remains repose; we may not disturb his rest—a warning is written on his tomb:—

Blest be the man that spares these stones;
But curst be he that moves my bones.

But, leaving the great Shakspere to his rest, what, flowing

river, do thy waters say, rippling over the long straight ford from which the town is named? They speak of that narrow escape of Charles II., who, when riding behind Mistress Lane, met here a company of Roundhead troopers, yet he passed unrecognised. This was one of those narrow escapes he had after the fatal day at Worcester—

> When evening came, and on the conqu'ring foes
> The harvest moon in her soft glory rose,
> Calm as the lake, whose tranquil waters lie
> As smooth and blue and beauteous as the sky.
> Yes! she was calm, when her maternal wing
> Was spread in love to shield the vanquish'd king,
> And aid his flight from those whose frail desire
> Was in one woe to blend the son and sire.

But, leaving Stratford's fair town, on again, flowing river, through the deeps of Binton, by drunken Bidford (as it is sometimes called), known again by one of the youthful frolics of the great bard. For here he undertook to drink for a wager against the men of Bidford; but, being defeated in the contest, was so overcome that he spent the night under a crab tree on his way home, which so long as it stood bore his name. But onward, once more, by Evesham, famous for its abbey and battle-field; and Pershore, where Butler was wont to write his doggrel, but satirical rhymes; and Tewkesbury, with its fine old church and battle-field, where passed away the last faint gleam of hope from the House of Lancaster. Then on again, and lose thyself in the waters of the Severn.

Beautiful river! let us look at thee a few moments before we close, in thy different phases of day and night. In the early morning, when the wondrous colours go up the east, and thou embracest the glories of the sunrise. Crimson and gold and loving light are reflected in thy waters. Above thee are the trees stretching out their branches, heavy with wreathed gems; around thee are the meadows full of woven rainbows and sparkling dew-drops.

Beautiful river! in the noon-day heat. Sleeping beneath some quiet shade, where the dace is sporting in the pool, and the trout is watching for the fly; where the in-

sects' hum is heard; where the cool, refreshing atmosphere invites repose; and where the stately trees gaze ever on their own proud beauty in the tranquil deep.

Beautiful river! when the declining day brings on the sunset, and the west is all on fire, and the crimson flood sets in intenser, and makes thy calm face ruddy with its glow and deepening blushes, and ere it fades, lays on thy cheek the soft and golden light of eventide.

Beautiful river! in the silent night giving back the wonders of the sky, and the myriad stars that stud its crown; spreading a jewelled pavement underneath thy waters, and teaching from thy depths a deep and solemn lesson, that those who seek to grasp unreal glories shall find disappointment, if not a cold and watery grave.

Beautiful river! emblematic of that better stream—the stream of grace—which flows for fallen man, passing the high places of the earth and seeking ever the lowly; refusing to lift itself nearer the castle of the noble than the cottage of the poor; making all stoop who drink, and refusing it to none who will stoop. There is a river, the streams of which make glad the city of God. Onward then let us go, where this better river will lead us! Onward ever, mindful of our heavenly citizenship!—onward borne on its mighty stream to the ocean of everlasting love!—onward still, until we tread the golden streets, and see the glory of the Lamb!

CAREY,

THE SHOEMAKER AND MISSIONARY.

Outline of a Lecture delivered by the

REV. J. VENN,

At the Working Man's Institute, Gloucester.

It was just about one hundred years ago that a child was born of obscure parents, in an obscure village, the name of which was not generally known, except in connection with the individual the subject of our lecture: and this child, under the Providence of God, was destined to do more for the awakening of the Christian Church to a sense of its responsibility and duty towards the heathen, than perhaps any other individual since his time. William Carey was born in the month of August, 1761, in a retired village in Northamptonshire. His father was the village clerk and schoolmaster, as was also his grandfather before him. At six years of age William gave evident indication that he had a mind of no ordinary character, and at once showed his talents in mathematics and arithmetic. He also showed an ardent love for natural history, in his rambles always hunting for insects and collecting specimens of flowers, with which he formed a beautiful museum at home. This curious collection was made solely by his own natural genius, and not by the help of books, and was classified and arranged in a way most wonderful for a child. He was clever, too, in making drawings of the different parts of which the insects and plants were composed, so as to get an intimate acquaintance with them; and never lost an opportunity of anxiously endeavouring to obtain information on all subjects, by borrowing books of friends.

At twelve years of age he fell in with a Latin Vocabulary, which he began to learn by heart so as to lay up a good stock of words. In the various games of play he was popular with his companions, but his amusements consisted chiefly of researches in natural history. Had that little boy lived in the age in which we live, he would have had advantages never dreamed of, in the easy access to books, in the valuable institutions like yours, where a great deal of

information may be obtained, and help given in guiding our pursuits: but at that time no assistance was given him of this kind, so that he had to fight against every discouragement. It now became a question what he really was to do in order to obtain a livelihood. As he was of delicate constitution, his parents thought it best to apprentice him to a shoemaker, and at the age of fourteen he became such, at the little town of Hakelton. His master happily had a few books, to which young William had access; and amongst others was discovered a Bible, which contained a learned commentary at the end of it. This was eagerly read, but the commentary contained many Greek words of which he knew not the meaning. A friend of his, however, knew these characters, and explained them to him, and from that time William was determined not to rest until he had learned the Greek language. After he had been apprenticed some time, it pleased God to give a new turn to all his desires; he became anxious about his soul and the welfare of his fellow-creatures. This was chiefly brought about by friendly intercourse with a pious fellow-workman. Let those who know the truth, and really believe themselves to be the disciples of the Saviour, never lose an opportunity of using an influence over their companions. Who would not have had the honour of being the feeble instrument in the hand of God, in speaking a "word in season," had he known that through it this same poor cobbler was to be the "father of modern missionaries?"

As soon as Carey became interested in the gospel, he gave heart and soul to the Lord, and showed a most intense desire for obtaining knowledge, his great aim being to employ all his talents to the service and glory of God. At the early age of nineteen years he had gained considerable reputation, and was even invited by a congregation at some distance to be their minister. This was perhaps an unwise step on their part in asking one so young, and perhaps as unwise for him to have undertaken it. However, he accepted it, and as he afterwards tells us, he often thought of his boldness and presumption in so doing. He accepted another invitation of the same kind in his own parish, and thus he became not merely a journeyman shoemaker, but a preacher. After a little time his views on the question of baptism underwent a change, and he was subsequently baptized in the river near at hand. Now that he h

undertaken to be a pastor, he felt more than ever the necessity for diligent study, and at once commenced to learn the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, for, poor as he still was, he managed either to borrow or buy the necessary works.

When twenty years of age, he unfortunately made a match with his master's daughter—I say unfortunately, for her tastes in many respects were very different from his. Almost immediately afterwards her father died, leaving the entire stock of boots and shoes as her dowry, and the business to them both. But William Carey proved a bad man of business, for he had at the same time to study for his congregations, and he therefore neglected it, which was the cause of its sadly decreasing. It was about this time that his health failed, and feeling too ill to work at all, he was obliged to fall back on his dowry of shoes, and carry them up and down the country for sale, to avoid starvation. This must have been inevitable, had it not been for a brother of his, who proferred assistance for a short time.

At the age of twenty-four he received another invitation from a Baptist congregation near his native village, at the low salary of £11, which was increased £5 by a fund given for the help of poor Baptist ministers. He was also appointed schoolmaster to a very good school in the same district, and received on an average about 7s. 6d. per week by it. But notwithstanding this appointment, it was found that with all his learning he could not manage even an ordinary school like this. I suppose that the boys were either not like him in loving to learn, or that he could not enter fully into the many little difficulties to keep it on foot; but whatever was the cause, Carey utterly failed as a schoolmaster; for, sometime afterwards, when the question was asked—"Didn't you keep a school?" he replied—"No, I didn't—the school kept me." He found his pupils so rapidly decreasing, that he was finally compelled to relinquish his school, and seek a living once more as a journeyman shoemaker. It was during his attempt at keeping a school that his thoughts were turned towards the great and glorious subject of missions, which gave a new feature to the whole of his after-life.

In the study of geography with his pupils, and more especially of "Mavor's Voyages and Travels," he was pained to his very soul to find so large a portion of the

world in utter darkness. He delighted in drawing maps of the world, and noting particularly on them the moral and spiritual statistics of the country. These maps afterwards were fastened on the walls of the cobbler's stall, and during his labour he was very frequently observed fixing his eyes intently on them, and lifting up his heart to God in prayer to send the light of the gospel there, and he resolved never to rest until he had gone forth himself as a missionary. He could not, however, find anyone to take the matter in hand with him; but at a clerical meeting, which was held for discussion, he modestly proposed this question—"Was it not the duty of the Church of England to send the gospel to hidden lands?" Mr. Reiland replied—"That is not the proper question to discuss; when God's time is come, then it will be time enough to propose such a subject." This answer, however, did not check the confidence of poor Carey. Determined not to be daunted, he wrote a pamphlet on the subject of missions, which he had published and circulated, with the help of a good man of Birmingham. All this time he was working as a poor cobbler, on the verge of starvation, and yet possessing an undaunted spirit on the subject of missions, and an indomitable energy in every study he undertook.

When twenty-eight years old he had the offer of an office as pastor of a large Baptist congregation at Leicester, which he gladly accepted. He found, however, that his congregation was in a fearful state of disorganisation, being torn asunder by party spirit; and a great deal of firmness and unwearied attention was required on his part. When thirty-one years of age, he had an excellent opportunity of bringing the subject of missions before a large number of ministers of different denominations. He did not lose this chance, and preached an eloquent, powerful, and convincing sermon. He chose for his text the 2nd and 3rd verses of the 54th chapter of Isaiah—"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."

He divided his discourse into two heads—"Expect great things from God," and "Attempt great things for God." Even Mr. Reiland, who had before treated the subject as

unworthy of discussion, now confessed he was perfectly overcome and convinced of the fearful error he had been in until then. Speaking to a friend afterwards, he said—"I really felt as if the congregation would have risen as one man, and confessed the neglect of that solemn duty before God with one heart and one voice." Carey had made a great impression on the ministry, and it resulted in the establishment of the first real Protestant society—"The Baptist Missionary Society." Funds were raised, the first collection amounted to the modest sum of £13. 2s. 6d., and Carey, overjoyed at the success, offered himself as first missionary. But still difficulties had to be surmounted before starting on this mission of love, there being no voluntary society to lend pecuniary aid. Efforts were made to interest other bodies of Christians; the scheme was discussed at a conference in London, and afterwards before a body of Scotch clergy; but the former replied that it was not expedient to take any steps in the matter; and the latter, that the heathen was so bad that it was useless to make any attempt at converting them. A few persons, however, members of the society, wished all success to the work; but the difficulty arose—Where were they to send Carey? They could not send him to China, for its gates were not then open to foreigners; nor to Africa, for there was the deadly climate unfit for any European; nor to the Islands of the Pacific, for those were the habitations of savages: but there's India—surely *there* was a field for missionary labour. Why did they not make the attempt at once? The reason was this:—At that time, before the renewal of the Charter, the Government of India would not permit a missionary to set his foot on British territory. Carey mentioned the matter to Mr. Wilberforce, then member of Parliament, and asked him to use his influence with the East India Company, but they would not relax their rule, and one of its members indignantly replied—"I'd rather see so many devils let loose in India." However, at this time a Gloucester man, named Thomas, who had gone out some years previously as surgeon in one of the East India Company's vessels, and been engaged at Bengal as an indigo planter, returned to England. He was a sincere Christian, and while in India had preached frequently to the natives, who always flocked in great numbers to hear him. The news of this success on his part was soon made

known to Carey, who was more than ever determined to reach the country. Thomas consented to return with him, and embark in "The Oxford;" but on account of the stringent law which enacted that all English vessels thus sailing should be duly chartered by the company, they made an attempt to smuggle themselves on board, which failed, as their scheme was discovered. A second attempt was made in a Dantzic vessel bound to India, which, happy to relate, proved a successful one. Carey's wife, with her four children, yielded, after many entreaties, to accompany them, but she did so only on the condition that her sister also should be with her. Not to increase the extra expense by the addition of passengers, Thomas acted most praiseworthily in going as a servant in the steerage, and Carey's wife's sister as a maid-servant. During the voyage, however, the captain would not allow their disguise, but most generously made all eat at the same table. In this way they at length reached Calcutta, where they ran great risk of being seized upon, but happily escaped in the crowd. Carey had learned the Bengal language from Thomas during the voyage, and this proved of all things most valuable. Their first attempt on landing was to preach to the natives, but with little or no success; and their funds were so decreased that they were frequently almost on the point of starvation. Thomas was engaged as manager in an indigo factory, and afterwards Carey, hearing that land was to be given to Europeans forty miles down the river, began to settle with his scanty means in that part of the country. Here it was that he accidentally met with a Mr. Cort, an Englishman, who, with true English hospitality, welcomed him and his family to live at his house. At this time he also luckily obtained a situation as superintendent in an indigo factory, at a high salary, a fourth of which he devoted to printing the Bible in the Bengal language. All leisure hours were delightfully spent in preaching to the natives, and the printing of the Bible. He wrote to England, stirring up Christians at home, who determined to join in the cause of the mission. But, just at that time a terrible fever raged in the land, and Carey's wife went raving mad; the factory also failed, and the poor man was at his wits' end to know what to do, when two good and noble men came out to assist him in the cause—Joshua Markman and William Word: the former, the son of a weaver, and born

in Wiltshire in the year 1768, had from a youth shown the greatest talents for committing his writings to memory; the latter, the son of a carpenter, born 1769, had possessed more advantages in education, and was for some years editor of a newspaper. Both were fervent Christian men, and most zealous in the missionary cause. They settled in a Danish territory twenty miles further up the river, and invited Carey to join them. This he did. A printing press was set up, and in the year 1801, Word had the gratification of presenting Carey with a printed copy of the New Testament, which had been translated by the latter into the Bengalese language.

In 1820 I was in India, where William Carey was Professor of Sanscrit, with a salary of £1,600 a-year, in one of the first Oriental schools of Fort William. Out of this salary only about £50 was kept by him, and the whole of the remainder was devoted to the mission. Mr. Marchman and his wife kept a boarding school, with a profit of £40 a month, all of which he devoted to the same object. The Bible was translated into language after language, and circulated far and wide. The baptism of the first convert was under remarkable circumstances. Thomas was in attendance, and as we were nearing the river, Mrs. Carey had one of her raving fits, which had such an effect on the poor man that he lost his mind. Mr. Word died of the cholera.

After forty years in India, Dr. Carey's constitution became well-nigh exhausted, and he was confined to his couch several months, being visited by Dr. Marchman, the late noble Bishop Wilson, the wife of the Governor-General, and many highly distinguished personages. He breathed his last on the 9th June, 1833, full of resignation to the Divine will, and was followed to the grave by a great number of Christians. In his will he expressed a desire to be buried by the side of his wife, and the following memorial, after stating his birth and death, to be affixed to his gravestone—"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm, on Thy kind arms I fall." Such was the humble view this good man had of himself. There is something in the life of such a man for us all to contemplate. Few in a century may be born with such talents as his; but O! whether our talents be few or many, let each strive to improve them by forwarding the cause of Christ. O! let every one seek the

salvation of his own soul; and let each heart be animated with the constraining desire to spend and to be spent for Christ.

HOMELESS.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

IT is cold dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak cold street?—
Is it one of your silken spaniels,
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England
Find pity wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro.)

Look out in the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window pane;
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are pitied, and taught, and fed;
That is only—a sister woman,
Who has got neither food nor bed—
And the Night cries—"sin to be living,"
And the River cries—"sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare;—
Can that be a pack which a pedlar
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt by the damp night air.

Nay—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten;
For each man knows the market value
Of silk, or woollen, or cotton;—
But, in counting the riches of England,
I think our poor are forgotten.

Our beasts, and our thieves, and our chattels,
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will;
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep,
And Dives neglects him still.

"I KNOW."

(FOR THE LITTLE ONES.)

"I know, I know," sang a little bird
From out an orange grove,
"I know, I know why the orange flower
In the bridal wreath is wove;—
It is because the orange tree
Plants deep its roots in love."

"We know, we know," breathes the orange flowers,
In music soft but clear,
"We know, we know why the little bird
Is so wise that singeth here;—
It is because it draws its life
From Love's own atmosphere."

B. H. I.

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THE INFANCY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

BY

WILLIAM GOURLAY, ESQ.,

OF BLACKBURN.

THE triumphs of Steam and Telegraphy are among the marvels of the 19th century. The first germs of those noble ships that now bridge the ocean by the power of steam, and which have been fitly denominated "floating palaces," date no farther back than the birthday of a sexagenarian. The commencement of the railway system is of even more recent date; while the telegraph, by which thought and speech are transmitted across continents and under seas with lightning speed, is but of yesterday. But I speak not now of the railway and telegraph—I only string together a few memoranda of the early history of STEAM NAVIGATON.

Scotland and America have long contended for the honour of having first proved steam navigation to be practicable. Experiments, vague and obscure, had been tried in both countries long prior to the time when a steam-propelled boat became a commercial reality in either hemisphere. But it is now generally admitted that the first practical solution of the difficulties connected with steam navigation was achieved in Scotland, although it may be impossible to decide whether there or in America a steamboat was first started, as a commercial enterprise, for the conveyance of goods and passengers. Circumstances prevented the Scottish mechanicians from carrying out their projects with the spirit and enterprise displayed by their American compeers, and to our transatlantic friends must be awarded the honour of having been the first "to prac-

tise steam navigation on a great scale as a commercially profitable act."

The earliest effort in steam navigation of which we have any proper record, belongs to the year 1788. The craft with which the experiment was made was a small double boat with a paddle wheel in the centre, driven by a single-crank engine. The trial took place on the Dalswinton Loch Dumfriesshire, and the tiny steam-ship attained a speed of five miles per hour. The suggestion from which this boat was constructed, and the steam engine and paddle wheel so applied, was that of a Mr. James Taylor, then residing as tutor in the family of Mr. Patrick Millar, banker, Edinburgh; and the mechanic to whom the fitting up of the vessel was entrusted, was Mr. Wm. Symington, a mining engineer; while Mr. Millar defrayed the expense of the experiment. The successful working of this toy-steamer (for such it really was) encouraged Mr. Millar to prosecute further experiments on a larger scale. He procured one of the boats then in use on the Forth and Clyde Canal, and had it fitted up with paddles, and with an engine constructed under the superintendence of Symington at the celebrated Carron Iron Works. This boat was tested as to its towing capabilities, and is alleged to have towed a heavy load on the canal at the rate of seven miles per hour. But although the canal boat thus converted into a steam vessel may be said to have proved navigation by steam to be practicable as an experiment, it did not prove it to be practicable for commercial purposes. The engine, although constructed after a new design by Symington, and with special reference to such an application of its power, was still, as in the first effort, a single and not a double-crank engine; and this proved a practical defect of considerable moment. The boat also—a canal boat, built for another object than that of being converted into a steam tug—was not the best adapted for the purpose, and added to the practical difficulties which seem to have deterred Mr. Millar from further experiments. Twelve years elapsed before the efforts thus abandoned were resumed, and before the theory of steam navigation became a practical reality, and was proved capable of a pecuniarily profitable development.

The efforts of Lord Dundas are the next which demand notice. His lordship had a considerable interest in the canal on which the experiments under Mr. Millar's patronage had

been conducted; and, encouraged by the comparative success of these experiments, he took Wm. Symington into his employment in 1801, and entrusted him with the construction of a steam vessel for service on the canal as a towing boat. Warned and instructed by the experience of former failures, or rather by the experience he had acquired of the practical defects which neutralised the success of former experiments, Symington was content on this occasion with no makeshifts. He had a boat and engine specially constructed for the purpose, the engine being "a double-acting horizontal cranked engine;" and the result was what has been termed "the first practical steam-boat." A contemporary account of the trial of this vessel, which was named the "Charlotte Dundas," reads as follows:—

"In the spring of the year 1802, a small party of gentlemen, among whom was Lord Dundas, the Hon. George Dundas, R.N., and Archibald Spiers, Esq., of Elderslie, met together at lock No. 20 on the Forth and Clyde Canal, to witness some experiments to be made by a small vessel which was to be propelled by means of a steam engine. This vessel had been constructed at the cost of Lord Dundas, of Kerse, and had been fitted with a steam engine designed and constructed by a young mechanician named Wm. Symington. The day was rough and boisterous, a violent March wind blew in direct opposition to the vessel's course, and many and grave were the doubts expressed as to the possibility of Mr. Symington's little vessel making head against the gale, when all other vessels quietly laid by windbound; but such was the confidence Mr. Symington had in his machinery, that not only could he make a passage to Glasgow in his own vessel, but, to the surprise of the onlookers, he attached two vessels of 70 tons burden to the stern of his own, and, all being ready, started his machinery. *Away dashed the little steamer, tugging after her the two heavy barges, and in spite of a gale of wind dead ahead, and all sorts of unfavourable prognostications, she reached Port Dundas, Glasgow, in six hours from the time of starting, the distance being 19½ miles.*" The speed thus attained by the "Charlotte Dundas" when she "dashed" away, with 70 tons in tow, was only a little more than three miles an hour; but when not towing, she attained a speed of six miles an hour. From the same contemporary record to which we are indebted for this account of the trial trip, I

may add—"In the 'Charlotte Dundas' there was an engine with the steam acting on both sides of the piston (Watt's patented invention), working a connecting rod and crank (Pickard's invention), and the union of the crank to the axis (Millar's improved paddle-wheel)."

Obstacles of another kind now interposed to prevent the results thus achieved bringing their legitimate reward to the ingenious and enterprising pioneers in steam navigation. The directors of the canal became apprehensive that the wave occasioned by the action of the paddles would injure the banks, and they not only compelled Lord Dundas to give up his project of working the traffic on the canal by steam, but to abandon all further steam-boat experiments on the canal. The idea that steam navigation was practicable in the open sea, or the estuary of rivers, seems not yet to have been entertained; although we have the authority of Mr. David Napier, now of Worcester, late of London and originally of Glasgow—who was on board the "Charlotte Dundas," which he calls an experimental steamer, in 1803—for saying that from this vessel, constructed by Wm. Symington, Henry Bell, of Glasgow, and Robert Fulton, America, acquired their first ideas of steamers. But the scheme abandoned by Lord Dundas, in consequence of the opposition of the directors of the Forth and Clyde Canal was taken up by the Duke of Bridgewater, "the father of inland navigation," and but for his untimely death in 1803 would no doubt have been prosecuted with the enterprise for which he was so celebrated, and on a scale which would have conclusively demonstrated either its success or its impracticability. He was not deterred by the apprehensions which influenced the "canny Scots" from ordering of Wm. Symington eight steamers similar to the "Charlotte Dundas," to be used on the Bridgewater canals. His death and the different views of those by whom he was succeeded prevented the execution of the order, and the name of Wm. Symington appears no more in the annals of steam navigation. But to this humble and worthy man, and clever mechanician, belongs the honour of having converted the steam-boat "from an awkward piece of experimental apparatus into a practically useful machine."

The river Seine, at Paris, was the theatre of the next experiments in steam navigation. Robert Fulton, the American engineer, had been for some time resident with

Mr. Livingstone, the American minister at Paris, and under his auspices experimented on the Seine with a steam-boat constructed after Symington's design. The success of these experiments does not seem to have been very decided; but they were so far satisfactory that in 1805 Mr. Fulton and his patron procured in America a patent for steam navigation; and in the following year Fulton returned to his native country, and commenced building a steam-boat for use upon the river Hudson. This vessel was 133 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 7 deep, and was of 160 tons burden. It was launched in the spring of 1807, and was fitted up with paddles 15 feet in diameter, with floats 4 feet long, dipping 2 feet into the water. The vessel proved very successful, and soon began to ply regularly between New York and Albany. It was the first vessel that established the practicability of river steam navigation; and it was soon followed by others on the Hudson and Delaware, which were improved in construction by successive inventors, until in a few years a speed was attained of 13 miles an hour.

The Clyde, in Scotland, in proximity to which Symington's first successful experiments were made, became, in a few years after the launch of Fulton's steam-boat on the Hudson, the scene of Henry Bell's successful venture, the "Comet," which was the first introduction of commercial steam navigation into Europe. The "Comet" was launched in 1812. It was a much smaller vessel than the "Hudson," being only 40 feet keel, 10½ feet beam, and 25 tons burden; and it was fitted up with paddles propelled by an engine of only 3 horse power. The paddles of the "Comet" were very unlike the paddle wheels of the modern steam-ship. They were really "paddles"—the floats being scoops formed somewhat after the model of malt shovels—and four were fitted on to each end of the shaft, to which the engine imparted a rotary motion. The first trial of the "Comet" realised a speed of 5 miles an hour, and Henry Bell placed his steam-boat on the Clyde as a regular trader between Glasgow and Helensburgh, then, as now, a thriving watering place at the mouth of the Gareloch, opposite Roseneath. An advertisement under date 5th August 1812, headed—"The 'Comet' steam-boat for passengers only," and signed "Henry Bell," thus appeals to the patronage of the public in support of the new and expeditious mode of conveyance between Glasgow and Helensburgh:—

"The subscriber having, at much expense, fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, to sail by the power of *wind, air*, and *steam*, he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays about midday, or at such hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel, require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the public; and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are—for first cabin 4s., second 3s.; but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed for servants or any other person employed about the vessel."

The "Comet" steamer, as thus fitted up with its revolving scoops, continued to trade with "passengers only" during the summer and autumn of 1812; but before the opening of the following season, the scoop paddles had given place to paddle wheels, similar to those which have ever since been used as propellers in paddle steam-ships.

Great was the change which the establishment of steamboats effected in the means of communication on the Clyde. The intelligent editor of "The Chronicles of St. Mungo" says:—"Prior to the year 1812, the vehicles of communication to the port of Greenock—which can now (1843) be reached *per mare* in the space of an hour and a-half—were a species of wherry-built nutshells, designated 'Fly-boats,' the justice of which appellation will be sufficiently apparent when it is considered that they generally completed the voyage in the short space of ten hours! The conveyances for goods and passengers to places more remote, were a more ambitious sort of machine, generally known by the name of 'Packet,' which, with a fair wind, could reach the Isle of Bute in three days; but when adverse, thought it 'not wonderful' to plough the billowy main for as many weeks."

The favourite watering-place of Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, which even with a fair wind could only be reached by the "Packet" in three days from Glasgow, is now reachable by the "crack" steamers of the Clyde in three hours. But much inferior to the days of the "Packet" must have been the means of communication in 1691, when an act passed in the Convention of Royal Burghs at Edinburgh, for a commission to visit the burghs as to their trade, exempted Rothesay "on account of the difficulty of access."

Henry Bell's "Comet" was the precursor of river steam navigation in Great Britain. One season's experience proved that it was capable of being made a commercially profitable undertaking; and the trade thus inaugurated was rapidly developed. But the capability of the steam-boat for ocean navigation was still an unsolved problem. The credit of this further step in the history of steam navigation is due to Mr. David Napier, whom a committee of the House of Commons, of which the late Sir Henry Parnell was chairman, decided to be the first that proved the practicability of successfully navigating the open sea by the power of steam. But this is anticipating.

There has been of recent date a considerable amount of friendly disputation as to the first steam-boat that ever appeared in English waters. But the priority claimed on the one side, and denied on the other, is only a priority of a few months, and cannot lessen the interest with which all must look back at these early efforts in steam navigation. The engineer of the "Comet"—the practical mechanic who made and fitted up the engine in the "Comet," now upwards of 50 years ago—was John Robertson, a man of genius and enterprise, who is still living in Glasgow, but in an indigent condition. In 1814 he had spirit enough, and sufficient faith in this new application of steam power, to get two vessels built at Dundee, by Mr. Smart, shipbuilder, which he fitted up with engines and paddles, and conveyed, by carefully threading his way along the coast, from the Tay to the Humber. One vessel was named the "Caledonia," and arrived in the Humber in Sept. 1814, where it was at once seized by the Custom-house authorities, the unfortunate owner having set out from Dundee without obtaining a register or certificate. A delay of a fortnight enabled him to procure this necessary document from the port whence he had sailed in ballast, and then he formally applied to the Board of Customs for the release of his vessel. In this application he stated "that the 'Caledonia' was built at Dundee for a passenger boat in any river where employment could be found," and further, "that the vessel was intended to ply for passengers in the Humber and adjacent rivers." The application was successful, and by an order dated 25th October, 1814, the customs authorities decided that the vessel should be given up on the owner obtaining a license to trade, as stated in his application for

the release of his vessel. The oversight which led to this delay and unpleasantness in the case of the "Caledonia," was avoided in the case of the other vessel, which was named the "Humber," and which the enterprising owner successfully navigated, in a similar manner, from the Tay to the Humber about three months after. The two steamers thus taken from Dundee into English waters, plied for some time on the Humber, the one between Hull and Selby and the other between Hull and Gainsborough, and enjoyed a fair share of patronage and success.

But the priority in the navigation of English waters by steam-boats, which I have thus accorded to the "Caledonia" and the "Humber," built on the Tay, is also claimed for the "Margery," built on the Clyde. This was a vessel built by the late Mr. W. Denny, who carried on business as shipbuilder at Dumbarton, where his sons have now a large establishment, of world-wide celebrity; and the owners were Messrs. W. Anderson and John McCubbin, merchants, of Glasgow. The vessel was named the "Margery," in honour of Mr. Anderson's eldest daughter, who performed the ceremony at the launching, which is somewhat profanely termed christening. It was in the spring of 1814 that this vessel was launched, and after plying on the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock for a month or two negociations were entered into and successfully concluded for the transference of the new steamer from the Clyde to the Thames. The agents in thus altering the original destination of the "Margery" were Captain Anthony Corth of the parish of Mary-le-bone, and Mr. John Cathcart, merchant, London, who were associated with Mr. Thomas Hall of Kennington Cross, Kennington, and Mr. James Hartley, solicitor, London, under the designation of "The London Steam Engine Packet Company." The two first named gentlemen proceeded to Glasgow, and on behalf of the "company," bargained with Messrs. Anderson and McCubbin for three-fifths of the "Margery;" and further bargained that the vessel should be taken to London for the purpose of plying on the Thames. The formal agreement to be found in the records of the sheriff court at Glasgow between the partners—the four gentlemen forming "The London Steam Engine Packet Company," and the two original owners of the vessel,—stipulates "that the said steam engine vessel, or packet, belonging to them, shall

immediately navigated from the river Clyde, where she presently lies, to the river Thames, and there be employed in carrying passengers at a reasonable fare, to and from such place or places on the said river Thames as may be judged by the parties most suitable and advantageous for their interests." The agreement further contains many stipulations for the management of the vessel, for the auditing of the accounts weekly, and the deposit of the monies "with some responsible banking company;" and also, "it is agreed that in the event it shall be found unsuitable or disadvantageous to the parties to employ the said packet for the purpose aforesaid in the river Thames, the same shall be navigated therefrom to, and employed in, any other navigable river that may be agreed on."

In pursuance of this agreement, which is dated 8th Nov. 1814, the "Margery" left the Clyde, under the command of Captain Cortis, and passing through the Forth and Clyde canal to Grangemouth, proceeded thence along the coast to the Thames, which was reached in about a week from leaving Grangemouth. It is said, and there is no reason to doubt the statement, that the good people of Berwick, on seeing the smoke-producing craft pass along their coast, concluded that it was a ship on fire; and the sensation which the appearance of the "Margery" created amongst the seafaring population of the Thames, rendered it a matter of difficulty to procure the services of a pilot—the tendency to superstition on the part of seamen leading the pilots to suspect that she must have something to do with the powers infernal, seeing that she vomited fire and smoke, and regarded neither wind nor tide. Soon after her arrival in the Thames, the "Margery" commenced "plying for hire" between Gravesend and Wapping Old Stairs, and her owners were permitted for a few months to enjoy in peace the fruits of their enterprise. But the spirit of the old corporations and of the modern trades unions animated the Thames watermen of that day, and excited against the "Margery" and her owners an opposition which was for the time successful. In consequence of an information, dated 25th May, 1815, sworn to by two "overseers and rulers" of the corporation of watermen, Captain Courtenay, who had been placed in charge of the "Margery" after her arrival in the Thames, was summoned to appear at the Thames Police Court on 31st May, and answer to the charge

of having caused "to be worked a certain boat (to wit) a certain boat called the steam engine packet, upon the said river of Thames, for hire and gain, * * he, the said William Courtenay, not having served for the space of seven years to any waterman, wherryman, or lighterman, nor being a Trinity man, fisherman, ballastman, nor a person employed in rowing or anyways navigating western barges, milkboats, chalk hoys, faggot or wood lighters," &c., whereby he had forfeited the sum of ten pounds. At the hearing of the case, two watermen and the town clerk of Gravesend gave evidence and established the charge to the satisfaction of the justices. Let one passage from the evidence of Wm. Creed, waterman, suffice:—

"I paid my fare (two shillings) to the defendant in Galleons Reach, just below Woolwich. He demanded that of me as my fare to London. All that I saw pay their fares paid the same. The boat is not rowed; it has sails occasionally. It is worked by a machine which they call a steam engine. The packet was worked in that way on that day. The sail was put up during a part of the time. The machine was not stopped during the passage up. She did not stop to take in passengers; she went on at the same pace. There was a man who attended to the engine. Just before the packet came to Wapping Old Stairs, the defendant called to that man to stop the engine."

Changed is the state of things on the Thames and many other rivers, since the day of the date of this prosecution; and curious indeed is this evidence as to the *modus operandi* of navigating the Thames with steam vessels in the year of Grace 1815.

But the prosecution, as I have said, was successful. The new system of navigation interfered with vested rights, and for a time the ignorance and narrow prejudice that were passing away, triumphed over the dawn of an advancing civilisation. The "Margery" ceased plying on the Thames, and was sold, in June 1815, to a French company, by whom she was taken to the Seine, and was thus the first steamer that crossed the Straits of Dover. She arrived at Paris about the month of August 1815, and was shortly after her arrival visited by Louis XVIII., then recently restored to the throne of his ancestors. How long the "Margery" traded in French waters, and with what profit to her new owners, I know not many years since her timbers disappeared

from the banks of the Seine, where she had been broken up when unfit for further service.

A dispute, similar to that respecting the first steamer in English waters, has also arisen with respect to the first steamer ever seen in Irish waters. The son of Mr. John McCubbin, one of the original owners of the "Margery," claims that honour for the "Greenock," built by Mr. William Denny, of Dumbarton, for Messrs. Anderson and McCubbin, of Glasgow, the same gentlemen who built and owned the "Margery." The "Greenock" was launched in the beginning of 1815, and traded between Glasgow, Greenock, and Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, till some time in the year 1816, when she was taken to Belfast, in the hope of being sold to the Harbour Corporation of that port. But *en route* from the Clyde to Belfast Lough, it was determined to take her on a pleasure trip to Inverary, and the owners and a number of friends, with a good many strangers as passengers, embarked at Glasgow, and proceeded to Greenock, Gourock, and Rothesay, where a large addition was expected to the living freight. But the gloomy prognostications of an old woman of Rothesay, who had the reputation of being a witch, disappointed these anticipations. The "witch" had been loud and vehement in predicting that if the "Greenock" attempted a voyage to so distant a port as Inverary, she would never return; and such was her influence on the credulity of the age and people, that not only were the inhabitants of Rothesay deterred from venturing with the pleasure party, but many of the passengers who had come from Glasgow declined to proceed farther on an excursion which they now believed to be fated to destruction. It is satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the "witch's" prophecy, the trip to Inverary was performed in safety; but when the "Greenock" returned to Rothesay, preparatory to crossing to Belfast, then regarded as a perilous undertaking, she was deserted by all except the "hands" engaged for her navigation, and Mr. McCubbin, one of her owners. Shortly after leaving Rothesay Bay on her adventurous voyage, the "Greenock" encountered a strong south-west wind, which compelled her to take shelter in Loch Ranza, on the north coast of the Island of Arran. Campbeltown Bay was reached on the day following; and on the third day from leaving Rothesay she reached Belfast Lough in safety. The expectation

selling the vessel at Belfast was not realised, and the enterprising owner and his daring crew set sail for Liverpool. The first day's sail from Belfast brought the steamer to Douglas, in the Isle of Man; and after a detention of several days, in consequence of the boisterous character of the weather, another day's sailing and steaming found the "Greenock" in the Mersey. This was the first steam-boat that ever entered the port of our modern Tyre, and may in one sense be regarded as the pioneer of that noble steam fleet for which the port of Liverpool is now so justly celebrated.

In opposition to the claim thus set forth on behalf of the "Greenock," as the first steamer that ever appeared in Irish waters, a claim of priority is put forth on behalf of the "Argyle," subsequently named the "Thames." And without pretending to settle the dispute, I will briefly glance at the record of the "Argyle's" voyage from the Clyde to London, which is not without interest in connection with the early history of steam navigation. The "Argyle," like the "Margery," was purchased in the Clyde by a London company, for the purpose of trading between the City and Margate; and being too broad in the beam to pass the locks of the Forth and Clyde canal, as the "Margery" did, had to be navigated round by Land's End and the south coast to the Thames. The enterprising seaman who undertook this difficult task, at that time regarded by not a few as insuperable, was Captain Dodd, who had served in the Royal Navy, and was a person of some note as an engineer and architect, one of his projects being a tunnel under the Thames from Gravesend to Tilbury. He arrived in Glasgow, changed the name of the vessel from "Argyle" to 'Thames,' and set sail from the Clyde about the middle of May 1816, with a crew of eight men. In due course, the "Thames" arrived in the Liffey, having encountered during her passage thither more than the usual average of seafaring dangers, on one occasion escaping shipwreck on a lee shore, under circumstances which must have resulted in her total destruction had she been a sailing vessel. Her gallant commander declared that no other power than that of steam could have saved the vessel in the position in which she was placed. At Dublin, the "Thames" was joined by Mr. Isaac Weld, the author of "Travels in America," who, being desirous of proceeding to London, requested Captain

Dodd to receive him as a passenger. The request was complied with, and Mrs. Weld determined to share the dangers of the voyage with her husband. On the 28th of May the enterprising voyagers left the Liffey, and on the following morning by 9 o'clock were off Wexford, where the inhabitants thought the vessel was on fire. The pilots of the coast set off to render her assistance, but on nearing the smoking craft were both surprised and disappointed to find there was no danger and no hope of salvage. From Wexford the "Thames," with her gallant crew, sailed to the Pass of Ramsay, on the coast of Wales, and to save five hours, but against the urgent remonstrances of the pilot, dashed through the dangerous passage of Jack Sound, between Skomar Island and the mainland, and reached Milford Haven in safety. After remaining for some time at St. Ives, they doubled the Land's End, encountering a tremendous swell from the Atlantic, and a strong tide running down St. George's Channel, and proceeded to Plymouth, from thence to Portsmouth, thence to Margate, and landed at Limehouse on the 12th of June, at 6 o'clock in the evening. The distance traversed was 758 nautical miles, and the time occupied in sailing, 121½ hours.

At every port where the "Thames" touched, in the course of her successful voyage, her appearance excited mingled surprise and admiration. At St. Ives, where, as at Wexford, thinking she was on fire, the pilot boats came out to render her assistance, the pilots complimented the voyagers by telling them that their vessel was the first they had met that could surpass them in swiftness. At Plymouth, so great was the anxiety and enthusiasm to see the fire-ship, that Captain Dodd had to request the Port Admiral for a guard to enable him to preserve order.

If the dates given in this narrative be correct, the "Thames," and not the "Greenock," was the first steam vessel in Irish waters; and if the practicability of steam navigation in the open sea had not been proved by the voyage of the "Margery" from the Forth to the Thames, it was certainly placed beyond dispute by this voyage of the "Thames" from Glasgow to London. But it was not till 1818 that steam packets were employed in ocean navigation, the first line started being one which is still successfully carried on by Messrs. Burns, of Glasgow,—the mail steamers trading between Glasgow and Belfast.

I have already remarked that the first efforts in steam navigation in this country were with vessels of much smaller dimensions than Fulton experimented with in America. Fulton's "Hudson" was a vessel of 133 feet in length; whereas Bell's "Comet" was only 40 feet keel; and even the adventurous "Argyle," *alias* "Thames," measured only 79 feet. But compared with the leviathan steam-ships that now plough the ocean in both hemispheres, the largest of these primitive steam vessels was but a model. The half century which has elapsed since the time of which I have been speaking, has produced marvellous changes in the speed, safety, and comfort of both river and ocean steamers, and has effected quite a revolution in the means of communication between distant countries. And it would be hazardous to predict what may be the final results of human ingenuity and enterprise in an art and science which are daily receiving some new development.

HISTORY OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

BY

HANDEL COSSHAM, ESQ., F.G.S.

[Delivered at the Bristol Mining School.]

THE wonders that have been accomplished in this country and the world by the application of the power of steam, and the invention of the steam engine, make the subject of the present lecture one of great interest and importance. Nothing has so completely revolutionised the commerce and trade of the world, as the steam engine. Nothing has done more to promote the social, political, and intellectual advancement of the human family, than the steam engine. Nothing in the order of Providence seems more likely to promote the moral advancement of mankind, and to produce "peace on earth and good-will amongst men," than the steam engine.

There is evidence that the force of steam confined in close vessels was known among the ancients, and that the priesthood of Egypt and Greece employed it for the purpose of giving motion to their images and gods in their religious temples, the object being, of course, to make their deluded votaries believe that they were endowed with supernatural power. Aristotle and Seneca also state that the ancient philosophers believed that earthquakes were caused by the explosions of vapour, under the influence of heat. It is remarkable that, with this general view of the power and force of steam, they should not have pursued the subject further, and endeavoured to confine and control this great agent, and make it subservient to the wants and necessities of man. There is also evidence of steam being applied in many novel ways by the Egyptians and Grecians for superstitious purposes. We are too much given to look upon all past periods of the world's history as dark and barbarous. There is reason for believing that some of the Asiatic nations employed many of the fundamental principles of natural science that we now recognise and employ. No doubt wars and the changes of government have often led

to the loss of inventions and improvements. The Greeks were chiefly given to pleasure, and did not do much in the cultivation of science; but yet THEY have left *some* great monuments of genius, such as the works of *Euclid*, whose treatise on "Geometry" is the text book to this day. The Romans were almost entirely absorbed in *war*, and that prevented them from greatly advancing in science; for it is a great fact, stamped upon the history of the world, that nations whose energies are chiefly devoted to war and conquest, seldom advance in science and social improvement.

HERO'S ÆOLIPILE* (B.C. 120).

This ingenious man flourished at Alexandria, about 120 B.C., and thus describes an apparatus which he invented in a treatise still extant, called, "*Spiritalia seu Pneumatica.*" "Let a boiler be set on the fire, and nearly filled with water, and let its mouth be closed by a cover which is pierced by a bent tube, whose extremity fits exactly into a hollow sphere; but, at the opposite end of the diameter of the sphere, let there be an iron axis supported from the top of the cover, and let the sphere have two bent pipes from the ends of a diameter of the sphere perforated therewith, and bent round in opposite directions, and let the bends make right angles, and be in the plane perpendicular to the axis of rotation. Then it will follow that, the boiler being heated, the vapour rushing through the tubes and the sphere will rush out through the reversed pipes, and whirl the sphere round on its axis." There can be no doubt that this instrument derived its motion from the power of steam. The motion in this machine was caused by that law in mechanics which says "that re-action will always correspond with action;" that is, two bodies striking against each other, will produce motions in contrary directions. This can be illustrated by two persons knocking against each other, and also by the rebounding of a gun when fired off. We have evidence, also, that Hero knew a little of the law of atmospheric pressure—a principle afterwards applied by Newcomen, in the steam engine, with so much advantage. Hero says, "When round medical glasses, with long slender necks, are filled with water, the air contained in them is sucked out, and the orifice closed with the finger, and they are then

* Æolipile, from two Greek words, signifying *the ball of Æolus.*

nverted in water; on the removal of the finger, the water will be drawn up into a vacuous space in contradiction to the usual law of fluids." This law of atmospheric pressure seems to have been lost after the time of Hero, until rediscovered by Torricelli, an Italian philosopher, in the 17th century. There is also evidence that Hero understood partially the principle of the expansion of air and gases by heat, and the contraction of the same by condensation and cold.

BLASCO DE GARAY (A.D. 1543).

Blasco de Garay, a Spaniard, who flourished about 1543, next claims our attention. An interval of nearly 1,700 years therefore intervenes before we find the account of any other application of steam power. But in the year 1543, Blasco de Garay, a sea captain, in the service of Charles V. of Spain, succeeded in propelling a ship of 200 tons burden, in the harbour of Barcelona, at the rate of three miles an hour. We know but little of the nature of the apparatus, except that it contained a boiler that was very liable to burst, and that the power was transmitted through paddle wheels, and that the vessel was under very complete control. There seems every reason to believe that the motion here used was high-pressure steam. We do not read of this invention being tried again, though approved of by the Emperor and his ministers. There have been great disputes, especially between France and England, relative to the honour of having invented the steam engine. The Treasurer of Charles V., Ravaga, opposed the further use of Garay's invention on the ground that it was—1st. Dangerous; 2nd. Complicated; and, 3rd. That the speed was small. The government, however, paid for the machine, and rewarded the inventor. It is remarkable how every great invention that has blessed the world has been opposed at first. Jenner and his plan of vaccination were abused from the pulpits of the land. Railways were denounced as likely to result in the ruin of the country; and even the use of coal has been forbidden by law.

SOLOMON DE CAUS (A.D. 1615).

Solomon de Caus was an architect and engineer to Louis XIII., who flourished about 1615. In the above year, a French work was published, entitled "*Les Raisons des*

Forces Mouvantes avec diverses Machines tout utiles que plaisantes," at Frankfort. The writer describes an apparatus for elevating water in a tube, and casting copper balls by the agency of fire. No reference is, however, made to steam here; but water heated and expanded, in connection with air, appears to have been the cause of the results described. M. Argo claims for de Caus the invention of the steam engine, but, I think, without just ground. And it ought, in fairness, to be mentioned, that it is probable that de Caus obtained his knowledge in England, where he was employed from 1612 to 1615, by the Prince of Wales, in decorating the gardens at Richmond. The description of this machine, however, is so imperfect, that it is difficult to form a very clear idea of what is meant: but there does not appear to have been any idea of *steam* ALONE as a motive power. Flurence Bivault, a gentleman of the bedchamber of Henry IV., and a preceptor of Louis XIII., in a work published in 1605, on Artillery, says, "that if a bombshell be one-third filled with water, and plugged, then thrown into the fire, it will burst with great violence." It would appear from this that he knew the expansive nature of water when converted into steam.

GIOVANNI BRANCA (A.D. 1629).

This gentleman (who was an Italian), in the year 1629 published a work, in which, among other inventions, he describes a machine propelled by high-pressure steam. The machine was worked by means of a wheel, with vanes (like a water wheel), against which the steam was forced by means of *jets*, thus causing the wheel to revolve, and give motion to the machine. By means of this machine, they turned wheels and stones for the grinding of gunpowder, mortar, stones, and also, in some cases, of raising water by means of buckets. It never, however, came into general use. One pleasing fact connected with the "History of the Steam Engine," is, that all nations have a share in the honour of bringing it to perfection, as though Providence designed to show that *all* were to share the blessings that this great agent for the world's advancement would produce. It is almost impossible to overrate the benefits that the steam engine, in its many forms, has conferred upon the world. It is a means of civilising and elevating mankind, and will, doubtless, do much more yet to bless society, by

accomplishing that which is now done by manual labour. The whole tendency of the improvements in machinery for the last 50 years has been to lessen human labour, and mitigate the curse which requires that we are "to get our bread by the sweat of our brow." I believe, too, that the moral and religious condition of the world has much more to do with its physical and social advancement than many imagine. Without virtue and religion, no nation will make solid and lasting progress in science, art, or useful inventions.

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER (EDWARD SOMERSET, A.D. 1663).

This nobleman was largely engaged, on the Royalist side, in the Parliamentary wars. He was for some time confined a prisoner in Ireland, from which place he escaped, and joined the standard of Charles II., in France. He was again unfortunate, was caught, and confined in the Tower of London till the Restoration, in 1663. It appears that, while there, he turned his attention to writing a work entitled "A History of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions." Under the sixty-eighth invention he describes as follows:—

"An admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not drawing or sucking it up afterwards; for that must be, as the philosopher calleth it, '*infra sphæram activitatis*,' which is but at such a distance; but this way hath no bounder, if the vessels be strong enough, for I have taken a piece of whole cannon, whereof the end was burst, and filled it three-fourths full of water, stopping and screwing up the broken end, as also the touch-hole, and also making a constant fire under it. Within twenty-four hours it burst, and made a crack. So that, having a way to make my vessels so that they are strengthened by the force within them, and the one to fill the other, I have seen the water run like a constant fountain-stream, forty feet high. One vessel of water rarefied by the fire driveth up forty of cold water, and a man that tends the work has to turn two cocks, that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and re-fill with cold water, and so successively, the fire being tended and kept constant, which the self-same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interim between the necessity of turning the said cocks." Some of the so-called inventions are ridiculous and absurd. But that relative to the steam engine deserves our notice.

It is said that, while confined in the Tower, he was one day cooking his dinner, and while so engaged, he saw the lid of the pot lift up. This led him to study the cause of this strange phenomenon, and endeavour to turn the power he had discovered to some practical purposes. On his release from the Tower, he gave the world the benefit of his investigations. Few noblemen have laid the world under deeper obligations than the Marquis of Worcester; and it is the more interesting to us, in consequence of his connection with our own county (Gloucestershire), by birth and property. How much greater the pleasure of reflecting on the history and inventions of those whose genius has been directed to the improvement of society, than on the doings of those who have merely lived to deluge the world in blood, in order to promote their own selfish ends and personal advantage.

In another place we read—"That his water-work is, by many years' experience and labour, so advantageously contrived that a child's force bringeth up an hundred feet high an incredible quantity of water, even two feet diameter, so naturally, that the work will not be heard into the next room, and with so great ease and geometrical symmetry, though it work day and night, from one end of the year to the other, it will not require 40s. reparation to the whole engine, nor hinder one day's work; and not only with little charge to drain all sorts of mines and furnish boilers with water, though never so high seated."

It is clear that the force here described was the expansive power of steam, acting upon the surface of the water, and thus lifting it. It is probable that the Marquis was also acquainted with atmospheric pressure. But the power here employed was *steam;* and the novelty lies in the nature of the machine employed for effecting the object, and in its results it must have left all previous inventions in the shade. The condensation of steam, however, must have been enormous, and the consequent loss of fuel very great. I should think the consumption of fuel at least 200 times greater than in the modern pumping engine. Here, however, is the *idea* of raising water by steam power; and, though the apparatus was clumsy, all honour to the man who threw out upon the surface of society an idea that has done so much to benefit mankind and bless the world. The subsequent improvement of a machine does not gene-

rally involve such an amount of mind as the first invention and discovery; and, where we can, I think due honour should be paid to those who first throw out some grand idea for the benefit of the world. It is important to observe, that this is the first invention we read of where the steam was generated in *one* vessel and then conveyed to another, where it was used as a motive power. To the Marquis of Worcester, therefore, appears to belong the first idea of a Steam Engine, properly so-called. M. Argo contends most energetically for the honour of the invention on behalf of his countryman, "Solomon de Caus." But I think that every unprejudiced mind will be inclined to give the honour to our own countryman, "The Marquis of Worcester." It has always appeared to me a pity that more of our noblemen, who, by their education and property, have such great advantages, should not devote more of their time, influence, and property to the promotion of science, and the advancement of those peaceful arts upon which the prosperity of the country so greatly depends. How much happier and nobler would the results have been if, instead of having encouraged war and conquest, our aristocracy had copied the example of the Marquis of Worcester, and tried to assist and encourage the improvement of machinery, the advancement of commerce, and, above all, the intellectual, social, and moral improvement of those great masses of the population, through whose toil, energy, and talents, so many of our comforts, and so much of our wealth is produced.

SIR SAMUEL MORLAND (A.D. 1683).

Sir Samuel Morland was Master of the Works to Charles II., and, in the year 1683, he was on a professional visit to France, and there published a work entitled "*L'Elevation des Eaux par toute sorte de Machines, redute à la Mesure au Poids et à la Balance,*" in which work there is the following passage:—

"Water being converted into vapour by the force of fire, these vapours shortly require a greater space (about 2,000 times) than the water before occupied, and sooner than be constantly confined, would split a piece of cannon. But, being duly regulated according to the rules of statics, and by science reduced to measure, weight, and balance, when they bear their load peaceably (like good horses), and thus

become of great use to mankind, particularly for raising water, which shows the number of lbs. which may be raised 1,800 times per hour, to a height of six inches, by cylinders half-filled with water, as well as the different diameters and depths of the said cylinders."

There is no improvement here upon the plan of the Marquis of Worcester; but it is worthy of note how near the calculations of Sir Samuel Morland were, as to the amount of expansion that water would undergo in its conversion into steam—said to be 2,000 times—the *actual* expansion being abont 1,700 times.

Evelyn describes an interview he had with Morland, in 1695, and though he was then blind, he still found him surrounded by his mechanical inventions. This shows "the ruling passion strong in death," and proves that this great man was a real genius. He died in January, 1696. It is worthy of note, that the whole effective agency of steam, as a motive power, depends upon the principle here propounded by Sir Samuel Morland, namely, its expansive nature; and for the information of the students of this Institution, I may say that one cubic inch of water converted into steam will form a cubic foot of elastic vapour, and, of course, in proportion to the pressure at which this vapour is used, will depend its results. Water, as you all know, is converted into steam at 212° heat; but it is found that steam is more effective if used at a temperature of from 250° to 300°, as it is thus cleared of those particles of watery vapours with which steam is generally charged when first evaporated in the boiler, and which, combined with the steam, considerably retards its effective power. When steam is in a perfectly pure and healthy condition, it is quite dry, and will not even make damp a silk pocket-handkerchief, if placed in the steam-pipe. At the same time, it ought to be stated that, if steam is heated much *above* 300° of temperature, it loses its power; for, in that case, it becomes absorbed and lost as caloric. After this digression, we will now continue our history of the Steam Engine, and the next hero who claims our notice is

DR. DENNIS PAPIN (A.D. 1690).

Dr. Papin was a native of Blois, in France, and was the first to suggest the idea of a *piston* working in a cylinder. The idea seems never to have been carried out; but still

great credit is due to Dr. Papin *for* the idea. His plan was to have a piston floating in a cylinder partly filled with water, and, by the application of heat, to convert the water into steam, and thus raise the piston; then to produce a vacuum by the removal of the heat, and allowing condensation, and, by this means, the down stroke would be produced by *atmospheric* pressure. This plan involved two important suggestions:—1st. The application of a piston working in a cylinder; and 2nd. The production of a vacuum by the condensation of steam. Papin prepared himself for the practice of medicine, and took his degree at Paris. He was a *Protestant*, and, in consequence of the Edict of Nantes, he was obliged to fly from his native country, and take refuge in England, where he became acquainted with that noble Christian man, Robert Boyle, and assisted him in several of his experimental researches. In 1681, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Some time after, he received the appointment of Professor of Mathematics at the University of Marburgh, and in that city he died. France, by thus persecuting for religious opinions, lost the honour of Papin's inventions and genius. Papin tried various plans for producing a vacuum under the piston: 1. Gunpowder. 2. Water. 3. Some think he had an idea of the pump.

CAPTAIN THOMAS SAVERY (A.D. 1698).

Captain Savery was the *first* to take out a patent for a Steam Engine, and this forms the next important link in the chain of the progressive development of the Steam Engine. The object of Savery was to apply his machine to the raising of water from mines. The principle of the invention may be thus described:—

Two boilers were employed, the one for generating steam, and the other, which was much smaller, for feeding the large boiler with hot water. This was done by means of a connecting pipe, through which the fed water was forced by an excess of pressure in the small boiler. In starting the engine, the steam was allowed to enter a spherical copper vessel, or receiver, until it had driven out all the air, and ceased to be condensed against the cold sides, technically called "blowing through." The communication with the boiler was then closed, and a jet of cold water thrown upon the outside of the receiver, the contained

steam being thus partially condensed, and a vacuum formed, the water, meanwhile, rising into the receiver by the external pressure of the atmosphere. A communication was again opened with the boiler, and the steam pressing on the surface of the water in the receiver, forced it up a main pipe to a height proportional to its elasticity, its return into the pipe being prevented by a valve opening upwards. By employing a double set of receivers to draw and force the water alternately, a constant ascending stream may thus be maintained. The boilers were fitted with water-gauge cocks, for ascertaining the level of the water, and with the steel guard safety-valve, which had been previously invented by Dr. Papin for his digester. Savery's invention was due to an accident. He was one day in a tavern, and, having ordered a flask of Florence wine, he drank the wine and threw the bottle into the fire. A little wine was left in the flask, and presently Savery noticed steam issuing from its mouth. He put on a thick glove, took the bottle from the fire, and putting the neck in a basin of cold water, was surprised to find the bottle fill with water,—the result of the steam condensing, and thus forming a vacuum, and the atmospheric pressure forcing the water up to fill the vacuum. Two objects were attempted by Savery—1st, raising water by atmospheric pressure, after producing a vacuum, to a height of about 24 feet; 2nd, lifting it still higher by the expansive power of steam. This engine, though displaying considerable ingenuity, was most defective in two points—1st, the great waste of steam (or fuel) caused by the condensation of the steam in a cold receiver, and its contact with the surface of the cold water: 2nd, the limited height to which a column of water could be raised, in consequence of the pressure of the steam being partly counteracted by the pressure of the atmosphere, to the extent of 15 lb. to an inch. Saverey's Engine, notwithstanding these defects, came into very general use; and there is no doubt it was vastly superior to anything of the kind previously invented. The term "horse-power" was first given by Savery, on account of the engine being designed to supersede horse labour, and was understood to mean a power equal to raising 23,000 lbs. of one foot high per minute. Boulton and Watt afterward fixed this at 33,000 lbs. raised one foot high per minute, and that is the standard of a horse-power now.

NEWCOMEN (A.D. 1705).

Thomas Newcomen and John Crawley, mechanics, of Dartmouth, in 1705 patented an engine that combined Papin's idea of the cylinder and piston, and Savery's method of producing a vacuum by condensation. *Two* great improvements were now accomplished by this. 1st. The steam was not condensed by contact with cold water; and, 2nd. The height of the column of water became independent of the pressure of the steam in the boiler. (That is, of course, presuming the size of the cylinder was increased in proportion to the load.) The cylinder was open at the top, and was supplied with steam at a low pressure by means of a pipe from the boiler to the bottom of the cylinder, the valve being worked by hand. When the engine was started, the steam was admitted into the cylinder, and the cylinder thus heated. The air was then expelled through the "blow-cock" valve in the cylinder bottom. Suppose the piston then lifted to the top of the cylinder, by means of the pressure of steam; it (the cylinder) is, of course, then full of steam. The communication with the boiler was then closed, and a supply of cold water was admitted into an outside casing round the cylinder, and, the steam being thus condensed, the down stroke was effected by atmospheric pressure. This engine was supplied with a beam and pumps, and was thus a great improvement upon Savery's plan. The weight of the pumps, of course, assisted in the down stroke. A small quantity of water was kept over the piston, to keep it air-tight, and a small cock and pipe at the bottom of the cylinder to draw off the water formed by the condensed steam. This was afterwards improved by injecting cold water into the cylinder.

Newcomen encountered great difficulties. His first attempt was to drain a mine at Griff, in Warwickshire, where 500 horses were employed for that purpose. Here he was unsuccessful, chiefly from defects in his pumps. In 1712, he was assisted by Mr. Potter, of Bromsgrove, and they were then successful in draining a mine near Wolverhampton. By an accident, they found out that they could make the engine work faster by applying the cold water *inside* the cylinder. While their engine was working, they found it all at once go much faster, and, upon searching for the cause, found a hole in the cylinder, which admitted the

cold water from the outside casing, and this, producing a quicker vacuum, caused more strokes per minute. They also found out, by accident, the plan of making the engine self-acting, by having a rod connected with the beam, to open and shut the valves. Up to this time, boys were employed to open and shut the "cocks," to make the engine work. One of these lads thus employed was a boy named Humphrey Potter, who, being more fond of play than work, contrived, by means of a string, to fasten the valve he had to attend to the beam, and thus to make the beam do his work. This apparatus was called a "scoggan," and led to the introduction of the upright rod working the valves by means "toppets."

In 1718, Mr. Henry Brighton, of Newcastle, made great improvements in this part of the engine, and also added a pump, worked by the beam, to lift the water above the cylinder to be used for injection.

Brindley, also, about this time, added an improvement in the "water feed" for the boiler, which he made self-acting by means of a float in the boiler communicating with a valve in the feed pipe, and thus regulating the supply of water. After this, there were few improvements for the next fifty years; but during this interim, however, great improvements were made in the *details* of the steam engine, and attention was frequently called to the subject, arising from the constant difficulties that were experienced in the draining of our mines; and the period was fast approaching when Providence saw fit to raise up a man whose improvements in the steam engine were to immortalise his name, and greatly advance the interests and prosperity of his country—I refer, of course, to James Watt; but as his life and labours are quite deserving of a separate lecture, I must defer a description of *his* improvements in the steam engine to a future lecture, and close for the present by referring to

SMEATON (WHO WAS BORN A.D. 1767).

Smeaton, who, while employed by the New River Company to erect an atmospheric engine, brgan to direct his attention to the subject of the steam engine, and succeeded in making several improvements, the chief of which were —1st. The "Cataract," the parent of that part of the engine still bearing the name, and which regulates the strokes

of the engines. 2nd. He also effected a saving of fuel by some alterations of a trifling character, and endeavoured to effect greater results by increasing the pressure. In several of his experiments he was unsuccessful. The results achieved by him were an average duty of 2,920,000 lbs. raised one foot high by a bushel of coal. The injection was 95 cubic inches of water per stroke, and the water evaporated from the boiler was 8 or 9 cubic inches per stroke. Out of fifteen of the best engines working at Newcastle, he found that the best were raising 7,500,000 lbs. one foot high by the consumption of a bushel of coal. He afterwards made his engine at Long Benton raise 9,500,000 lbs. with the same amount of fuel. 3rd. Smeaton also considerably improved the "*throttle valve*," and carried out the plan of covering the cylinder, steam pipes, &c., to prevent condensation. It will be seen that all these improvements were more in *detail* than principle; still, they are so important as to entitle Smeaton to be considered as one of those great men who has laid this country under deep obligation for the part he took in bringing the steam engine to its present state of perfection and efficiency. One point worthy of special notice is, that the construction of the steam engine has not been the work of *one* man or one mind; but from being a mere toy and plaything, it has become one of the most marvellous machines of modern times. All man's inventions and improvements *are* of this kind. Animals are endowed with instinct, and therefore accomplish all the objects of their being perfectly and at once, and without change. Man comes into the world without knowledge, and has to think his way to everything, and there appears no limit to the powers of the human mind.

CONCLUSION.

I have aow traced briefly the history of the Steam Engine from the time of Hero, 120 B.C., to Smeaton, A.D. 1767. The subsequent history of the steam engine, and its connection with Watt, Stephenson, and others, I shall leave for future lectures. My object has been to give you a concise history of that great agent which is now playing so important a part in the commerce and advancement of our country. The application of steam power in connection with colliery working has become so important, that, without this mighty agent, most of our mineral wealth would

be out of our reach; but, by the aid of steam, we can drain our mines, and raise immense quantities of mineral, at a cost that, even one hundred years ago, would have been thought impossible. The application of steam power under ground is a most important subject for the students in this school. When, where, and how, such power ought to be applied, must be left to the judgment of those who have the direction of the works; but there can be no doubt that steam power might often be employed with great advantage where other power is now used. It has also been fully proved, that machinery, so far from being opposed to the interests of the working classes, is their true friend—that by economising labour, and enabling us to produce the different products of our industry at a much cheaper rate, it leads to an increase of demand for these articles, and ultimately to the employment of more labour than before. One of the best proofs of the correctness of this principle is the history of our railways and large manufactories. Most persons who have arrived at mature life can remember when it was thought that the introduction of steam power for travelling would lead to a large reduction in the value of labour; but such is not the case. The increase of travelling by means of railways has led to an increased demand for labour, and has thus increased the value of labour; and the same remark applies to the introduction of machinery in factories. I therefore regard the various steps by which the steam engine has been brought to its present perfection with intense interest; and all the illustrious men whose names I have referred to in this lecture, almost with veneration, as the men who have assisted in giving the world one of its grandest instruments for supplying human wants.

END OF VOLUME NINE.

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